TRAITS

OF THE

ABORIGINES

OF

AMERICA.

A POEM.

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TRAITS OF THE ABORIGINES.

CANTO FIRST.

O'ER the vast regions of that Western world,
Whose lofty mountains hiding in the clouds
Conceal'd their grandeur and their wealth so long
From European eyes, the Indian rov'd,
Free and unconquered. From those frigid plains
Struck with the torpor of the Arctic pole,
To where Magellan lifts his torch[1] to light
The meeting of the waters;—from the shore
Whose smooth green line the broad Atlantic laves,
To the rude borders of that rocky strait
Where haughty Asia seems to stand and gaze
On the New Continent, the Indian reign'd
Majestic and alone. Fearless he rose,
Firm as hismountains, like his rivers, wild,

Bold as those lakes, whose wondrous chain controuls
His northern coast. The forest and the wave
Gave him his food; the slight-constructed hut
Furnish'd his shelter, and its doors spread wide
To every wandering stranger. There his cup,
His simple meal, his lowly couch of skins
Were hospitably shared. Rude were his toils,
And rash his daring, when he headlong rush'd
Down the steep precipice to seize his prey;
Strong was his arm to bend the stubborn bow,
And keen his arrow. This the Bison knew,
The spotted Panther, the rough, shaggy Bear,
The Wolf dark-prowling, the eye-piercing Lynx,
The wild Deer bounding through the shadowy glade,
And the swift Eagle, soaring high to make
His nest among the stars. Cloth'd in their spoils
He dar'd the elements; with eye sedate
Breasted the wintry winds; o'er the white heads
Of angry torrents steered his rapid bark
Light as their foam, mounted with tireless speed
Those slippery cliffs, where everlasting snows
Weave their dense robes, or laid him down to sleep
Where the dread thunder of the cataract lull'd
His drowsy sense. The dangerous toils of war

He sought and lov'd. Traditions, and proud tales
Of other days, exploits of chieftains bold,
Dauntless and terrible, the warrior's song,
The victor's triumph,—all conspired to raise
The martial spirit, kindling in his breast
With life's first throb. Oft the rude, wandering tribes
Rush'd on to battle. Their aspiring chiefs
Lofty and iron-fram'd, with native hue
Strangely disguised in wild and glaring tints,
Frown'd like some Pictish king. The conflict rag'd
Fearless and fierce, 'mid shouts and disarray,
As the swift lightning urges its dire shafts
Through clouds and darkness, when the warring blasts
Awaken midnight. O'er the captive foe
Unsated vengeance storm'd. Flame and slow wounds
Rack'd the strong bonds of life; but the firm soul
Smil'd in its fortitude to mock the rage
Of its tormentors; when the crisping nerves
Were broken, still exulting o'er its pain
To rise unmurmuring to its father's shades,
Where in delightful bowers the brave and just
Rest and rejoice.

Thus stood stern Regulus,
When furious Carthage urg'd her torturing darts,

Transfix'd with dark, demoniac rage to find
Her quiver all exhausted, and that soul
Proudly unhurt.
Yet those untutor'd tribes,
Bound with their stern resolves and savage deeds
Some gentle virtues; as beneath the gloom
Of overshadowing forests, sweetly springs
The unexpected flower. Oft to their homes
The captive youth they led, into his wounds
Pouring the oil of kindness, and with love
Alluring him to fill the vacant place
Of brother, or of son, untimely slain
In the dread battle.[2] Their uncultur'd hearts
Gave a strong soil for Friendship, that bold growth
Of generous affection, changeless, pure,
Self-sacrificing, counting losses light,
And yielding life with gladness. By its side
Like sister-plant, sprang ardent Gratitude,
Vivid, perennial, braving winter's frost
And summer's heat; while nurs'd by the same dews
Unbounded Reverence for the form of Age,
Struck its deep root spontaneous, and display'd
Its fair, decumbent petals. The dim eye,
The furrow'd brow, the temples thinly clad,

The wasted page of man's infirm decline
Awake that deep respect, not always trac'd
'Mid those whom Science nurtures, whom the arts
Of smooth refinement polish, and a voice
Sublime instructs, " Honour the head that bears
The hoary crown of Age."
With pious awe
Their eye uplifted sought the hidden path
Of the Great Spirit. The loud midnight storm,
The rush of mighty waters, the deep roll
Of thunder, gave his voice; the golden sun,
The soft effulgence of the purple morn,
The gentle rain distilling, was his smile
Dispensing good to all. The Spirit of Ill,
Base foe to man, they dreaded; and the cry
Of his vile legions shrieking on the blast,
Shuddering they heard. In various forms arose
Their superstitious homage. Some[4] with blood
Of human sacrifices sought to appease
That anger, which in pestilence, or dearth,
Or famine stalk'd; and their astonish'd vales
Like Carthaginian altars, frequent drank
The horrible libation. Some,[4] with fruits,
Sweet flowers, and incense of their choicest herbs,

Sought to propitiate HIM, whose powerful hand
Unseen, sustain'd them. Some[5] with mystic rites,
The ark, the orison, the paschal feast,
Through glimmering tradition seem'd to bear,
As in some broken vase, the smother'd coals,
Scatter'd from Jewish altars.
Let the heart,
That deems such semblance but the baseless dream
Of blind credulity, survey the trace
Of similarity, bid Truth's clear light
Beam o'er the misty annal, note the facts,
Compare the language, weigh the evidence,
And answer for itself.
The chrystal tube
Of calm inquiry, to thy patient eye,
Meek Boudinot! reveal'd an unknown star[6]
Upon this western cloud. Its trembling beam
Guided thy soul to Zion's sacred hill
And ancient temple; as that wondrous ray
Streaming o'er eastern summits, led the feet
Of the astonish'd Magi, to the cell
Of their Messiah. Costly gifts they bore,
Frankincense, myrrh, and gold; but thou didst yield
The better offering of a contrite prayer,

That God would gather from the utmost bound,
The children of his Friend, of the cold North
And glowing South, his fugitives require;
From Cush and Elam, from the sea-green isles,
And from the western regions, bring again
His banish'd; bid the fearful desert bloom
And sing before them, while their blinded hearts
Illumin'd, catch the knowledge and the love
Of Jesus Christ. Yet thou hast risen where pray'r
Is lost in praise; as yields the thrilling harp
Its symphony, when the high organ swells
In solemn diapason. Thou hast left
Mourning on earth, 'mid those who feel the ills
Of Penury, who venerate the deeds
Of boundless Generosity, or love
The pure in heart.

——But whither art thou fled,
Adventurous strain? Resume thy opening theme.
Paint the bold Indian ranging o'er his vales,
Unaw'd, and unsubdued.

Though his stern heart
Seem'd cold and fixed as adamant, its cell
Conceal'd the warm fount of parental love,
And felt its thrilling tide. The lofty chiefs,

Inur'd by frowning hardship to despise
The lineaments of joy, found o'er their souls
Strange softness stealing, as they mutely gaz'd
Upon the smile of infancy, or saw,
Waking from its sweet dream, the joyous babe
Reach forth its little hands. The warrior bold,
Who vanquish'd toil and famine, bore unmov'd
The battle-shock, or with calm, changeless brow
Endur'd the keenest tortures, writh'd in pangs
Over his children lost; while bitter drops
Wrung forth by anguish stain'd his furrow'd cheeks.
In that dire struggle when relentless Grief
Confronts strong Nature, the heart-cherish'd nerve
Broken and bleeding, rent the stubborn breast,
As uptorn roots dislodge the iron oak
Which tempests could not bend. A prey to grief
Seem'd the sad mothers. The first-rising storm
Of sorrow, passionate and wild, burst forth,
And in that deadly calm which Reason dreads
Shuddering, their weak, exhausted hands they prest
On their wan[7] lips, and in the lowly dust
Laid them despairing.

——O'er the dreaded grave
Mist and thick darkness brooded; trembling Hope

Vision'd futurity; but Fancy wrought
Incessant, peopling it with airy shapes
Fantastic as her own.
Now the fair clime
Was bright with verdure, lofty forests wav'd
In the pure breeze, gay deer with branching horns
Allur'd the hunter, through clear, sparkling streams
Glided the scaly tribes, and thronging seals
Innumerous, sporting 'mid the emerald isles
Fled not the barbed lance. The Arctic sky
Kindling at evening with resplendent hues
Crimson and gold, in changeful wreaths combin'd,
To the poor Greenlander reveal'd the dance
Of happy spirits,[8] who in fields of bliss
Weave their light measures. But anon, pale Fear
With trembling pencil trac'd a gulph of woe
Throng'd with unearthly shapes, whose dizzy bridge
Tottering, and guarded by a monster fierce,
How few could pass! The first sad days of grief,
Were dark and dreadful. The tear-blinded eye
Pursues the wanderer, as he seems to urge
His toilsome journey. His adventurous foot,
Uncertain, slides upon that slippery bridge
Which like a tremulous and shrivell'd thread

Shoots the abyss of flame. Falling he rolls
Upon the fiery flood, struggling to gain
The far, dim coast, where angry dragons wait
With jaws distain'd and scaly strength to attack
The weary traveller, ere he reach the abode
Of happy spirits. Hence the mourners place
By their lamented friend, his trusty bow,
Arrows and food, and closely wrapt in skins
They leave him standing in his narrow cell
Prepar'd for combat.

Thus the warlike Earl
Stern Seward,[9] in his armour brac'd, erect,
Met grisly Death, his last competitor,
But his first conqueror. Some, half reclin'd
Sit in their mouldering graves, prepar'd to hold
Converse with Death's dark angels, when they come
Sweeping on sable pinions through the gloom,
Strong and terrific. Others, tow'rd[10] the east
With faces turn'd, repose; that when the morn
Expected, breaks their slumber, its first ray
May guide them to that country where their sires
Dwelt in past ages.

——O'er the lonely tomb
Affection linger'd watchful. Weed nor thorn[11]

Might choke the young turf springing, nor the hand
Of wantonness deface it. The keen eye
Of Valour, glancing o'er this sacred trust,
Turn'd like the sword which barr'd the step of guilt
From silent Eden. Thus the Scythian tribes,[12]
Wandering without a city, call'd to guard
Nor dome, nor temple, took their dauntless stand
Upon their fathers' sepulchres, and taught
The boastful Persian, that the kindling flame
Caught from their ashes, like the lightning's wrath
Could blast his legions. Thus the natives dwelt,
Fearless, nor asking aught save what their realm
Amply supplied. They had not learnt to change
Heaven's gifts to poisons, nor the aliment
That cheers the body, to th' imprisoning bond
Of th' ethereal mind. No baleful arts
Of chymistry transform'd the staff of life
To Riot's weapon, and the tottering props
Of Death's dark throne. They knew not then to mark
With sparkling eye the transmigration foul
Of Earth's blest harvest melted in the bowl
Inebriate. Nor had the fatal charm
Of Luxury seduced them to subject
Spirit to sense, binding the lofty soul

A vassal at the revel and the feast,
Like purple Dives. Temperance was theirs;
Theirs the elastic, the unruffled flow
Of spirits and of blood, the nerve firm-brac'd,
The vigorous mind, th' undreaded day of toil,
And the pure dream. Say, can the eye that mark'd
Their simple majesty, and their bold hearts
Free and unfettered, as the wind that swept
Their cloud-capt mountains, bear to turn and trace
The dark reverse?

First, to their northern coast
Wander'd the Scandinavians, urging on
O'er the cold billows their storm-driven boats,
And pleas'd to rest, and rear their clay-built cells
Where seem'd a trace of verdure. Ericke[13] steer'd
From that lone isle which Nature's poising hand
Cast 'tween the continents. There Winter frames
The boldest architecture, rears strong tow'rs
Of rugged frost-work, and deep-labouring throws
A glassy pavement o'er rude tossing floods.
Long near this coast he lingered, half-illum'd
By the red gleaming of those fitful flames
Which wrathful Hecla through her veil of snows
Darts on the ebon night. Oft he recall'd

Pensive, his simple home, ere the New World
Enwrapt in polar robes, with frigid eye
Receiv'd him, and in rude winds hoarsely hail'd
Her earliest guest. Thus the stern king of storms,
Swart Eolus, bade his imprison'd blasts
Breathe dissonant welcome to the restless queen,
Consort of Jove, whose unaccustom'd step
Invaded his retreat. The pilgrim band
Amaz'd beheld those mountain ramparts float
Around their coast, where hoary Time had toil'd
Ev'n from his infancy, to point sublime
Their pyramids, and strike their awful base
Deep 'neath the main. Say, Darwin![14] Fancy's son!
What armour shall he choose who dares complete
Thine embassy to the dire kings who frown
Upon those thrones of frost?—What force compel
Their abdication of their favour'd realm
And rightful royalty?—What pilot's eye
Unglaz'd by Death, direct their devious course
Tremendous navigation!) to allay
The fervour of the tropics? Proudly gleam
Their sparkling masses, shaming the brief dome
Which Russia's empress-queen[15] bade the chill boor
Quench life's frail lamp to rear. Now they assume

The front of old cathedral gray with years ;
Anon their castellated turrets glow
In high baronial pomp ; then the tall mast
Of lofty frigate, peering o'er the cloud
Attracts the eye ; or some fair island spreads
Towns, tow'rs, and mountains, cradled in a flood
Of rainbow lustre, changeful as the web
From fairy loom, and wild as fabled tales
Of Araby.

Amid these icy fields
Mark'd they the Ocean monarch, in his sports
Terrific, lashing the wide-foaming surge,
Untaught to dread the harpoon, or to yield
In tides of blood upon the billowy plain
His regency to man. From eastern climes
Where Maelstrom's vortex threats the trembling isles
Of Lofoden and Moskoe, where the hand
Of Nature in her wildness stamps the seal
Of terror on her deeds, from Norway's realm
Whose pine-clad forests hail the tardy ray
Of the spent sun, who journeying o'er the heights
Of sky-wrapt Dofrefield, exhausted sinks
Upon his western couch,—from thence the band
Of peaceful exiles caught in cheering beams

Salvation's radiance. To their humble cells
Came holy men, by pious Olaf's[16] zeal
Wing'd on their mission. Bowing from his throne
To the baptismal font, his soul imbib'd
Pity for distant heathen, and he stretch'd
The sceptre of his love to the far realm
Of Greenland's loneliness. Then churches rose,
And from the lips of priests and bishops fell
Sublime instruction, like the dews of heaven
Upon the sons of Ericke. These by Time
Mix'd and incorporate with the native race
Content remain'd, and wrought no change of wrong
Or tyrrany. These too, the Esquimaux
Wrapping his dwindled frame in the stol'n robe
Of bear or rein-deer, and in uncouth sounds
Conning his legends 'mid his long, drear night
Counts as his sires.

And did thy footsteps press
These western shores, thou, whom the laureate Muse
Of ardent Southey, from her rapid car
Array'd in cloud-wrought garniture, with stars
Of epic lustre, Madoc![17] wandering son
Of that unconquer'd clime, whose rifted rocks
Travers'd by browsing goats, still from deep cells

Pour tuneful forth the treasur'd minstrelsy[18]
Of Tariessen's harp?
Age roll'd o'er age
Ere the slight prow of bold Columbus broke
Its unknown way, and plough'd the wrathful deep.
The poor Lucayan, as he stood and gaz'd
On those tall ships, and those mysterious men
With brows so pale, and words of loftiest tone
Fancied them Gods, nor dream'd their secret aim
Was theft and cruelty, to snatch the gold
That sparkled in their streams, and bid their blood
Stain those pure waters. Yet the victor spake
Of their mild manners, their deportment kind,
Generous and just, even to the hordes that wrought
Their misery and death. Once as he rov'd
With ardent eye surveying this New World,
From his green summer bow'r, an aged man
Came forth to meet him. As a patriarch, grave,
Yet vigorous he seem'd; thin, silver locks
Wav'd o'er his temples, and his form display'd
That calm and graceful dignity which Time
Tempers, but not destroys. With courteous air
Ripe fruits he offer'd, from the juicy stem
New-cull'd and fragrant, while with gentle words
Bowing, he spake—

"See ye these verdant vales,
And spicy forests, where we careless live
In simple plenty? From far distant lands
A differing and superiour race you come,
With mighty weapons, and a warklike force
To us resistless. We have not the heart
To harm the stranger, or to see your blood
Staining our arrows. Yet if men you are,
Like us, subject to death; if ye believe
As we have heard, that after this short life
Another comes, unending, where all deeds
Receive their due reward, we need not fear
To trust your mercy, for you cannot seek
To wound the innocent."
Perchance the appeal
Which seem'd so feeble to that conquering chief,
Was ponder'd deeper when his soul had lost
The pride of pow'r. Perchance[19] in his lone cell
At Valladolid, that mild voice might rise
In Memory's echoes, striking on his ear
With painful cadence, as he sought the tomb,
Urg'd on and blasted by the withering frown
Of an ungrateful country.

When the steps
Of the invaders first imprest the shores
Of the New World, say, did no dark eclipse
Pervade thy skies, fair Mexico? No sound
Portentous, warn thee that the spoilers came
To riot on thy glory? Mark'd[20] thy seers
'Mid the dim vista of futurity
Aught like the step of Cortez, like his glance
Withering thy charms, as the false Spirit's eye
On sinless Eden? Pour'd the scroll of Fate
No fearful blackness o'er the final hour
Of hapless Montezuma? Bright the Sun
Still shone, Peru! upon thy diamond cliffs,
Cheer'd the soft flow'ret, blushing, while its roots
Sprang from the sparkling ore, gilded the dome
Of Capac's lofty temple, gave one smile
To his delighted children, though its beam
Was but the sad farewell of peace, and hope,
And liberty. Deep were thy prison sighs
Ahatualpa![21] Vain thy high descent
From mighty Incas; vain thy simple truth
And free confiding kindness to these sons
Of desolation. Not thy proffer'd gold,
Profuse as grasping Mammon's boundless wish,

Could sooth the tyrant's guilty thirst of blood,
Or bind his perfidy. But thou must bend
In all thy mildness to the blasting doom
Of base Pizarro. Ev'n Religion lends
A mockery to the deed. Methinks I see
That kneeling monarch at the peaceful font
Of holy baptism, bearing on his lip
The name of Christ, while those profaning bands
Who bless his cross, yet trample on his blood
Prepare th' unjust, the ignominious pang
Of black'ning torture. But the hour is near,
Unprincipled Pizarro, when thy breast
Shall feel the assassin's poniard, and thy soul
Fleet where the opprest, and the oppressor meet,
Stript of the baseless pow'r, and tyrant pomp
Of this vain world.

Soon in the track mark'd out
By haughty Spain, the Lusitanian[22] bands
Came flocking; from scant bounds and despot sway,
Eager for space and freedom, their rude hands
Grasp'd the wide zone from where th' Equator marks
The mouth of Amazon, to the broad sea
Of the La Plata. Sweetly were thy vales
Smiling, Oh fair Brazil! on their new lords,

Unconscious that their harvests many a year
Must rise and fatten in the richest blood
Of their own sons. Far northward, where the chill
Of winter linger'd, steer'd the crews of France,
And with a giddy and vivacious joy
Snatch'd for themselves a cold Acadia,[23] white
With frost, and drifted snow. Onward they prest,
Toward where its source the proud St. Lawrence owns,
As Nilus[24] 'mid th' Abyssinian wastes
Reveals through fringed reeds, and willows dank
His azure eyes. With trembling awe they mark'd
Bold Niagara hurling down the steep
Eternal thunders, while the battle shock
Of rocks and waters in his gulf profound
Forever by the rushing column swoln,
Uprears a misty canopy to involve
The fearful conflict. Eagerly they trac'd
That land which bounding the broad lakes, erects
A lofty aspect, where the dying sigh
Of Wolfe, on victory's bloody couch arose,
Where bold Montgomery sank 'mid patriot tears,
And Arnold urged the combat, ere his foot
Prest dark Perdition's portal.

Sad of cheer
Seem Gallia's sons, as if their thoughts recall
A brighter clime. Ev'n thus in later times
Gleam thy wan features o'er the billowy surge,
Poor German[25] Exile! by the heavy weight
Of a dense population forc'd away
From the smooth verdure of thy vales, to float
Like feather o'er the wave. I see thee launch
Amid the throng! The deeply laden bark
Moves like a slave-ship o'er the tossing main.
Thou spiest distant mountains, and art told
There is Columbia. Thy sad eye relumes
Its wonted brightness, trusting there to find
A Paradise. Thy trembling footsteps press
The shore of strangers, and a foreign voice
Bids gold against thy freedom. Thou art sold
To pay thy famish'd voyage! 'Mid the toil
Of thy hard term of service, think'st thou nought
Of cherish'd Germany? Say, does no dream
Of fugitive delight glide o'er the spot
That gave thee birth? Men of strange brows are here,
Of other manners, and of unknown speech.
And the sad eyes of thy untutor'd babes
Gaze wildly on them. Hadst thou ne'er a hut

Shelter'd by some cool spreading tree ?—a stream
To slake thy thirst ?—a morsel to refresh
Thy wasted strength ? that thou should'st roam to lay
Thy humble head beneath a stranger's turf,
Poor Emigrant ? Hast thou no bond of love,
Proud Germany ! to bind thy sons to thee ?
No charities of home, that they should fly
Thy glance parental ?
Still thy breast conceals
The feudal[26] spirit, prompting thee to count
Thy sons, thy vassals. But thou, sterner France,
Didst with thy persecuting scourge drive forth
Thy worthiest offspring, they who " held the truth
In righteousness of life." Backward they turn
Their eyes on that delightful land, so lov'd
Of bounteous Nature, yet with deeds of blood
So darkly stain'd. As the receding coast
Fades on the wave, the scenes of other days
Brighten their lineaments. Majestic shades
Of buried heroes rise, array'd in pow'r,
As if they still the field of mortal strife
Rul'd in their might. The form[27] of Condé gleams
As when at Jarnac, rising o'er his wounds
In scornful valour, or with deep reproach

Silent, yet poignant in his dying eye
Transfixing the assassin's soul who pierc'd
A heart which kings had reverenc'd.
With low sigh
Where strong emotions mingle, they recall
The great Coligny, who alike in camp
And council proudly on his front display'd
The name of Hugonot. But as the sire,
To whom th' approaching grave betokens rest,
Thinks of his sons, his eye that Hero[28] turn'd
Toward the New World, solicitous to find
A refuge for his followers. See, he falls!
The tumult rages! The fierce Guises steep
Their swords in blood, and the insatiate soul
Of Catharine riots in the dire repast.
Oh night of horror! night of nameless guilt!
To be remember'd while the world shall stand,
With stern abhorrence.
See, the pious few
Escape to this far coast. Firmly they bear
Their lot of sorrow, while they meekly bend
Over the page inspir'd. Hail, holy book!
Best gift of Heaven, instructing Man to bear
Life's discipline, with eye devoutly fix'd

On Mercy's purpose, through the wildering maze
Of fate, or storm of woe, discovering oft
That golden chain fast linking all below
To Wisdom's throne. Divinely didst thou shed
In earliest ages on prophetic souls,
Through types and symbols, a prelusive beam
Of HIS approach whose sorrow was our peace.
Hail, harp of Prophecy! to mortal touch
Attun'd by the Great Spirit! Him who mov'd
Upon the murmuring waters, when the light
Sprang out of Chaos, and who breath'd the soul
Of inspiration into holy breasts
Of seers and patriarchs, when their raptur'd strains
Hymn'd the Messiah.
Hail, mysterious harp!
That 'mid the trees of Paradise wert hung,
Wreath'd with unsullied roses. Thou wert wak'd
From Eden's dewy slumbers by the touch
Of the Eternal, while thy trembling chords
Awfully prest, spake of the future God
Incarnate, who should bruise the crested head
Of the foul serpent.
At the lapse of Man
Thy garlands wither'd, and a mournful wreath

Of cypress buds entwin'd thee, shuddering deep,
As thy sad voice pour'd forth the fatal doom
Of him who was but dust.
Anon thy tones
Breath'd in soft cadence on the wond'ring ear
Of righteous Abraham. Pensively he mark'd
The vales of Haran, fond to linger near
His father's sepulchres, revolving deep
The fiat to forsake his cherish'd home
Kindred and country. Then didst thou confirm
His high obedience by thy heavenly strain,
Cheering his soul with promises of HIM
In whom his race unborn, and all the earth
With her uncounted families should joy
And find a blessing. Thou didst faintly gleam
Upon the eye of Jacob, as he lay
In his death-trance. With cold yet pow'rful hand
He prest thee, and thine utterance was a sound
That fir'd with extacy his glowing eye.
Thou didst announce Messiah in his power
Coming to Zion, as the sceptre fell
From humbled Judah. Balaam's doubtful hand
Rov'd o'er thy secret chords, though his heart shrunk
At the exulting praises of the Star

That should arise for Israel, and the might
Of that high sceptre, which in distant days
Should crush his foes. The Psalmist's tuneful touch
Rul'd thee, Oh sacred Harp, with skill so sweet
So masterly, that angels deem'd they heard
Earth echo their own lyres, and bent to learn
Of mysteries, which they had long desir'd
In vain to comprehend. Isaiah wak'd
To melody thy diapason strong,
Till thy rous'd strings pour'd forth in strains divine
The glories of Emmanuel. Deep they moan'd
In broken cadence of his earthly woes,
His word despis'd, his visage marr'd, his form
Laid in the tomb, and then in raptur'd tones
Of thrilling music, chanted of his throne
O'er all the earth, when heav'n-born peace should reign,
And the fierce lion turning from his rage
Caress the lamb. The weeping prophet's tears
Dew'd thee, Oh Harp! as from thy chords he drew
Music of heaven, still soften'd by his sighs
For Zion's ruin, for the wounds that rent
The "daughter of his people."

——He, who saw
On Chebar's banks high visions, caught thy gleam
Of sudden beauty through the parted clouds
And hasting, press'd thee. Daniel swept thy strings,
And Haggai made thee vocal, 'mid the tide
Of ecstacy, that rushing bore away
The mists of time, and made the future stand
Unveil'd and glowing. Malachi came last
In the long range majestic of Heaven's seers.
Kneeling, the sacred harp of God he took,
And prest it to his lips. His hand essay'd
To rouse it, and its treasur'd voice awoke
Thrilling and tremulous. But Oh! a Power
Invisible controul'd it, and its strings
Quiv'ring, were broken.
——Nature seem'd to mourn
The awful wreck. Night came, and darkness fell,
Long darkness. On the head of hoary Time
It settled, and desponding mortals wept
While tardy ages slowly rose to birth
And roll'd away. At length the twilight dawn'd
O'er the dim mountains, and that day-star shone
Whose short ray, fading on the rosy cloud,
Announc'd the Sun of Righteousness. A voice

Cry'd in the wilderness, and roughly clad,
Exhorting to repentance, with stern brow
Stood the forerunner of our Lord, to mark
His way before him. Like a beam he glow'd,
Severing the midnight of the legal rites
From the glad gospel's morn. But the frail lamp
Was quench'd in blood, and o'er the dazzled skies
Rose earth's salvation. Seraph lyres awoke
Responsive, breathing forth "good will and peace"
In strains of rapture, and the shepherd train
Watching their flocks, beheld that glorious star,
Whose orb mysterious cast a healing ray
O'er all the nations.

CANTO SECOND.

Behold they come!—O'er the wide-tossing sea
Their ships adventurous throng. Their tall masts cleave
The dim horizon, and what seem'd but specks
On Ocean's bosom, spread wide, snowy sails
Curtaining the rocky shore. In crowds descend
The eager inmates, joyous to escape
Their floating prison and unvarying view
Of the eternal wave. Almost it seem'd
As if old Europe, weary of her load,
Pour'd on a younger world her thousand sons
In ceaseless deluge. Thus, when he whose eye
"Eclips'd by drop serene," more clearly saw
Things hid from mortal vision, sang sublime
Of war in Heaven, the "seated hillocks" rose,
And uptorn mounts their myriad streams disgorg'd
Whelming the recreant angels.
Thither came
To Nature's boldest scenery, men who saw
No beauty in her charms, in the dark arch

Of mountain forest springing to the skies
E'er since Creation, on the mighty cliff
Crown'd with rich light, or wrapt in sable clouds
No grandeur trac'd; for still their eyes were bent
In the dark caverns of the Earth to grope
For drossy ore.[1] These, in the chrystal stream
Fring'd with the silvery willow, in the foam
Of the wild thundering cataract, bearing on
A mighty tribute to the swelling sea,
Beheld no majesty, nor deign'd a glance
Save on the glittering sediment. To Heaven,
If it were possible, that to the seat
Of God such souls might soar, no thought of bliss
Could reach them there, except to gaze intense
Upon the golden pavement. Thither hied
Ambition, deck'd with nodding plumes, and proud
In martial port. What saw he to allure
His haughty glance, amid a simple race
Content like poor Caractacus to hold
Nought but a humble hovel? Yet he snatch'd
His trophies from the savage, with a hand
More savage still, nor did his stern soul shrink
To find his laurels tarnish'd with the blood
Of Innocence. Here too the patriot came

Indignant at th' oppressor, proud to dwell
With liberty, though on the storm-rock'd cliff,
Where the stern Eagle broods. The Poet[2] lur'd
His muse to emigrate, and fondly told
Of sylvan haunts, and fairy domes; but frost
Chain'd her light pinion, and the sun-beam cast
That cold regard, which like some icy chill
Still withers genius. Here, with footsteps slow
Came calm philosophers, shunning the throng
Who waste existence in an empty chase
Of frail ephemera, to merge the soul
In solitude, as in her element
Of purest health, and pause o'er Nature's chain
Where link by link, with mystic art she binds
Terrestrial to divine.
The Christian knelt
Upon this rocky strand, intent to build
His tabernacle where despotic pow'r
Might rear no image, and compel his soul
To offer homage—where the spirit's eye
Might seek its sire, uncheck'd by the dire bolt
Of persecution's thunder, and with awe
Amid the silence of his works, revere
The great Creator. Thus with varying aim

Flock'd the firm Swede, bold Danube's patient sons,
The toiling Belgian, Albions patriot race,
And thine, Oh Caledon! blest land of song,
While fair Hibernia pour'd in throngs profuse
Her ardent offspring. Guided by the breath
Of southern gales, the bands of England steer'd
Where the proud waters of the mighty James,
And swift Potomac, mark'd the broad domain
Of great Powhatan. He more years had told
Than hoary Nestor. Thrice[3] had he beheld
His fading race scatter'd like autumn leaves,
While he, unshorn and unsubdu'd, remain'd
King of the forest. To his region came,
Aiding the adventurous, one whose daring soul
Breath'd the high spirit of heroic deeds,
The brave, accomplish'd Smith.[4] His dauntless mind
And vigorous frame, scorning fatigue and toil,
Had gathered laurels from the lofty heights
Of martial Europe, from the battle fields
Of sultry Asia, where pure christian blood
Mingling with the dark tide from Turkish veins,
Had stain'd the red-cross banners.

——Buoyant Hope
Still smiling in his eye, while other brows
Were blanch'd with terror, or with wan despair
The giddy heights of Fame he had achiev'd,
The goal of strange adventure, and the maze
Of deep Romance, ere Manhood's tinge[5] had bronz'd
His blooming cheek. The syren charms of wealth
Cluster'd around his cradle, and the lawns
Of Willoughby, replete with genial gales
Nurtur'd his roving boyhood. There he shar'd
Sport, such as hardihood and danger love,
Though it mocks at them. From historic lore
A restless, kindling impulse caught the flame
That fir'd heroic souls; and as he bent,
A silent student o'er his daily task,
Unfetter'd fancy bore him far beyond
His island home, to rove in distant climes,
And act in other ages, with the men
Of high renown. And when his joyous youth
Mark'd with a traveller's eye, the varied scenes
Of Europe's grandeur, not the beauteous Seine
Winding through flow'ry vales, or crown'd with domes
Of gay Parisian luxury, nor yet
Those arts by which the patient Hollander

Props his scant birthright 'gainst usurping seas,
Nor Nature's majesty, when on the Alps
She rests her cloudy coronet, could charm
His sanguine heart, like the red chart of war
Graven on hero's monument, or drawn
In fearful lines upon the furrow'd earth
Where battles once were fought.
The rocky bounds
Of Caledonia next his step explor'd,
Seeking its monarch's court: for there he thought
Amid that brave and high-soul'd race to meet
Some kindred spirits. But the pedant king,
Offspring of beauteous Mary, soon to wield
The Stuart sceptre o'er high Albion's throne,
Allur'd by promises the youthful band
To throng around him, yet no food supplied
To cheer ambition. Smith's impetuous sword
Spurn'd at the thistly harvest, as he sought
Once more his native halls. But not the joys
Of softening home might lure that Spartan soul
Girding its armour on. From the fair domes
Where lingering Courtesy too oft detain'd
His coldly render'd time, the youth recluse
Turn'd to the forest, and 'mid deepest shades

Chose out a silent spot. Riven from their trunks
Firm boughs of cedar with the knotty oak
He interwove, in architecture rude,
Forming a green pavilion. There he gave
His soul its favourite lore, the rudiments
Of warlike science; or on fiery steed
With glittering lance, evinc'd in graceful feat
Of manly daring, or of martial skill
His ponder'd theory. Thus the fam'd prince
Of eloquence, sublime Demosthenes,
Pent in his subterranean cell, pursued
The art he lov'd, or mid the Ocean's roar
Utter'd its precepts. Still this close recess
Was sacred from the interrupting foot
Of Idleness, from enervating sports
And light amusements of the giddy throng;
Hither no soft Indulgence gliding came
In Epicurean robe, nor Beauty's brow
Bent its keen glance of sarcasm to annoy
The military anchorite. But sounds
Of distant war, of battle grimly fought
Beneath the cloud of Turkish banners, came,
Loading the deep-ton'd gale. As the proud steed,
Long held in durance, hears the trumpet blast

And struggling, rends the earth, thus the bold youth
Undisciplin'd, unsanction'd, unrestrain'd
By sage experience, rushes on his course.
This eager zeal he strove to sanctify
With high devotion's name, and, as he took
His rapid journey, often ask'd his heart
With angry emphasis, if it were meet
That ancient city where the Saviour pour'd
His dying blood, should bow its hallow'd head
To sacrilegious thraldom? Thus is Man
Prone with Religion's front to dignify
His doubtful deeds, baptising in Heaven's name
His earthly promptings.
Where Marseilles retreats
To rocky barrier,[6] from sea-beaten shore,
'Mid thronging masts, the traveller's glance espies
A parting sail, and up the vessel's side
Ascends with little question. Here he found
A throng of devotees, in pilgrim's weeds,
Bound to Loretto, there to consummate
Penance or vow.
Loudly they spake in praise
Of that fair shrine by wondering angels borne,
On outstretch'd pinions, from the Holy Land

To glad Dalmatia, and from thence transferr'd,
Pitying the toil of weary pilgrim saints,
To happy Italy. Oft they describ'd
The cell with lingering rainbow[7] ever bright,
Which hath no need of sun, or silver moon,
Or glimmering lamp, and that blest Lady's form,
The glorious Virgin, whose meek brow hath pow'r
To cancel sin: and ever as they spake
Their eye with mortified, yet curious glance
Fell on the silent warrior.—Soon recedes
The crowded mart, and fades the Gallic coast
In the faint emerald of the tideless sea,
While the refreshing and propitious gales
Swell the dilated canvas. But the day,
That sunk in smiles, rose not; so dense a cloud
Involv'd her in its canopy. Low blasts
Moan'd hollow from the bosom of the deep,
And fluttering 'mid the heavy, humid sails,
The sea-birds shriek'd. Around the feverish moon
Hung a wan circle, livid as the spot
Where aspic poison creeps. Then as the wing
Of the black tempest wav'd 'mid mutinous winds
And mighty thunders, while the reeling bark
Alternate mounted on the slippery wave,

Or roll'd in dark abysses, ye might see
Those frighted pilgrims, with dishevell'd locks
Telling their beads, and calling every saint
Of note throughout the calendar to help
Their great extremity.
The soldier thought
Of that Disciple, valiant in his faith,
Who on the mission of his Master's will
Went bound to Rome, and on that very sea
Encounter'd shipwreck. He remember'd too
The arm that sav'd him, and upon that prop
Rested his waiting eye, while the dread storm
Woke its third day of gloom. But the stern band
Bent a dark scowling glance on him who clasp'd
No rosary, nor in such awful hour
Ave Maria utter'd; and it seem'd
To their perverted minds, that for his sin
Such evil had pursued their innocence.
Pale Superstition's traitor eye reveal'd
Her darken'd purpose, ere its venom sprang
To the blanch'd lip, to purchase with his death
Imagin'd safety. In rash narrow minds
The blinding motive from the blasting deed
Hath no division. As the mariners

Of Tarshish hurl'd the recreant prophet forth,
So these good pilgrims in their righteous zeal
To save themselves, cast out the stranger youth
Into the raging element. Proud waves
Broke over him, but with impetuous strength
He brav'd their fury. Long the foaming surge
With head uprais'd, and firm, undaunted breast
He baffled in his might. Long unappall'd
His spirit view'd the purpose of his life
Still unaccomplish'd, and believ'd that God
Would snatch him from the deep, though all its waves
And water-spouts pass'd over him.

But day
Sunk on her couch, and Evening quench'd the light,
The feeble light, that from the billow's crest
Had gleam'd upon the wanderer. Driven on
Like broken leaf before the blast, he seemed
A thing for storms to sport with, or the child
Of the dark surge, to which he wildly clung
As to a mother's breast. Alone he felt,
As if in wide Creation, nought but him
Surviv'd. Cold languor o'er the springs of life
Crept slowly, 'gainst his unresisting form
Rush'd the wild wave, and his despairing ear

Heard the hoarse voice of waters and of winds,
As of a death-dirge. Midnight darkness prest
The wrathful deep, and drooping he resigns
His body to the tomb where myriads sleep,
Waiting that trump which warns the startled sea
To yield her dead. Ah! when the arm of Man
Resigns its power, the Omnipotence of God
Is nearest in deliverance. A rude shock
Convuls'd the victim's frame, as if it broke
The Spirit's casket on those marble rocks
Where slippery sea-weed binds the pearly cells
In depths unfathomable. His rent ear
Stunn'd by the thundering tide resigns its pain
To welcome silence, and his stiffen'd arms
Convulsive clasp the sharp and rugged rocks,
While his dim eye and fainting bosom hail
The house of Death; for thus the sufferer deem'd
That lonely isle, on whose deserted bound
God had prepar'd his refuge.
When he thought
Earth with her bars had clos'd around his pit
Forever; from that dungeon of despair
Jehovah had redeem'd him, to behold
The light among the living. There he lay,

Long in Exhaustion's trance, while the spent strom
Swept by on drooping pinion. Then look'd forth
From her deep sable arch, the timid Moon,
And saw the slumberer on that rocky beach
With bloodless cheek, and panting breast that heav'd
Heavily, in low sobs: so strong did Life
Contend, and yet so bitterly had Death
Urg'd his expected victory. Young Morn
From her bright eye such genial warmth diffus'd
That up the sleeper sprang, his humid locks
Still dripping, and his countenance illum'd
With that inert expression, which displays
Its sceptic glances, when the muscles live
Before the intellect; while the lost mind
Coming from exile, like the strong man arm'd
Findeth her mansion empty. Thus, perchance,
Beam'd the wan features of the man entomb'd,
In that first moment, when returning life,
Caught from the touch of dead Elisha's bones,
Pervaded him: and well thy pencil's pow'r,
Allston! hath kindled that mysterious gleam
When in brief struggle the terrestrial strove
With the celestial, and dull matter mov'd
Ere the Creator's breathing spirit gave
Pure Thought its resurrection.

Soon with eye
No longer vacant, though still unassur'd,
He, who had deem'd his mortal conflict o'er,
Strove with bewilder'd toil to wake the trace
Of shipwreck'd Memory. Almost it seem'd
That the strange fable caught from Pagan lore[8]
And interwoven with the creed of Rome
Were true, and to some isolated nook
Of Purgatory, he had been condemn'd,
To expiate the errors which had stain'd
His former being. Well this spot might seem
The broken isthmus of a middle state
Remote from joys of either world; for nought
Like cheering verdure, or reviving shade
Of pensile bough was there. No cavern deep,
Like that of Patmos, where the lov'd of God
Saw holy visions, spread a cool recess
From the sun's fervour; and no transient gourd
Like that which shelter'd Jonah's head, and lull'd
His dark repining, rear'd its fragile stem
To blossom for a night. But the lone isle,
One naked rock, lash'd by th' eternal surge
Appall'd the eye. Not with such poignant woe
The solitary glance of Selkirk fell

On lone Fernandez; there were bowers of shade,
Green earth, fair plants, nutritious roots and fruits
To cheer existence, there the bounding goats
Furnish'd his household flock, the gentle kids
Lay at his feet, and fondly seem'd to claim
Companionship.
——But here was nought to break
The rayless gloom of sceptred solitude,
Nor foot of animal, nor chirp of bird,
Nor e'en a shrub, on which might hang one nest,
For the poor hermit's heart to watch and love.
Words intermix'd with sighs at length burst forth,
And strange their utterance seem'd, where human tone
Had never woke before, the slumbering cell
Of unborn Echo——
"Ah! is this sad spot
My place of doom? No more must I behold
The countenance of man? Ne'er hear his voice
Answering to mine? Methinks the serpent's hiss
Were music to this ever-dashing wave.
The sight of the most loath'd of Nature's works,
Vile worm, or slimy snail, or swollen toad,
Were joy. Shall withering famine terminate
My dateless being on this nameless shore?

Then what avails how drear the solitude
That hangs its blackening curtain o'er a grave
Which none may visit? A dissever'd link
From vast Creation's chain, no pitying voice
Of kindred or of friend shall e'er inquire
Whose bones lie bleaching on this blasted bourne
Of desolation. Hence! away ye hopes,
Pictur'd in childhood, treasur'd in gay youth,
Vain, airy bubbles! See, the lofty plans
Of proud Ambition, luring me to join
My name with heroes, see the glorious scroll
Unroll'd by Fancy, shrivel to the seal
Of blank Oblivion."
With such groans, perchance,
Though stung to deeper agony, complain'd
The fugitive of Elba, from whose head
The crown had fall'n. His prison isle he pac'd
With frantic step, and o'er the sounding beach
Roving like maniac, tax'd with madd'ning curse
And ceaseless question, the unresting wave.
Yet was he not alone, for round him throng'd
Thin spectral shapes from Lodi's bloody field,
From Jena, Jaffa, Borodino's bound,
Dread Austerlitz, Marengo, Moscow's wreck,

From countless scenes they rose, and flitting sought
To gaze on their destroyer. Conscience shrunk
At solitude so populous, and Pride,
Which quell'd Remorse, wept at Ambition's goad,
Vexing, like him of Macedon, to find
Bounds to its conquest.
Would ye ask what throng'd
The mental temple, when in frowns he rov'd
Listning indignant to the Atlantic roar
On lone St. Helena? Did Memory's torch
Light up his past career, o'er blasted earth,
And wasted being, subjugated realms
And "seas of flame;"[9]—or Pity bear the wail
Of childless parent, and of sireless babe?
Did pale Remorse, lifting her serpent scourge,
Come with the manes of the mighty dead
Who fell by treachery? Did despair announce
The fearful miseries of the falsely great?
Or sad Contrition wake the pungent tear
That cleanses guilt?——
Peace! for his doom is seal'd.
Man may not scan the conflict of the soul
When the chill lip drinks the last bitter drop
Of life's exhausted cup. Man may not pass

Verdict upon the heart, which the High Judge
Alone explores. Nor should he rashly hurl
His condemnations forth, since he, himself
With all his fancied, all his just deserts,
Is but an erring, trembling candidate
For his Creator's mercy.
Turn we now
To that lone exile on yon islet dark,
Who in the breathless struggle where fair Hope
Too weak for contest, copes with pallid Fear,
Descries a sail. Advancing where the rock
Strikes its sharp bastion farthest in the main,
His hand he waves in agony, and wastes
The remnant of his voice. Ah, see! a boat
Approaches him. Already he perceives
The quick dash of the oar, and the light foam
Rippling around its prow. Holy that sight,
As the ark's casement to the trembling Dove
Whose weary pinion o'er the shoreless waste
Droop'd as in death. Not once the exile thought
If friend or foe approach him, the proud Turk,
Or wily Arab, or brute Algerine,
All the stern ills that man inflicts on man,
Slavery, or galley-chain, or ceaseless toil

Seem'd in that hour of wild emotion, light
To everduring loneliness. The voice
Of Man once more accosts him, a kind arm
Supports his feeble steps to reach the boat
And scale the vessel's side, while fainting, pale,
And speechless, he admits the tide of joy
To whelm his soul. Stretch'd on the ready couch,
Reviv'd with welcome cordials and the tone
Of sympathy, the sufferer's heart expands
In boundless gratitude, to that blest Pow'r,
Who snatch'd him from his dungeon ; while the bands
Of courteous France, who listened to his tale,
Exulting, that their gallant ship had sav'd
A fellow-creature, merg'd in that pure joy
The light aversion which their native coast
And sea-girt Albion cherish. Long they cruis'd
O'er the untroubled waters, mark'd the coast
Of sultry Afric, caught the fragrant gales
That fan Sicilian vineyards, cross'd the tide
Of the rough Adriatic, steer'd with care
Amid Ionian quicksands, and beheld
The Ægean wave with sprinkled lustre bright
Of emerald islets, where the classic Muse
Delights to linger. There old Tenedos

Frown'd upon ruin'd Ilion; Lemnos hush'd
Her Cyclopean forge; while Lesbian heights
Still seem'd to echo to Alcæus's harp,
And Sappho's fond complaint. There Samos spread
Her beauteous harbours o'er the violent wave,
While in perspective soft, her green fields gleam'd
In semi-annual harvest,[10] rich with tints
Of purple light; the clustering Cyclades
Girt in their rocky zone the Delphic isle
No more oracular, where glowing clouds
Of golden lustre, ting'd with crimson dies,
Canopy pure Parnassus.
——Rosy Rhodes,[11]
No longer by its proud Colossus mark'd
Stretch'd its triangular scale, as if to catch
Those golden show'rs[12] which testified the love
Of ardent Phœbus; while the Cretan vales
Cloth'd with their fruitage fair the awful base
Of that stern mountain, boastful of the birth
Of Jove the Thunderer.
Towards the setting Sun
Their course they bend, when, ploughing o'er the deep
Her transverse path with heavy laden keel,
A ship they spy, whose waving colours spoke

Of haughty Venice. Hasting they prepare
For naval combat. Decks are clear'd, light sails
Furl'd, lest their playful wantonness impede
Decisive action, while those engines dire
Which flash destruction o'er the echoing wave,
Unlash'd are levell'd, and from their deep vents
The tompions drawn. Inspir'd with warlike joy
The soul of Smith rush'd to his eagle eye,
Darting unwonted lightnings. Every spot
He seem'd to traverse; now, in grave debate
Consulting with the Master, how to pour
With best effect their battery on the foe;
Now, gliding o'er the deck with watchful glance
Of keen inspection; now, into the souls
Of wondering Frenchmen pouring that proud zeal
Which nerves a British tar. Thus the bold king,
Harry of Monmouth, cheer'd his doubting troops
For Agincourt's dread field; with his gay smile
Inspiring courage, brightening the wan brow
Of Apprehension, while his valorous heart
Impatient chode the interrupting night
Which "like a foul and ugly witch did limp
So lazily away." Short space was here
In this wild contest on the briny plain

For courtesy or signal of attack:
The volleying broadsides deal Destruction's blast,
Life fled in purple streams, but still the wrath
Of Man subsided not. The shivering masts,
And sides transpierc'd, witness in fearful wounds
The strife of human passions, when they war
And yield not.
From the Gallic ship, a band
Forth sally, bright their boarding axes shine
Through sable wreaths of smoke, while they essay
With vigorous action to ascend the deck
Of the Venetian. Clamorous blows resound
And shouts outrageous, till the invaders, hurl'd
Back from their slippery footing, darkly plunge
Beneath the redd'ning element. Yet see!
Another band, unaw'd by Danger's front,
Dare the same fate, with desperate ardour fir'd,
And o'er the bowsprit rushing to the deck,
Wade through their comrade's blood.
How can I paint
The features of that scene? My pencil shrinks
From dies so deep! Oh! 'twas a fearful sight
To souls who love not carnage, to behold
God's image in the human form so marr'd,

And his blest work defac'd. The deed was done,
The hoarse, terrific din of battle o'er,
But many a gallant man, whose warm lip pour'd
Impetuous words to urge the contest on,
Saw not the victory, nor heard the shout
When Venice struck to France. O'er the smooth wave
Her trackless course the victor ship pursued;
Not quite unscath'd; but, as the knight, return'd
From tournament, heeds not his batter'd helm,
And sever'd cuirass, nor the puny wounds
That goad his side, since ever in his mind
The vivid image of his unhors'd foe
Banishes pain and loss. The exulting crew
Boastful in garrulous joy, incessant trac'd
Their chart of conquest, emulous to meet
A second enemy. But the lone youth,
Whose changeful fortunes we pursue, oft sigh'd
For sweet release from durance on the wave,
And like a landsman pin'd, whene'er he thought
Of the pure verdure, and salubrious breeze,
And busy haunts, where answering voices blend
In cheering echo. Him at lenght they sent,
In feeble boat to that delightful shore
Which spread a refuge for the Hero's toil,

Who from Troy's flame, wild ocean's adverse surge
And Juno's harsh inexorable hate
Scap'd through long wanderings. Glad th' enfranchis'd youth
Mark'd the rough line of that peninsular coast,
Enraptur'd revell'd in the firm support
Of Earth, his mother, and once more beheld
Her brilliant garments, and alluring fruits,
With joy unutterable. Soon his course
In eager speed toward Rome's imperial seat
He pointed; for in boyhood's brightest hour
Thither, on Fancy's pinion, had he flown
To search and question Cesar's sepulchre:
And thither now, half doubting, as if dreams
Involv'd him in their tissue, he arriv'd.
With reverence gaz'd he on the Queen of earth,
Who in the mouldering of her gorgeous robes,
And ancient diadem, still rose in pomp
Of dread magnificence. His rapt eye saw
In warrior vision, when with sceptred pride,
Seated upon her seven-hill'd throne, she cast
The rays of her dominion on the wings
Of the unresting Sun, and bade them reach
All realms that saw his light. With pausing step

Alone he wander'd, 'mid those mighty wrecks
Which Man had consecrated, but old Time
Respected not, and bade the unsightly weed
And slimy snail deface. Anon he mark'd
Strong massy fabricks, on whose fronts sublime
Dwelt hoar Antiquity, ruling the wrath
And spoil of ages. There unnumber'd fanes
Tower'd in the gracefulness of modern skill,
Where cluster'd columns rear'd their cornice fair,
And fretted architrave, th' Ionic chaste,
Time-honour'd Doric, or Corinthian rich,
Or simple Tuscan. The admiring youth
Mark'd with a gaze intense of wondering awe
Vespasian's Coliseum, where, the Goth[13]
Who led his barbarous legions to the spoil
Of the despis'd magnificence of Rome,
Stood in amazement——
That Ellipsis vast
Reveal'd the hand of Titus, who resum'd
The work his dying sire left unfulfill'd.
From those arcades, those pillars that embrace
Within their pond'rous and wide-stretching grasp
That spacious amphitheatre, erst rose,
As from the Egyptian house of bondage, sighs

Of captive Israel, labouring and oppress'd;
Though no deliverer, call'd by Heaven, came forth
From his rush cradle on the turbid stream
To break their yoke. Still might the eye recall
Through mist of gath'ring ages, through the wreck
Of Devastation's wantonness,[14] that spot
Where the pavilion, with its purple pomp,[15]
And proud, imperial blazonry, enshrin'd
The dignity of Rome; still might it mark
The Cunei,[16] dividing with strict care
Patrician from Plebeian, even in sports
Whose baseness levell'd all to the same rank
Of degradation, weighing jealously
Each vain distinction; there might still be trac'd
The radiatory passages, where throng'd
Crown'd Emperors, and savage beasts, and men
Abject as they; and there stood gaping wide
Those Vomitories,[17] whence the noisy croud
Issu'd abrupt. Swept by winds of Heaven
Was that vast structure, open to the wrath
Of raging elements; no more was rear'd
The spreading Velum's[18] gorgeous canopy
To shelter from the solar beam, or storm
Those pitiless throngs, deep gazing on the scenes

Of inhumanity. There, with vigorous arm
And rigid muscles, nerv'd to utmost strength
By uncomplaining Agony, wild wrath,
Undaunted courage, or intense despair,
Fought the stern Gladiators:[19] stung to rage,
The lordly Lion, the mad Elephant,
The foaming Tyger, the Hyena fierce,
Baffled the hunter's skill, or madly rush'd
Upon his spear, champing with bloody jaws
The murderous weapon. And alas! how oft
Drank that Arena's dust the peaceful tide
Flowing from christian veins, when strong in faith
Those holy victims, pouring forth pure pray'rs
For persecuting foes, were given a prey
To monster's teeth.
There thou didst yield thy breath,
Ignatius, mitred prelate of that church,
Which first[20] upon its sacred banner bore
The name of Christ. Full on thy rapt ear pour'd
The melody of heaven,[21] where the blest choir
With harp and voice, in high alternate swell
Hymn'd the Eternal, till thy tranced soul
Wrapt in extatic vision, scorn'd the bounds
Of Earth's low confine. But a martyr's doom

Awaited thy decline; and thou didst meet
Its pangs, rejoicing that thy soul should haste
To its reward, while high devotion's pray'r
Ascended for the parricides who rent
Thy feeble span. Methinks the Lions pause
In their career. Did thine uplifted eye
Intently fix'd on Heaven imbibe new beams
Of awful lustre, till brute Instinct shrank
To mar that kneeling form, and clot with blood
Those silver locks?
Yet there was Beauty's eye,
Gazing unmov'd upon the ghastly wound,
And gasping bosom; hearts, which should have been
At every scene of woe, as liquid balm
Distill'd in Pity's heavenly dew, grew hard,
Grew obdurate as the flame-temper'd steel,
Till female softness turn'd her exile foot
From pagan Rome——
Sick'ning at thoughts like these
The youth with fond enthusiasm rush'd to seek
Trajan's fair victor column, where it rear'd
Its tow'ring shaft, pure as the snows that crown
The Alpine heights. Its pedestal display'd
Four birds of Jove, depending from whose beaks

In rich luxuriance flow'd the laurel wreath,
And ah! so well those polish'd leaflets twin'd
Their slender fibres, with so light a grace
Ruffled the Eaglets' plumage, that the art
Of bold Apollodorus seem'd to have taught
The cold and steadfast marble how to vie
With nature's life and beauty. There the youth
Knelt in low reverence, while in ardent tone
Burst forth his homage from unconscious lips—
"Awful and glorious Man! at whose dread name
Trembled far distant realms, while haughty Rome
Wove it with stars into her diadem,
Gem of her pride, and bond of loyalty.
Subjected Dacia felt thy vengeful sword,
Assyria was thy suppliant, the arm'd throngs
Of wide Armenia, the infuriate hordes
From Mesopotamian mountains, and the tribes
Barbarous and rude, from where the Euxine roars
To the vex'd Caspian, bent with vassal awe
Th' imploring glance on thee. Thy curb controul'd[22]
The tossing Danube, and with force sublime
Treading the trackless deep, thy lofty prow
First to old Ocean's angry billows taught
Rome's will to reign."

Ling'ring o'er Trajan's fame
In contemplation deep, the abstracted youth
Hung with a soldier's rapture ; then with eye
Dazzled and dimm'd by countless monuments
That mark the lost illustrious, he explor'd
The arch of Titus,[23] rich with victories
O'er humbled Judah. There with sinuous trace
O'er the fair sculpture, rapid Jordan rov'd,
While on its banks the weeping captives throng'd,
With heads declin'd. And there were sacred spoils
Scatter'd in careless triumph, the high trump
Whose silver sound warn'd to the Jubilee,
The golden Candlestick, whose wreathed branch
Fed with pure oil, shed o'er the sanctuary
Unsullied light, the table consecrate
To the shew-bread, which none but holy hands
Might touch unsinning, the mysterious ark,
The fearful tables of the Eternal Law,
The sacrificial altar, ah ! what pangs
Wrung thee, deserted Zion, when these spoils
Were won by Rome. Thy broken, ruin'd towers,
Thy reeking stones, thy city furrow'd deep
By Desolation's ploughshare, the dire cross,
Stern sword, gaunt Famine, sated with thy sons,

And that majestic, dedicated dome,
The temple of Jehovah, given to feed
The Gentile flame, and thy weak remnant made
A hissing, an astonishment, a taunt
To every nation; how these countless woes,
Immeasurable as th' unfathom'd sea,
Announce thy guilt, and verify the truth
Of HIM who cannot err; and will they not,
Oh! thou afflicted, tempest-tost, despis'd
And reft of comfort, will they not at length
Ope thy blind eye to Him, whom thou didst pierce
And crucify, that thou might'st mourn and live?

Who with a traveller's eye can search the bounds
Of Rome, nor pause to muse upon the tomb
Of Adrian, asking the insensate winds,
How they can winnow as unhallow'd dust
Its consecrated glory? Who can shun
To gaze upon the lofty column rear'd
To pious Antoninus, by the hand
Of good Aurelius, sharer of his fame
Virtue and dignity, who early wise[24]
Learnt with a philosophic sway to quell
The passions' mutiny. Ev'n hoary Time
Reveres that fabric, and commands the years

That in their revolution blindly wield
Destruction's besom, and exulting stamp
Oblivion's seal, to spare that marble spire
Its simple beauty, nor to rend the pile
Which bears the second Numa's spotless fame.
Half sunk in Earth, the wanderer trac'd his arch
Who on fair Albion's isle resign'd his breath,
Septimius Severus.

——Dark with throngs
Of flying Parthians, was its scroll sublime;
But gathering ages, dense with mouldering dust,
Obscur'd the Hero's emblem, with keen touch
Corroding what the impotence of Man
Pronounc'd immortal. With a statelier front,
Just where the dark base of the Cælian Mount
Confronts the Palatine, tower'd the white arch
Of the blest christian Emperor, Constantine,[25]
Who bade the sword of persecution cease
To vex the bleeding church. There paus'd the youth,
Reviewing the recorded tints that glow'd
On memory's tablet; for his soul was proud
To hold communion with the awful shades
Of Emperors, and warriors, and stern Chiefs
Who rul'd the rage of battle. With less joy

Gaz'd he upon the fountains, sumptuous squares,
Rich palaces, majestic obelisks;
Beheld the vaunted Vatican display
Its pomp of painting, and time-honour'd scrolls
Innumerable; and even with slighter touch
Of strong emotion, mark'd that Basilick
Rising in deep and dread magnificence,
Beneath whose lofty dome pale Awe turns cold,
Offering a while, her trembling consciousness
Upon Devotion's altar.

Yet not long
Might spirit so active be content to dwell
Amid the tombs and mouldering monuments
Of buried glory. The hoarse blast of War
Kindling its ardour to the thrill of Joy,
Warn'd it away.

To throng'd Vienna's bound
The soldier went, for there were martial sounds,
Mustering of mighty men, shrill trumpets' blast,
Hoarse clang of armour, neigh of prancing steed,
Where brave Count Meldrich gallantly review'd
His gather'd legions. Strongly reinforc'd
By Transylvania's Duke, their blended aim
Against the Turk was destin'd, he who holds

In cruel thraldom, those delightful plains
Where ancient Greece her band illustrious rear'd
Of heroes and of sages.
There thy sword
Still glitters, Ypsilante!—May it deal
To the oppressor, justice, like the brand
Of mighty Scanderberg![26] he who beheld
The sad Albanian weeping in his hut,
Saw from his famish'd babes the morsel torn
By stern rapacity, and nerv'd his arm
For righteous vengeance. Prince! Be Him thy guide
Who crown'd with victory Judah's prayerful King,
When the swarth Ethiops, and fierce Lubims came
Like lions, in their insolence to wreck
The shepherd's fold. Oh! is there not a time
In His eternal counsels, who doth break
The Tyrant's yoke, when the sword-planted faith
Of Mecca's dark impostor from its root
Shall perish? when the desolating rod
Of the vile Painim, shall no longer bruise
Earth's fairest climes? Behold it darkly press
The realm belov'd of Science, where her eye,
First waking from its cradle slumbers, scann'd
A globe benighted; see it crush the race

Whom Xerxes might not conquer, where the arts
Like quenchless stars, their constellation wreath'd
Round laurell'd Liberty: and lo! it threats
The Holy Land, like that portentous star
In the red skies o'er Zion's 'leagur'd height,
When Rome's dire Eagles hasted to their meat.
It subjugates that land, once bright illum'd
By blest Salvation's day-star, by the eye
Of priests and prophets, by the glowing wings
Of angel visitants, by the dread robe
Of the Eternal: hallow'd by the steps
Of Him of Nazareth, as forth he went
Seeking the lost, where palm-crown'd Olivet
Responded in low murmurs to his sigh
Of midnight pray'r, where sad Gethsemane
Receiv'd affrighted on her humid soil
The dews of agony, and Calvary
Bowing beneath the awful wrath of Heaven,
Shook to her inmost centre, at the voice
"Father! forgive!"
But now the kindling war
Assum'd a front of horrour. Siege on siege
Baffled the Turk's endurance, and confirm'd
The Christian courage. Fortified in vain,

Alba-Regalis,[27] and Olumpagh fell,
Shaming the Moslem. Mid the warrior band,
Who by undaunted bravery, or skill
In varying stratagem, serv'd to sustain
The rising fortunes of the Christian arms
Smith stood conspicuous, while around his brow
The hard-won laurels cluster'd.

——Once, a siege
Protracted long, inflated with base pride
The renegado garrison. Then forth
From those invested walls, there proudly came
A haughty champion, as in older time
Philistia sent her giant to defy
The host of Israel. With insulting taunt
Rang his loud challenge; and amid the swords
That from their scabbards started to avenge
The holy cross aspers'd, the boon was given
To the exulting youth, whose fate we trace.
The contest came, and proudly on his lance
Bears he his country's honour. From the height
Of giddy rampart, thousand sunny eyes
Of ardent beauty, thousand helmed brows
Bend anxious o'er th' arena.

Rang'd around
Upon the brow of an opposing hill
In moony crescent stretch'd the bands of Christ,
While many a silent, interceding pray'r
Invokes the God of battles. The bold youth,
Whose burnish'd armour glitter'd in the ray
Of the resplendent Sun, while sable plumes
Like a dark cloud wav'd o'er his polish'd helm,
A second Hector seem'd. Strongly he reins
His fiery courser, and with spear in rest
Awaits his foe. He comes, and furious wrath,
Mingled with scorn, inspires him, as he hurls
His dark defiance.
The loud trumpet blast
Breathes the appointed signal. They advance,
They meet as lightning, and the unhors'd Turk
Rolls in his hearts-blood. From the ramparts rose
A howl of horrour when that champion fell,
As the hoarse watch-dog, in his vigil drear,
Bays the cold moon. But hast'ning to the field
Another foe appears. Towering and strong,
Like mighty Ajax; his red eye-ball dealt
Bitter derision, as Goliah scowl'd
Upon the stripling David. Strictly curb'd

His mighty war-horse, with indignant rage,
Foams at restraint, ejects the wreathed smoke
From his spread nostril, and with armed hoof
Spurns the rent ground. They meet in fatal shock,
Their steeds recoil! God nerves the Christian's arm,
And on the earth the mail'd Colossus lay
Gnashing his teeth in death. The victor rode
Unhurt the dread arena: but, behold!
A third appears. Less furious than the last,
Yet more tremendous than the first, he rears
His front of hatred, while his measur'd step
Wary he rules, watchful, but yet serene
As cautious Fabius. Almost it might seem
As if those fallen foes, dissatisfied
To die but once, had risen, and blent in him
Their varying lineaments, pleas'd to create
A worse antagonist. On either side
Hung tremulous expectancy, o'er those
Who watch'd the combat.—
Thus stood ancient Rome,
And haughty Alba, with such gaze intense,
Breathless, and leaning on th' ensanguin'd spear,
When rose the last Horatius, in the blood
Of his two weltering brothers, to confront
The twin Curiatii.—

Gallantly they met
At word of herald, but with careful eye
Adjusting the career, and with firm hand
Guiding the spear-shock. Lo! the Turkish steed
Plunges without his rider, and a groan
Bursts from the city's height, responded long
In fitful shrillness, like the female wail
Over some favourite knight, whom minstrels style
The flower of chivalry. The deed was done.
The prize of conquest gain'd. No other foe
Again would dare that fatal tournament,
Nor e'en the insatiate soul of Mahomet
Could longer parley. Loud the shrill-ton'd trump
In pomp of chivalry announc'd the youth
Thrice victor; tears and acclamations greet
His glad return, while honours and rewards[28]
Whelm him in rich profusion. Ah! but Man,
Brief Man, when in the spring-tide of his Fame,
Oft sees the ebbing flood forsake those sands
Where Joy had spread her sail; oft hears the blast
Awake against his glory, and disperse
The light ephemeron. From heaps of slain,
In dark, disastrous hour the youth is drawn,[29]
Half lifeless, pierc'd with wounds, while foeman's care

Solicits his revival, and preserves
Existence, reft of Liberty.
At length
Restor'd, he tastes of Slavery's bitter dregs,
And with revolting heart beholds the domes
Of high Constantinople, thither sent
A Bashaw's present to his lady love,
The fair Charitza. He with patient care,
Wrought in her beauteous garden, propp'd the trees
Laden with fruit, twin'd the luxuriant vines
Round fairy arches, cheer'd the imprison'd birds,
Or bore fresh water to the thirsty flowers.
Him, at his toil, the maiden oft observ'd
From her high lattice, where the fragrant gale
Murmur'd through painted vases; oft admir'd
His noble mien, and manly, graceful form,
With partial eye. And often would she muse
And wonder, if in his dear native land,
A mother he had left, a sister fond,
To weep for him, or if a stronger tie
Binding the heart-strings, forc'd some maid to pine
At his long absence. Then her plaintive lute
With thrilling softness she would touch, and wake
Some simple strain of captive youth, who won,

His Lady's heart, and how the lovers fled
A father's frown, to some green isle of rest
Gay with perennial roses. Then her glance
Would rest upon the youth, whose features beam'd
With lustre, which the cloud of slavery
Strove vainly to eclipse, and she would sigh
She knew not wherefore; then indignant, wish
That he were not a Christian, and retire,
Perchance, to dream of him.
But other bonds
Than those of dalliance, were ordain'd to bind
His lofty soul. Driv'n from the beauteous shades[36]
Where soft Charitza render'd durance light,
He bends a vassal to the lordly sway
Of her stern brother. Here he learnt the toils
That wait the slave; contemptuous, bitter Scorn,
Unceasing Labour, and the gloomy waste
Of rifled Hope. Oppression's galling chain
Wrought no despair, but urged th' indignant soul
To vengeful madness. When the tyrant's wrath
Heap'd insolence with outrage, his bold hand
Aveng'd it in his blood,[31] as Moses' zeal
Slew mocking Egypt's supercilious son,
And hid him in the sand. The flying youth,

An apprehensive fugitive, the prey
Of meagre Famine, rov'd Circassian wilds,
Nor dar'd ev'n with a trembling voice to hail
His blood-bought Liberty, till in the walls
Of Russia's frontier, he receiv'd the hand
Of pitying Friendship. Then, as if on wings
With which the liberated bird ascends
The trackless fields of ether, he survey'd
Europe's exhaustless stores,[32] and o'er the sea
When once like Jonah he had been cast forth
To the wild fury of the elements,
Gliding with prosperous gales, explor'd the coast
Of fruitful Barbary. There 'mid fragrant groves
Where glides the zephyr's wing, with sweets surcharg'd,
The wily Arab, the dark-minded Moor,
Unpitying Turk, and persecuted Jew,
Roam in wild hordes, unconscious of the charms
That Nature spreads around; as the dull swine
Heeds not the trodden pearl. Westward he prest,
Over Mulluvian waters, whose fair banks
Fring'd with the rose-bay on its graceful stem[33]
Glitter'd in varying beauty. There he saw
Shelter'd by hoary Atlas, 'mid cool groves
Of lofty palm, Morocco's scatter'd mosques

With snowy minarets, her princes' homes,
Painted pavilions like the gold-streak'd even,
Shaming the low and wretched huts where herd
The abject people. There, devoid of state
Crown or regalia, sits the Emperor
Upon his barbe, and 'neath the simple shade
Of his umbrella, holds his Meshoar,[34]
Dooming his crimeless vassals with the tone
Of lawless despotism.
But the youth sigh'd
For climes of liberty, and turning sought
That which the foot of Slavery may not press
Ere her sad spirit hears a heavenly voice
Exclaim, "Be free!" and her loos'd manacles
Vanish, as fell imprison'd Peter's chain
Before the Angel. The capricious sea
Again he woos, to view that native land.
The winds were peaceful, but the wrath of man
Troubled the waters. Fearful engines breathe
Forth from their dark, cylindric chambers, blasts
Of thundering terror o'er the ignited wave.
Twice had the Sun his flaming coursers quench'd,
And lav'd his gold locks ere he sought his rest,
Yet still the deep foundations of the main

Echoed those battle thunders.[35] Haply scap'd
He sees white Albion's cliffs their welcome beam
Upon his eye, and revels in the bowers
Of his soft infancy. The rapturous joy,
That hail'd his glad arrival, past, he breaks
The transient dream of rest, and bold embarks
A hardy pioneer to this New World,[36]
Hewing out danger's path. With watchful eye
Ev'n as a father shields the son he loves,
He nurs'd the infant colony, which hung
In deathful hesitancy, and with care
Shelter'd that vine, which in the wilderness
The cold storm threaten'd.
——But the rugged brow
Of Chieftains frown'd upon him, for his wiles
Perplex'd their own. Baffled at length, and foil'd
In stratagem, he tastes the captive's lot,
And borne in triumph sees the royal tent
Of Worowocomoco. There enthron'd
Sat great Powhatan.[37] Flowing robes array'd
His form, and a bright coronet of plumes
Wav'd o'er his brow. Upon his features sat
A native majesty, uncheck'd by age
Which knew of no infirmity, and seem'd

Well to befit the high imperial lord
Of thirty subject kings. Around him rang'd
His chiefs in solemn council, while their eyes
Bent darkly on the earth, seem'd to portend
An ominous doom. But still the prisoner read
Nought like stern hatred on those thoughtful brows
That ponder'd o'er his fate.
——On the green turf
They spread a table, generously heap'd
With all their choicest viands; the fair haunch
Of savory venison, victims from the flood,
And from the air, and fresh from hasting hands
The juicy corn-cake. No such kind repast
In gentle friendship heraldèd thy death,
Poor Ugolino.[38] Thou didst frantic grope
Amid thy famish'd sons, till thou couldst hear
No more those moving skeletons implore
For water and for bread; and when those lips
Hunger had seal'd forever, thou didst live
Writhing in burning pangs, day after day
Of untold misery, till Mercy broke
The long protracted, agonizing thread
That held thee from the grave.

——With courteous care
These sons of Nature gave the parting rite
Of hospitality, and gaily strove
The prisoner to sustain the festive hour
With cheerful voice. But as the phantom guest
Marr'd Mackbeth's banquet, so the morsel fail'd
To gratify the sense, and bitter dregs
From the sweet draught clave to the victim's lip,
For on his soul the ghastly visage glar'd
Of beck'ning Death. The fatal feast was o'er;
And to his doom the pinion'd captive led.
Yet no exulting shout, no taunting hiss
Broke on the deep solemnity; it seem'd
A deed of stern, reluctant policy,
Averting evil, not avenging hate.
Heroic Andrè! Thou, perchance didst fall
Amid such sadness; for the bursting sigh
Of sympathy, from strangers and from foes,
Bore tribute to thy virtues, and deplor'd
Thine ignominious fate.
But now are rear'd
Four massy clubs, high o'er the victims head,
While the grim warriors, with averted face
Await the signal. One brief interval

Of anguish'd thought convuls'd the sufferer's mind :
That all his honours, all his high designs,
All his ambition's concentrated hopes
Must end by savage hands. Pride stamp'd her seal
Of cold reluctance, on a brow unblanch'd
By fear of Death. To fall in laurell'd fields
Mid shouts of victory, as heroes die,
Seem'd enviable glory. 'Mid the throng
That gaz'd in silence on the prostrate foe,
As if half doubtful whether death had power
O'er him like others, one young, timid maid[39]
Sat near the throne. Soft tears of Pity wound
Their copious course, and her imploring hands
Unconsciously she rais'd tow'rd him who seem'd
Her sire, but from those trembling lips no sound
Gain'd utterance. At length the trance of Fear
Vanish'd, and from those dove-like eyes shone forth
A dazzling spirit. That meek child, who seem'd
To shrink as the Mimosa, now evinc'd
More than a warrior's daring. Like the winds,
Rushing in wildness tow'rd th' imprison'd foe,
His head she clasp'd.

" Now let the death-stroke fall !"
Boldly she cried, " for ere it reach that head

This shall be crush'd." The warriors' uprais'd arm,
For execution bar'd in vigorous strength
Unconsciously declin'd, and deep respect
Ev'n for a child, wander'd with soft'ning trace
O'er their hard features. That unwonted sight
The monarch could not brook; his soul was mov'd
To mark his daughter's bearing, and he bade
To loose the prisoner's bonds, and loud exclaim'd,
"Rise! and be free."

Thus thou the royal maid
Of swarthy Egypt, through thy pitying heart
Didst save a humbled nation. Thou didst hear,
An infant wailing in his slimy ark,
'Mid the green rushes on the river's brink,
And hadst compassion. Ah! how slightly deem'd
Thy haughty father, that his palace proud
Nurtur'd the Hebrews' hope: as little thought
The Indian Monarch, that his child's weak arm
Fostered that colony, whose rising light
Should quench his own forever. Thus a flower,
Nurs'd in the forest, shed its healing balm
Upon our wounded sires. Shrinking they felt
The serpent's venom, and this noble plant
Solac'd and sav'd them. By the grateful hand

Of fond Refinement gather'd, on the breast
Of Piety it hung, and meekly drank
The breath of fairer climes: but early shed
Its withering bloom in peace. What though this flower
A giddy world might scorn, because its leaves
The sun had darken'd, what if her proud glance
Saw in its form nor grace nor comeliness;
Might not its incense rise as pure to Him
Who weigheth spirits?
The unbidden tear
Rushing, Oh! Indian Princess, o'er thy grave
Effac'd my theme a moment, turn'd my eye
From those tall ships that land their ceaseless freight
On the new coast. I see our ancestors,
A thoughtful band, escaping from the frown
Of a hard parent. Resolute they seem,
Though sad of heart; while their exploring eye
Wanders o'er Plymouth's beach, and thickets dark,
All tenantless. A feeble light they struck
On a cold shore, and oft its livid spire
Trembling, and narrowing, like a lance's point
Seem'd to expire; but still a viewless breath
Would fan and feed it, though loud torrents fell
And the wild desert howl'd.

Do I behold
The men of peace approach, with smile serene,
Reaching the hand of amity, to greet
The Indians as their brethren? Meek they stand,
And weaponless, save with the shield of truth
And equity. How from their leader's eye
Beams the calm lustre of an upright soul,
Brighten'd by pure benevolence, as shines
The Queen of Heaven upon the lunar bow.
Firm as th' Athenian sage, to whom the scenes
Of life or death, the dazzling pomp of wealth,
Or hemlock draught were equal, is the port
Of the Colonial Sire, the Friend of Man,
While with the diamond seal of Truth he stamps
His oathless treaty.[40] Well might he who sigh'd
A fugitive[41] from his paternal home,
Feel for the outcast; as sad Israel learnt
In sultry Egypt's tyrant clime, to know
The stranger's heart. With kind, assuring words,
And answering deeds, he binds the deathless chain
Of friendship; and though o'er his silent grave,
Time long hath wander'd, still at the blest name
Of the beloved Miquon,[42] starts the tear
Of Indian gratitude.

Firm in his path
Trod his disciples, faithful as the race
Of Rechab,[43] to their pious sire's command,
To shun the inflaming draught. What though their faith
Sternness might persecute, or Scorn deride,
Flow'd it not from HIS accents who forbade
The vengeful deed? did it not harmonize
With His pure life, who gave his patient cheek
To the harsh smiters, and before his foes
Stood as the guileless Lamb? Comported not
Its precepts with the spirit of that Friend
Of wretched man, whose advent melody,
Whose intercession, and whose dying gift,
Alike were peace? And when his glorious reign
O'er Earth commences, when the shock of war,
The din of discord vanish, who shall lead
With purer joy, in reconciling bands
The Lion and the Lamb, than those who dwelt
An unresisting, unoffending race,
Calm, 'mid a boist'rous world? Are not the souls
Who flee from evil, violence, and strife,
Obtaining preparation for that clime
Where evil entereth not, nor woe nor pain,
For all is rest?

Long had the natives drawn,
From the full store-house of the Christian's sins,
Weapons against his faith. Long had they heard
A language from his lips, which by his life
Was contradicted. Long, too long inquir'd,
Of a perfidious race, ye, who command
Us, Indians, to observe the righteous rule
Which ye transgress, by breaking that just law,
Dishonour ye not God? But here they mourn'd
Nor fraud, nor wrong; the purchas'd land they gave,
Unstain'd with blood, and on its borders dwelt,
As with their brethren. Soon that province rose
To wealth and power, while on the verdant banks
Of rolling Delaware, in beauteous state,
Love's city smiled.

Quick o'er the ample bound,
From those broad lakes, dark with eternal rain,
To the bright bow'rs where sleepless summer sports
With rosy Florida; and pressing west
O'er the vain barrier, and retreating tide
Of Mississippi, spread our ancestors,
Taking a goodly portion, with their sword,
And with their bow. But whether the rich soil
Peaceful was gain'd, or snatch'd in hostile wrath,

The natives suffer'd. Slow diseases came,
And swept them like the insect tribes away,
Before the ev'ning blast. Intemperance
Destroy'd her tens of thousands; Famine stern
Leagued with the pestilence, and in their path
The mortal scorn, and hatred of white men
Stalk'd, gleaning what was left.
——Ah! could'st thou rise
From thy dark bed of waters, wretched Chief!
Unhappy Orellana![44] what a scene
Could'st thou unfold! From thy wide, fearless range
O'er woods and mountains, by the mighty tide
Of vast La Plata, from the subject vows
Of thine adoring tribe, from charities
Of kindred and of country, from the bonds
That to the heart's deep centre link the names
Of husband and of father, wert thou torn
By Spanish cruelty. The tall ship moves
From the dear strand, and the red-straining eyes
Of thy enslav'd companions, glare to thine
Unutterable things. Incessant wrongs[45]
Harrow thy lofty spirit, the red scourge
Brandish'd by menial insolence, drinks oft
Thy blood, but haughtily comprest, thy lip,

Deigns no complaint. Humbled beneath the brute,
Thy high soul bends not, rising o'er its pangs,
Invincible; though oft a burning tear
Would start, to mark the accumulated wrongs
That crush'd thy faithful followers. 'Twas night!
And Silence leagued with rayless Darkness rul'd
The slumbering wave. What rends the startled ear
With wounding clamour, rousing from their cells
La Plata's sons, as if the angel's trump
Had warn'd the grave's cold tenants? 'Tis the cry
Of Orellana's vengeance. Ah! what strews
The decks with slain, and bids the purple tide
To flow, as from a wine-press? 'Tis the arm
Of Orellana. See him tow'ring stand,
With thong distain'd,[46] as erst on Lehi's sands,
Vindictive Sampson o'er Philistia's sons
Slaughter'd in heaps, the dying and the dead,
His simple weapon rear'd. The coward crew
Fly in wild terror, for the soul of guilt
Is dastardly. The gallant Chieftain call'd
His victor-band around him. None were lost:
The ten stood faithful, while beneath enclos'd[47]
Hundreds of pale oppressor's shudd'ring cower'd,
In midnight darkness. But the tide of Fate,

Returns with whelming surge. To thee is giv'n,
A glorious conquest, Chieftain! but the torch
Of triumph lights thy miserable tomb.
They come from durance, but they dare not meet
The conqueror's glance. Not to the deck they rush,
Where reek their lifeless comrades, but conceal'd
In ambush dark, from clefts and crevices,
Aim at the foe. The fatal lead is sent
In ceaseless show'rs, and every moment wings
Destruction's shaft. Brave Orellana scorns
The dastard vengeance, and with glance that speaks
The dark contempt of a majestic soul,
Wrapping itself in death, he plunges deep
In Ocean's breast. His followers by his side,
Dare the same fate, counting the pitiless wave
More merciful than Man.

——Oh! ye who feel
Strong tides of sympathy convulse the soul,
When crush'd Messenia against Sparta rose,
To rend oppression's yoke, have ye no tear
For Orellana? Have ye not a sigh
For that sad race, of whose despairing lot
His was an emblem?

Yet amid the gloom,
Long strove their ancient Genius, struggling still
For life, and liberty, though awful Fate
Drew on the darkest hour. Like some tall form
Tow'ring in strength, against the storm he rear'd
His front reproachfully. The tempest came,
Strange thunders bellow'd, flashing meteors blaz'd
And hollow voices on the troubled blast
Warn'd him away. To the cold cliffs he hied,
That overhung the waters; but the surge
Tossing and raving, rear'd its haughty crest
Red with his children's blood. Groaning he sought
His island home, where as in Paradise,
The vales were wont to blossom, and the birds
Warble at his approach. There Ruin swept
With murderous besom, Tyranny the scourge
Plied ceaseless, and his high, indignant heart
Swell'd, as he rush'd to combat. But the dart
Hissing, from subtle Treachery's hand, transfix'd
His throbbing breast. The serpent's hideous coil
Twin'd round his bow'rs of bliss. Fainting, he twin'd
To his last refuge, to the stormy throne
Of cloud-encircled Andes, whose proud glance
O'erlooks the misty globe. But peace nor rest

Awaited him ; from yawning chasms burst forth
Volcanic flames, and with their livid spires
Wreath'd round his tortur'd frame.
Beneath his feet
The marble summits cleft, and with the strife
Of warring elements, and rending rocks
Mingled his death-groans. Pitying Nature wept,
As the vex'd spirit of bold Freedom left
His favour'd home ; and his forsaken sons
Fled to the forest, with wild beast to hold
Degraded fellowship. Goaded ev'n there
To desperation, on their foes they turn'd
Like the crush'd adder, spurn'd and impotent,
But spared for longer torments. Yet some beams
Of brightness linger'd round them ; some faint trace
Of virtue, and of noble spirit lurk'd
Amid the ruins. Thus thy fallen king,
Assyria ! feeding with vile herds, retain'd
Some portion of his dignity, that aw'd
His brute companions. In their lowly path
Renouncing Manhood's port, he grop'd, with locks
Bare to the dews of heaven, while side by side
An equal lot they shar'd ; but if too near
With heads declin'd, they prest, to gaze intent

Upon his downcast eye, a flashing glance
Alarm'd the dastard throng, as if from earth
In robes of flame, had risen some frowning shade
Of buried majesty.

CANTO THIRD.

Say! who again will listen to the call
Of the returning Muse? who rove with her,
Not in the pomp of Homer, to the fields
Of victor Greece, the conflagrated domes
Of ruin'd Ilion; not by tuneful reed
Of mighty Maro summon'd to the march
Of his majestic hero, nor allur'd
O'er the wide wave in wandering course to roam
With sage Ulysses, nor with joy upborne
On Fancy's silvery plume, what time she steers
'Tween Truth's fair region, and the varying clouds
Of wild Romance, tinting with rainbow hue
Roderick, or haughty Marmion, or the throng
Of Caledonia's monarchs, but with voice
Untun'd by art, climbing with rustic step
Undisciplin'd, the lone and misty cliff
Where mourns the forest Chieftain o'er his race
Banish'd and lost, of whom not one remains
To pour their tears for him.[1]

Ah! who will turn
From Fashion's pageants, from the bright parterre
Of polish'd Taste, where Poesy her gems
Scatters as dew-drops, from the heights sublime
Of intellectual grandeur, who will deign
With meek Humanity his guide, to trace
Paths where the torch of glory never cast
Its blazonry upon the ample shield
Of proud historic fame! Yet souls there are
Who love their Saviour's precept to "impart,
Hoping for nought again;" Oh, let these still
Explore the wild, oft snatching as they rove
From cold Oblivion's caves, memorials frail
Of an unhappy race.

When despot sway
Opprest our country, and with wounded heart,
But soul invincible, the untried sword
In her own right she rais'd, quick from the wild
The natives flocking, join'd her doubtful cause
And struggled with her; pouring forth their blood
To nourish that young tree of Liberty
Whose fruits they might not taste.

Once as they rov'd
In our defence, the hospitable shore

Of war-stain'd Delaware, a band they spi ed
In England's livery. Their swift arrow fled,
In fatal aim. One British youth alone,
Among the dead, surrounded by his foes
With lifted tomahawks essay'd to sell
His life as Britain, and as Sparta taught
Their sons to hold its price.
Deep silence reign'd
For one dread moment, while those dark, red brows
Bent on the youth, his dauntless port survey'd
With kindling admiration. Thus perchance,
Grim Death hath paus'd, when his menacing shaft
Hung o'er some beauteous victim. But with step
Firm, and reproachful eye, a hoary Chief
Bent his strong bow, and aim'd his weapon's point
At that lone breast. "God of my youth, forgive!"
In silence pray'd the victim; "at this hour
Of my extremity, pardon and save
The agonizing soul. Those whom I love
Dearer than life, but must no more behold,
Oh! comfort and protect. Saviour! to thee,
My spirit hastes."——
Why did that hoary man
Drop the keen shaft, that on its well-strung bow

Stood trembling, wing'd for flight? Why rushing grasp
With eager vehemence the captive's hand
Whose rapt soul, gazing o'er the verge of life,
Had half believ'd its awful voy'ge was past
To dread Eternity. Thus stood the youth
So pale, so death-like on Moriah's mount,
When from the altar, from the gleaming steel,
From the rais'd death-blow snatch'd, he heard the voice
Save! Save thy son!
——Reluctantly and slow
The haughty band their vanquish'd prey resign'd;
But rankling enmity had learnt to curb
Its bitterness, if he, whose temples bore
Time's silver crown, commanded; he to whom
A race not savage, who complacent boast
Superior forms of courtesy refin'd
Scarce yield respect. The silent Chieftain led
To his rude cabin, rous'd the slumb'ring flame
To cheerful brightness, spread his couch of skins
To rest the weary one, his simple food
Gave to his hand, observing with kind glance
If fearfully he tasted, oft with smiles
Assuring him, and bending o'er to hold
With anxious tenderness his throbbing head

Ev'en as a Father would. Thus, day by day,
And while slow nights with wintry pace held on,
He strove to make his ransom'd guest forget
The prisoner, in the friend. Proudly he led
To the rude chase, exulting as he mark'd
The glowing ardour of that noble soul,
Reckless of danger. When slow Evening drew
Her starry curtains o'er their humble home,
The patient Chieftain taught the barbarous sounds,
And uncouth utterance of his native tongue.
But when some interval of silent pause
Would intervene, when the youth's soul had flown
Back to his country, to his pictur'd halls,
Retracing scenes of recollected bliss,
Seeking communion with those glowing forms
Which rul'd his heart, the Sire's dark piercing eye
Read on the varying volume of his brow
The spirit's changes, till unwonted tears
Stole o'er his furrow'd cheek. These he dismiss'd,
As traitor visitants, prone to reveal
The weakness of the soul, which proudly bade
Her guards to veil her temple, and conceal
The glowing incense she was forc'd to burn
To sensibility. Thus, in his cave,

Stern Burby labour'd to condense the tears
Of sorrow-struck Ambition, till he wrought
The forge of madness.

——Well hast thou pourtray'd
His lineaments, O Scott! Say, may we place
Thy name[2] upon that canvas, which high Fame
Blazons, but yet inscribes not? Wisdom's eye
Hangs o'er the vivid painture, and forgets
To frown on Fancy's work, so strong the hues
Of Knowledge, and the lights of Truth are blent
With the design.

But now advancing Spring,
Threw her fresh beauties o'er the waking Earth.
The primrose pale, the placid snow-drop rose
In loveliness; but stormy still, and dark
Were human passions, and the heart of Man,
Unchang'd by Nature's gentleness, enshrin'd
The image of dread Strife. The warlike Chief
Sigh'd for the new campaign, from Winter's rust
Reliev'd his armour, and with joyous tone
Summon'd his young companion to the toil
Of weary march. Through forests deep and dark
O'er many a hill, o'er many a river, swoll'n
With melting snows, they past. At length a cliff

Gave sudden to their view, the distant plain
Where England spread her troops. Fair were their tents,
As lingering hillocks of untrodden snow
On Spring's soft verdure. Gay, the fresh'ning breeze
Play'd 'mid their folds, and bore to that young ear
In mingled symphony of martial sounds,
The music of its country. Every joy,
And sport of boyhood, every raptur'd hope
Of early youth, came thronging with the sound,
Came back unchasten'd to his inmost soul,
Raising that quick, convulsive throb, which mocks
All utterance. Still he mark'd not that dark eye
Intently tracing every nameless change
Which Feeling's pencil, dipt in strongest ties
Press'd on his polish'd brow. At length a voice
Broke the deep trance. "See'st thou thy countrymen
See'st thou our enemies? Proudly they wait
To give us battle. Think! Who sav'd thy life?
Who took thee to his home? Who taught thy hand
Helpless and soft, the firm canoe to build,
And guide it o'er the flood? Who shew'd thee first
To snare the dext'rous Beaver, hiding close
In his recess? to aim the arrow's point,
As sure as death? Thy lips knew not to frame

Aught, save the speech of white men ; now they pour
In free and manly tone, the sounds sublime
Of our bold language. Say ! who shed this light
O'er thy dark mind ? But I forbear to urge
The memory of thy debt. I only ask
Wilt thou repay with hatred ? Wilt thou join
The ranks that waste our country ? Wilt thou pierce
This aged breast ?"
——Sudden, indignant tears,
Burst ere the answer—" Sacred as my life,
Shall thine be held. The foe who seeks thy heart,
Seeks mine."
The Chieftain rais'd his clasping hands
To shade his visage, as they onward rov'd ;
Hopeless concealment ! for his mighty soul,
Wrought up and struggling, spoke through all disguise.
At length his voice in soften'd tones inquir'd,
" Hast thou a father ?"——
" Yes. My sire surviv'd,
When from the blest land that gave me birth,
I parted."
"Ah ! how wretched is his heart,
Deeming thee lost ! Know'st thou that I was once
A father ? that my graceful son attain'd

Thy years and stature? Like a lion bold,
He rush'd to war; where darkest danger frown'd
His eye was flashing. But I saw him fall,
Struck down in battle. At my feet he lay,
Cover'd with wounds. He groan'd not, as he died!
My only one! Strong, brave, and beautiful.
Yes! like a man he fell; and I, his sire,
Have like a man aveng'd him. Blood has flow'd
T' atone for his in torrents; and my soul
That sunk with him, in his red, tort'ring wounds
Arose to vengeance." Deep convulsive sobs
Now check'd his utterance; his keen, restless eye,
Was wild, but tearless, and his spirit strove
To rule its agony, as the worn rock
Battles the stormy wave. Silent they rov'd,
And calmness slowly o'er the mourner's breast
Settled, like dews upon the heaving earth,
Rent by an inward conflict. Now the dawn
On her grey plumes long-balanc'd, fled away,
And sudden lustre glow'd.

"Dost thou behold
Yon golden orb, and is thy young heart glad
To see it gild the morn?"

"That beauteous sky,
Rich with prevailing day, Oh! who can view
Without delight?" "I," said the hoary man,
"Have no delight. See'st thou the heavenward head
Of yon magnolia, with its ample boughs
And its pure blossoms? Say, dost thou inhale
Its breathing fragrance?"
"Yes. Nor can I view
That glory of the forest, but my heart
Is full of pleasure."
"I behold it too;
I gaze upon its charms; but pleasure comes
To this sad heart no more. Go then! Return!
Go to thy father! that his heart may joy
When the sun rises, and the trees put forth
The buds of Spring."
While with insatiate zeal
The Red Man roam'd the forest, or from floods
Allur'd the finny spoil, the toil-worn hand
Of his more weak companion, wrought to win
In scanty harvest from the tardy earth,
The swelling legume, and that tub'rous root
Which in their clay-built cells, the hardy sons
Of emerald Erin bless. Like modest worth

Oft shrouded in a plain and homely garb,
'Neath its rough leaf, and lurid flow'r, it hides
Pale Penury's blessing. This the New World gave
When in the cradle of her innocence
To haughty Europe, who with curious eye,
As peers the miser at some new-found hoard,
Survey'd the infant stranger, and her gift
Grasp'd as the bane of Famine.[3] By its side
The fruitful maize,[4] in verdant vistas rear'd
Its spire majestic, to the playful breeze
Spreading its loosely-waving panicles, while low
The purple anthers bending o'er to kiss
The silken, tassel'd styles, delight the eye
Of watchful Ceres. Autumn's earliest call
Demands its treasures, and the caskets pour
Forth from their silver cones, in streams profuse,
The vegetable gold. Its lingering wealth
Spreads in rich tribute at the icy throne
Of that swart form, the licens'd King of storms,
For whose support, soft Spring in tears awakes
The infant germ, bright Summer toiling wastes
Her fervid beauty, and grave Autumn roams
As a tax-gatherer, o'er the vast domain,
Heaping his revenue.

While warlike zeal
Nerv'd the bold sons of Nature, as they rush'd
In that red path, where Earth's proud heroes roll
The car o'er trampled life, with silent step
The softer sex, still unregarded, cull'd
From wild, or fountain side, such plants as aid
The healer's art. And might they hope to shun
The cup of scorn, because they meekly went
On Mercy's mission? Does a sapient world,
Ev'n at her noon-tide beam, accord her meed
To the mild race, whose heav'n-taught Science heals
The rankling wound, extracts from stern disease
Its sting, and props frail Man to cope with Death?
No! to the licens'd murd'rer, to the wrath
Of Cesar's wild ambition, to the scourge
Of bleeding Cambria, ruthless Tamerlane,
The Swedish mad-man, and the tyrant son
Of Corsica. When the stern warrior fell,
Writhing in agony, the patient hand
Of those despis'd restorers, knew to check
The purple tide, and bind the throbbing chasm
With happy skill. If Fever's fervid rage
Glow'd in the boiling veins, with care they sought
The firm Diospyros,[5] whose ligneous shield

Repels th' untemper'd weapon ; freely urg'd
The cool aperient from the fragrant bark
Of Sassafras ;[6] or fresh with balmy dews
Cropp'd the fair bloom with which young Spring adorns
The flow'ring Cornus.[7] Anxiously they sought
The Liriodendron,[8] with its varied bloom,
Orange, and green, and gold ; invok'd the pow'r
Of sanguine Cornus,[9] with its snowy cup,
And sapphire drupe ; or woo'd thy potent spell,
Magnolia Grandiflora ;[10] to supply
The place of fam'd Cinchona, whose rough brow
Now ruddy, and anon with paleness mark'd,
Drinks in its native bed, the genial gales
Of mountainous Peru. Debility,
Melting the links of Thought, and blotting out
Life's purposes, beheld the nerves resume
Their wonted energy, when the pure blood
Of Liquidambar[11] trickling, or the pores
Of the balsamic Populus,[12] diffus'd
Their cheering tonic.

That unpitying pain
Which plucks the nerves, close-sealing with a frown
Ev'n Beauty's lip, which the bold Ayrshire bard
Wish'd in his patriot vengeance to entail

On Caledonia's foes,[13] yielded its rage
To the rough genius of that lofty tree,
Whose yellow armour bears in countless studs
The horrid thorn.[14] Swoln Dropsy, who essays
To inundate life's citadel, beheld,
As haughty Ocean marks his bound of sand,
A verdant barrier of fresh-gather'd leaves,
Cull'd from an acrid plant[15] and slow retir'd,
Like the vex'd spring-flood from the wasted earth.
Pleased with their toil, the healers sought the cell,
Where Rhododendron,[16] like some drooping maid,
Timid and beauteous, hides her golden locks;
Or lur'd her statelier sister's aid, to bribe
Relentless Chronic Rheumatism[17] to loose
The rigid sinew. Then the fetter'd wretch
Strait leap'd and walk'd, as he who ask'd an alms
Of the two chief disciples, while he sat
A lonely cripple at that temple gate,
Styl'd "Beautiful."
How vivid is the eye
Of bright Lobelia, in her scarlet robe,[18]
Yet 'neath that rich and velvet tissue lurks
A potent poison. But the holy art
Of Esculapius, can transmute the bane

Of Nature, to her cordial; from the breath
Of livid popies, woo the balm of pain,
The opiate of grief; in Earth's dark breast
Convert the foes of life to friends, and bind
Reluctant Hydra's to Hygeia's car.
Thus, with bold hand, compelling the proud force
Of deadly Hellebore,[19] the sons of Greece
Propp'd Reason on her throne; and thus that Voice,
Which in its majesty from Chaos call'd
Order and beauty, still in sable clouds
Pavilion's Mercy, bids the broad-wing'd storm
Disperse dire Pestilence, and those events
Which Man deems evil, work his endless good.
Intent to sooth the restlessness of pain,
Still roam'd the weaker sex. In humid beds,
Or 'neath dense canopies of shade, they sought
Where the May-apple[20] loads the pendant bough
With emerald clusters; where th' Asclepias[21] bows
Her bright, decumbent petals; where entwin'd
With parasitic clasp, embow'ring blooms
The fair Convolvulus,[22] gleaming with tints
Of purple lustre; or the Cassia[23] shoots
Its aromatic stem, and slender leaf,
With silver lin'd. Oft raising from the earth

Her verdant curtain, joyous they descry'd
That sinuous root, which blind Credulity
Hail'd as a shield against the serpent's fang,
But Truth enrolls amid her precious spells
For wan Disease ;[24] or to its rocky home
Lur'd by a purple ensign, like the tinge
Of the pure amethyst, detected oft
The hidden Fever-root ;[25] or dext'rous pierc'd
The Ginseng's cavern,[26] where like hermit grave,
Abjuring Man, yet bearing to his cell
Some lingering earthly vanity, it rears
Its simple umbel, lucid as the down
Of the young cygnet, and anon displays
In brilliant clusters, rich with vermil dies,
Its heart-shap'd berries. Lull'd by murm'ring sounds
Of whispering brook, or softly gliding stream,
The Iris,[27] 'lumining her damp alcove
With bright, prismatic lustre, to their will
Resign'd her rainbow lamp ; and that tall plant[28]
Whose flow'r and budding leaf together spring
Yielded its pliant vest, offering at once
In tribute, both its spirit and its robe ;
Ev'n as the rein-deer consecrates to man
The uses of his life, and then bequeaths

His very sinews. Changeless as the front
Of Virtue, to the world's adversity,
The firm Cassine,[29] endures the wrecking storm,
And changeful season, by Tradition styl'd
The boon of Heaven, and round Hygeia's fane
Wreaths a bright garland, when her priestesses
Clad in their meek and unpretending skill
Its aid demand. They boasted to allay
The venom of the crested snake, who moves
Slow through the thicket, with a dazzling eye
Fix'd on his prey, or in a sudden coil
Involves the victim, or beneath the flow'rs
Winds treacherous, to infix with barbed tongue
The traveller's foot.

——But ah! what art might heal
Their country's wound? Did wild, or rugged heath
Or forest, where dim Twilight ever reigns,
Vale rock-emboss'd, or root-inwove morass,
Or streamlet's marge, or mountain cliff conceal
No holy plant, whose essence might sustain
The daughter of their people? She was pierc'd
With deadly poison from the serpent's fang,
But for her sickness, "Gilead had no balm,
Had no physician."

Slow with deep'ning gloom,
Age roll'd o'er age, and every bitter year
Smote with its wintry frost some plant of hope,
Which the poor Indian cherish'd. Still he nurs'd
Unchill'd, uncheck'd, amid the tempest's ire
His native eloquence. Like the wild flame
Of some red meteor, o'er the howling storm
It flash'd, gilding the dark skirts of the cloud
Which curtain'd midnight. Awfully it shone
Into the soul of Logan, as he wept
That of his race, cold Treachery had spar'd
Not one to mourn for him; its lambent spire
Play'd round the temples, and the hoary locks
Of old Shenandoah,[30] as alone he stood
Like the bare hemlock of a hundred years,
Wither'd, but not destroy'd; its darting ray
Flash'd from the eye of Corn-Plant, as he spread
The black'ning transcript of his nation's wrongs
Before great Washington.
——"Thou,[31] at whose name
Our kindling warriors for the battle arm,
Our women tremble, and our frighted babes
Cling to their mothers, yet whose generous heart
Still kind and pitiful, has mov'd our tribes

To call thee father, to thine ear once more
Our Chiefs appeal.
" They come not in base fear,
Who dread nor toil, nor danger; but they seek
Peace for their people. Corn-Plant hath desir'd
To guard the tree of peace, and as he pour'd
Fresh dew upon its roots, his arm hath striv'n
With his own nation. For in wrath, they ask
Continually, 'Tell us! where is that land
On which our children, and our children's babes
Shall rest in peace? Said ye not, that a line
Drawn from Ontario, to the purchas'd bound
Of Pennsylvania, should forever mark
Its eastern limit? And whoever past
West of the Beaver Creek, would set his foot
Upon our land? Why then, do white-men come
And take it from us? Why do our bold Chiefs
Look on, with folded arms, then turn away?
They, who had sworn to keep it for our sons,
Secure forever!'
" ——What shall Corn-Plant urge
To this unhappy race? His little store
He has imparted to those wretched men
Whom yours have plunder'd, and unpitying left

Without a garment. All his wealth is gone,
Yet they remain unsatisfied. His heart
Shudders to think, that when enraged they rise
To vengeance, their unsparing hand will whelm
Both Innocence and Guilt. The flow'ry Spring,
And fav'ring Summer, while his brethren till'd
The bounteous Earth, he spent in fruitless toil,
Labouring for peace. The Autumn now is past,
But Corn-Plant hath no harvest. Sad he sees
His famish'd wife, and hears the thrilling voice
Of his young children, asking him for bread,
When he has none to give. His soul is wrung
With agony for them. Deep sighs he breathes
To the Great Spirit,[32] when the Sun declines,
And ere his first ray lights the trembling Morn,
He renders praise that he has been preserv'd
Through Night's long watches, from the restless rage
Of his own people. For they frowning mark
The White Man's friend; and 'mid a blinded race,
Frantic with injuries, he knows no pow'r
Can guard him, but his God.
——" Yet there are wrongs
Heap'd on his nation, which his struggling soul
But ill can bear. Our noblest blood is shed

By menial hands. Our Chiefs and warriors fall,
Fall unprovok'd, and in their crimson beds
Sleep unaveng'd. The haughty murderer stalks
From his dark deed, unpunish'd passes on,
And finds protection. From the earth, a voice
Demands our vengeance. That you have a law,
Dooming the man, who sheds his brother's blood,
We know. But are we, Senecas, alone
Cast out from justice? May the restless swords
Of all malignant rovers drink our blood,
And yet be blameless? Shall the murderer find
A refuge in your arms, when our own law
Sanctions the swift avenger to pursue,
And recompense the deed? Father! to us,
These are great things. That you are *strong*, we *know*;
That you are *wise*, we *hear*; but we must wait
Till you have answered this, before we say
That you are *just*."

When rising cities shone
In wealth and splendour, the poor natives rov'd
Around their bounds, amaz'd. Fall'n Pride, repress
The words of admiration; but strange awe,
Slavish degeneracy, and the dark frown
Of banish'd men, sat heavier on their brow.

Once, to the mart which favouring Commerce rear'd
On fair Manhattan, their sad Chiefs repair'd
To seek an audience. From a tow'ring height
They mark'd the goodly prospect.[33] Lofty spires,
Vast domes, delightful villas, clust'ring roofs,
Streets, where the countless throng incessant pour'd,
As pleasure, pomp, or business mov'd their tides
In murmuring fluctuation; distant dales,
Slumbering in verdure; the majestic flood,
Crown'd with tall masts, and white with snowy sails,
Thoughtful they view'd. Unmov'd, the men of wealth,
Who mark'd their own possessions, lightly ask'd,
"Why are ye sad?" as once Chaldea's bands
Inquir'd of wasted Judah, where their mirth
And songs had vanish'd, when their unstrung harps
Hung on the willows, and their exil'd feet
Roam'd in captivity.

——To them replied
The elder Chief: "We bear upon our minds
Past times, and other days. This beauteous land
Was once our fathers'. Here, in peace they dwelt;
For the Great Spirit gave it as a gift
To them, and to their sons. But to this shore
Once came a vast canoe, which white men steer'd
Feebly, against the blast.

Driv'n by rude storms,
They sought permission on our coast to land,
And how could we refuse? Their sick, they brought,
And in our soft shades, fann'd by gentle gales,
Laid them, and they reviv'd. But wintry winds
Soon swept the waste, and humbly they besought
Leave to erect a wigwam, while the frost
And snows were raging. Could our hearts refuse
The stranger shelter? to our Chiefs they said
With solemn words, that when the soft'ning spring
Dissolv'd the wrath of winter, they would seek
Their distant homes, and leave us to ourselves;
And we were satisfied. With pitying eye
Their wasted frames we saw, by Famine smit;
We gave them corn, and fed them. When fair spring
Shone sweetly on the budding earth, we claim'd
Their promise to depart. But they had rear'd
Strange iron ramparts, which at their command
Breath'd flame and death. Pointing to these, they said
"We will not!" and indignantly they glanc'd
Defiance on us. Other bands arriv'd
Strength'ning their purpose. Mad, enticing draughts
Deceitfully they gave us, till the cup
Reft us of reason. Then they forc'd us back

From field to field, from forest, and from flood,
Where our subsistence lay. And you, their sons,
Still drive us onward. You enjoy the land
Of luxury; while we, wasted and scorn'd,
Herd in the wilderness. But ye will cease
Ere long to press us, for our fading race
Will cease to be. Think ye, that we can view
These beauteous shores, and yon proud swelling flood,
And not remember that they once were ours?
And thus rememb'ring, need ye wond'ring ask
Why sorrow clothes our brow?"

Full many a strain
Of native eloquence,[34] simple and wild,
Has ris'n in our dark forests, which the winds
Unheeded, swept away. Yet, had it broke
From bold Demosthenes, when Athens fear'd
The distant step of Philip, had it burst
From the impetuous Hannibal, when Rome
Muster'd at Zama—it had been enroll'd
In History's choicest annal, the pure eye
Of Taste had trickled o'er it, and the lip
Of the young student, had been proud to pour
Its treasur'd pathos. But thy slighted words,
Untutor'd Red Man!—Ah! how few will trace

Their chronicle obscure, and fewer still
Accord the meed of just applause, unmix'd
With scorn upon thy nation. Lofty, firm
And high soul'd honour, mocking at the pain
Which wastes the body, once thy sires could boast,
Such as in Rome, amid her better days,
Had been exalted. That indignant warmth
Which nerv'd Lucretia's arm, which urg'd the sword
Of the unshrinking Arria, fir'd the breast
Of Óolaita.[35] Where dark Pepin's lake
Spread its bold bosom to the ruffian winds,
Her father's cabin rose. Grave, ancient men,
Would oft with envious eye regard the Chief
Who boasted such a daughter; for the charms
Which in their simple thought were beauty, lurk'd
And revell'd round her youth.

——From her calm eye
Beam'd a dark majesty, that well beseem'd
A Chieftain's daughter, though her willing hand
Slighted no labour, which their customs rude
Impos'd on woman. In her garden's bound,
Among the plants, and clust'ring herbs, she wrought,
With skilful industry; her raven locks
Wreath'd round her temples, the ripe corn she bruis'd

For the returning hunters; o'er the wave
Guided the light canoe; and when she rose
To shun the angle of some pointed rock,
With dext'rous oar, her graceful form display'd
Erect proportion, dignified, and firm,
Rounded with female softness. One dark eye
Still watch'd her course, and if a billow spoke
The waking tempest's wrath, with lightning speed
Impatient darted to the maiden's aid,
Young Arionto. He, with vigorous arm
Could quell the angry waters, up the steep
Whose trackless summit mock'd the mountain goat,
Press with unbending breast. In war, his soul
Shone like the veteran's through his kindling eye,
Undaunted and exulting: in the chace
His tireless foot rivall'd the bounding deer
Whose fall reveal'd his arrow-flight. Fair birds
Of downy breast, and rainbow plume he brought,
As trophies to his love, and his high heart
Had leap'd to hear that maiden's gentle voice
Say timorously, that his hand alone
Should bring her ven'son, and his cabin be
The shelter of her life.

But frowns severe
Mantled her Father's brow, and her heart shrunk
To read their purport. Ever to his home,
With friendly hand, and fav'ring tone he led
The grave Omaldi, held in high renown
For valour and for wisdom. Time had strewn
A tinge of silver lightly o'er his brow,
And temper'd Manhood's daring, with the cast
Of sage, serene Experience. He had said
"Give me thy daughter, and between our tribes
There shall be peace."
The maiden saw her fate,
For from the sacred mandate of a sire
Was no appeal. Young Arionto dwelt
With sadness; where black shades expell'd the day
He made his cavern, as the stricken deer
Shuns his companions. Oolaita's eye
Confess'd no tear-drop, though its lustre fled.—
Throughout the weary day, no bitter sigh
Burst from her bosom, and thro' length'ning nights
Sleepless she prest her pillow, yet complain'd not.
There was an awful silence on the soul
Of that devoted maiden, which an eye
Studious of Nature's more mysterious springs

Might fearfully interpret. Now the day
Of sacrifice approach'd ; the bridal feast
Cheer'd with its simple meriment, the cell
That gave her birth. But from that joyous scene
The maiden stole, and secretly attain'd
A tow'ring precipice, whose beetling front
O'erhung the lake.
It was an awful height
For dizzy Fear to contemplate. There stood
The unmov'd maiden ; her thin, bridal robe
And raven tresses floating on the wind,
While her fix'd glance explor'd th' unfathom'd tide
Dark'ning around its base. "I come !" she cry'd,
"The bride of those dark waters ; true in death
To Arionto."—From the frightful cliff
She vanish'd ! its abrupt, irregular mass
Dazzled one moment with a flitting robe,
A heavy plunge was heard, yet nought was seen,
Save one red ripple, where the shaded lake
Flow'd on, in ebon stillness. High-soul'd Maid !
There didst thou perish. From Leucates' rock,
Sappho might rush, a coward to the pangs
Of disappointed love, and be enshrin'd
In Fame's proud temple, but thou, martyr firm,

So nobly constant to thy virgin vow,
In the abyss of Pepin's lonely lake,
May'st plunge, and be forgotten.
Driven back
From wild to wild, the natives yield, and sink
In cold oblivion. We, who ought to weep
O'er their deep woes, and send a cordial balm
To heal the wounds, made by our fathers' swords,
Lift up the hand against them, stain our page
Not with their wrongs, but with their dark reproach
Industriously sought. We teach our babes
Not to lisp prayers for them, but join their names
With baseness, treachery, and the shuddering
Of dread disgust. We take away their food,
Their hunting forests, and their broad lakes throng'd
With scaly tribes. Their meagre forms we see
Withering with famine, and to their parch'd lips
Hold that enchanted cup, whose fearful dregs
Like those of Circe, change the form erect,
To grov'lling beastliness. How can he stand,
Unnurtur'd Savage ! 'gainst that potent spell,
Which baffles prudence, steals from pride its plume,
Enthralls the wise, and lays the mighty low,
Ev'n of our race. Th' untutor'd Indian drinks,

Drinks, and is stupified, while we deride
And point him out; like the stern, Spartan lords,
Who gave their vassals the enticing draught,
Then call'd their children to despise, and say
"Behold! the slaves are drunken." We prepare
A dry and thirsty soil by harrowing wrongs,
And the poor Red Man sets it with strange slips,
And roots of bitterness. Much we condemn
His mode of warfare. Thoughtless censors oft
Sneering exclaim, "How cowardly to hide
In the dark thicket, or from sheltering trees
Aim at the foe." Why are the palisade,
Rampart, and bastion rear'd for the defence
Of modern valour? Does it raise a blush
On the bold cheek of Discipline, to say
Its principle is to annoy the foe
And keep itself unhurt? Why is it base
To choose a spreading tree, more than to stand
Behind a parapet? The Soldier vers'd
In all the "pomp and circumstance of war,"
Seeks the close fortress, and we praise his skill:
The native, from the thicket lifts his bow,
And we decry the savage. Thirst of blood,
The dark offence, we tolerate; but cry

Wo to the wandering slave, if by his hand
Th' offence shall come. Why? Ask the heart within;
And let us judge impartially, as those
Who in the twinkling of an eye, may meet
Judgment themselves.

But still we say, how vile
The skulking Indian, in his ambush laid!
How are such stratagems despis'd by those
Who feel the thirst of glory, and are mov'd
By nobleness of soul, to the dread field
Of mortal combat.

Turn the storied page,
Retrace the scenes when Italy shrunk back,
Amaz'd to see the proud Alps pour a train
Of warriors from the clouds. Whose martial skill
Spread his strong force in secret ambuscade,
And ere the foe was ready, starting up,
Surpriz'd his legions? Who the green earth stain'd
With sudden slaughter? and with corses chok'd
Thrasymene's reddening lake?

Oh! this we say
Was Hannibal, the generous, and the brave;
Give him the meed of valour, age o'er age
May roll, but not impair his deathless fame.

Survey the seige of Veii, through the mist
Of gathering years. Ev'n now her temples seem
To glitter on the eye, her olive groves
To woo the breeze, and her aspiring walls
To smile derision on those weary bands
Who for ten years, with all the arts of war
Vainly invest them. But why heaves the Earth?
Why from her unsuspecting bosom spring
Men, clad in steel? who on their weapons bear
Havoc and death? Are these the hosts of Rome! 710
With soaring helmets, mining like the mole,
And in their serpentine, and secret path
Creeping, as the dark robber prowls, to snatch
Some long-mark'd hoard, until they listening hear
Above their heads, the mingling, murm'ring sounds
Of the unconscious Citadel? Are these
The boasted heroes! who with sudden strokes
Pierce her unguarded heart, and line her streets
With her dead children, slain amid their mirth?
This was Camillus! And what heart may doubt 720
The greatness of the Roman?
O'er the tow'rs
Of lofty Ilion, wreck'd by Grecian wiles,
Why does the dazzled eye prolong its gaze

In breathless interest, yet avert its glance,
Disgusted, and indignant, at the scenes
Of Indian stratagem? The pomp of names,
The pride of princes, the time-sanction'd meed
Of admiration, the majestic lay
Of the great master of the epic lyre
Infold in robes of flaming awe, the deed;
Yet Fraud is still the same.
But that pure Eye
Which searcheth spirits, that just Hand which holds
The balance of the sanctu'ry, will judge
Us all at last. And when the garniture
Of frail mortality hath fed the flame,
How will the motives of offensive war
Endure his righteous ordeal. Wrath! Revenge!
Ambition! Hatred! Guilty thirst of blood!
How will they differ in the forest Chief,
And him of Macedon? Oh! how will they
So deified on Earth, sustain the doom,
"Weigh'd, and found wanting!"
Still we boldly say,
The Indian cruelty, untam'd and fierce,
Can find no parallel, in any age,

Or any nation. This strong charge is brought,
And they deny it not. What page have they,
Or what historic pen to palliate,
To justify or blazon? To the lists
We dare the unarm'd, and conquer them at once.
We cite them to their trial, where they stand
Silent and we condemn. But would some friend,
Some advocate, who loves to right the oppress'd,
Like Clarkson, or like Wilberforce, arise
And tell these aliens, of the Spartan lords
Who deck'd with garlands, and with freedom's robe
Thousands of home-born slaves, and ere the Sun
Rose on the joyous train, destroy'd them all
With horrid treachery; or of Persia's king
The fratricide, Cambyses, o'er the tomb
Of Egypt's monarch, mocking; of the pride
Of brutal Xerxes, rising from the board
Of hoary Pythias, to destroy his sons
Before his eyes, and o'er their mangled limbs
March all his troops; or of Sicilian hate,
That when the faint Athenians bowing sought
With parched tongues, the cool, restoring stream,
Butcher'd them with the water on their lips,
That quench'd their battle thirst; of the sad throng

In Syracusan prisons, scorch'd by day
With burning heat, shiv'ring and chill at night,
Uncover'd, and emaciate, and unfed,
Save by a scanty pittance, to sustain
Life for its lingering torments; of the deeds
Of murderous Sylla; of the furious wrath
Of Dionysius; of the fiend-like sports
Of Caligula, when his subjects' limbs
Were mangled, and struck off, that he might laugh
And find amusement in the writhing pain
Of dying men; of Nero, who devis'd
Tortures for his own Romans, op'd the veins
Of calm philosophers, to see them bear
The last chill ague, lighted up the fires
With wretched Christians, wrapt in robes of pitch,
To serve as blazing torches through the night
For scoffing Rome—Oh! had the Indians heard
Of deeds like these, they would reject the charge,
That they alone, above all men, were stain'd
With dark barbarity. Say! could they learn
Aught merciful from those, whose impious hands
Stretch'd out before their eye, on burning coals,
Firm Guatamozin, the once happy prince
Of Mexico—who through the echoing wilds

Hunted the flying natives with their dogs
Train'd to the scent of blood? Those forest sons
Taught from their youth, to twine the vengeful creed
With the soul's honour, shrink not to demand
Sternly, like ancient Israel, eye for eye,
And life for life. Their rash, misguided hands
Rais'd for retaliation, in blind wrath
And ignorance, with no controuling force
Of heav'n-taught precept, oft are deeply stain'd
With cruelty. But how shall we excuse
The deeds of favour'd Christians? those who hear
And promise to obey that law of love,
Whose precepts bind its votary not to hate,
Or persecute, but render the meek pray'r
And patient deed of mercy! What can shield
The dark ferocity of papal Rome,
At first so lamb-like, but so soon transform'd
To a devouring monster, mad with blood,
Driving to dens, and caves, and rocky cliffs
Of pitying Piedmont, a defenceless band
Call'd by that Saviour's name, whom she profess'd
To worship and adore! Has earth a cell,

In her deep centre, dark enough to hide
The racks, the tortures, and the streaming blood
Of the dire Inquisition? What pure stream,
Or sprinkling priest, or holy mass can cleanse
The guilty Bastile? where Despair detain'd
The wretched captives, till their wasted forms
Became as cold, and rigid as the stone
That bound their prisons! What melodious voice
Can hush the death-groans of the Cambrian bards,
Thy prey, stern Edward! slain with their meek hands
Prest on their harps, and pouring in sweet strains
The simple music of their native vales,
Thoughtless of ill?
Where is a veil to spread
O'er the red visage, and the spotted robes
Of France, wild rushing thro' the frantic scenes
Of revolution, steeping o'er and o'er
Her clotted tresses, in the blood of kings,
Singing discordant madrigals, to drown
The death-shrieks of her sons, or hasting on
To plant her reeking standards o'er the walls
Of trembling, bleeding Germany.
And thou,
My Country! what has thy example been?

Thou, who hast sometimes sent thy men of peace,
To warn the savage of His holy will,
Who hath no pleasure in the ways of wrath,
Revenge, or cruelty?
——The answer speeds
On the wild winds which rais'd red clouds of flame,
In awful volumes from the peaceful roofs
Of sad Muskingum;[36] in deep tones it sighs
From those who visit the deserted bounds
Of the slain Creeks;[37] and from the troubled grave
Of Malaanthee,[38] in low, hollow sounds
Murmuring it rises, "Lo! Behold the men
Who knew, and publish'd the pure word of peace,
Yet kept it not!"[39] Say, did the spectre form
Of Malaanthee, break no nightly dream,
Ye murd'rers? Did those aged features, stern
In Death's convulsion, and those few, grey hairs
Matted with blood, ne'er glare through midnight's pall
Before your straining eyes, till ye have curst
The ghost, that seem'd to multiply itself
Where'er ye turn'd? Amid your orgies rude,
Has Earth ne'er yawn'd beneath your reeling feet,
And from the chasm, a dead arm slowly ris'n,
Bearing a crimson scroll? That scroll ye knew!

And once the signet of mild peace it bore ;
Blaz'd it now in fiery characters
" Heav'n's Justice ?" Did your trembling joints unloose,
And smite together, like that impious king
Who, 'mid his revel, in mysterious lines
Saw shudd'ring, by dismember'd fingers trac'd,
His hast'ning doom ?
What piercing shrieks of woe,
Break from those bounds, where clust'ring foliage shades
The Chehaw villages ![40] A moment since,
And all was peace. Those simple, lowly cells,
And cultivated gardens, seem'd the abode
Of rural happiness. Now, the green turf
Where spring was strewing her pure blossoms, reeks
With living crimson. On the furrow'd field,
Which his own hands were planting, sudden falls
The unarm'd father. His young children shriek
Around their dwelling, and th' unconscious babes
Cling to their captive mothers. Angry bands
Urge wide the work of death. Tir'd day declines
Yet still their hands unshrinking, clench the sword,
Reeking in gore. The hasty, restless night
Sat on their wrecks unslumb'ring, and the Sun
Look'd with pale glance upon the sanguine Morn,

Rousing new deeds of guilt. Devouring flames
Involve each dwelling. Blazing columns rise,
Promiscuous, glaring o'er the lurid sky.
Wild shouts of terror, agonizing flight,
Unequal conflict, groans of gasping death,
Vary the awful drama. Wreaths of smoke
Curtain dim Twilight, and affrighted Eve
Lighted by fury, and unnat'ral lamps
Sinks on her couch. Reluctant rays illume
The third dark day of horrour. Ruin wrings
Her bitterest dregs. The sword is cloy'd with blood,
The flames are famish'd; the scorch'd foliage droops
Over a black drear desert, and no voice
Of rustic labour, or of cheerful song
Survives. O'er calcin'd ruins, steep'd in gore,
Stalks Desolation; while no sound disturbs
His drear dominion, save the heavy tramp
Of haughty victors, save the shrill response
Of pipe, and drum, and clarion, clamouring loud,
Triumphant joy. I see the thronging band
Emerging from the vale; their banners float
Amid the forest, and a captive train
Helpless, and weeping, follow.

Who are these,
Red from the bloody wine-press, with its stains
Dark'ning their raiment? Yet I dare not ask
Their clime and lineage, lest the accusing blasts,
Waking the angry echoes, should reply
"Thy Countrymen!"

CANTO FOURTH.

As when long ling'ring on some lonely cliff
Of stormy Hebrid, or where rocky Hoy
Heaves with unbanner'd brow, a mighty mass
Like tow'ring pyramid, whose apex gleams
With magic lustre, like the ancient lance
Of some Norse chieftain, summoning the force
Of scatter'd Orcades; or from the crest
Of dread Ronaldi, which like eaglet proud
Soars o'er North-Maven, wreathing round his crest
Those dazzling sun-beams, which but faintly smile
On wintry Zetland, with abstracted gaze
Some anxious wand'rer eyes the tossing main
Lash'd by a recent tempest, and descries
The frequent-floating wreck, and swollen corse
Borne on the angry surge, till his sad heart
Shuddering within his tortur'd bosom loathes
The awful prospect, thus my spirit shrinks
From scenes of cruelty! Cold horror creeps
Over my sick'ning frame, and my dim eye

Turns from the glare of carnage, turns from those
Who knew the law of mercy, yet effac'd
Its precepts with their swords. Once more it seeks
The outcast Indian, who hath never heard
His Saviour's will.
——It seeks, but he is gone!
Like the light vapour trembling o'er the lakes
He vanishes! No more his fishing line
Breaks the fair surface of thy chrystal breast,
Ontario! nor his rapid bark descends
The rolling Hudson. Silent is the shout
Of the glad hunter, in the forest shades
Of Susquehannah. What has crush'd the pride
Of great Potomac's chieftain? What has swept
The mighty Mohawk,[1] and fierce Delaware[2]
From their own realms? Why is thy boundless vale,
Shenandoah, tenantless? Thy silver wave,
Bold Rappahannock, why does it reflect
No more, those dark red features?
Hear ye not
A sighing spirit from that distant bourn
Whence there is no return, as if the winds
Moan'd deep and hollow thro' some broken arch
With mould'ring moss o'ergrown!——

"Oh! ye who tread
O'er our forgotten ashes, who behold
Our sons renounce their birthright, and forsake
The shade of buried glory, ye have reft
Their ancient freedom, can ye lead their souls
To liberty and light? Their heritage
On earth ye cancel; oh! provide a home
In future worlds. Life's pilgrimage to them
Is darkness; will ye lend that lamp which gilds
The vale of death? To them, the hand of Time
Yields but the cup of sorrow; can ye guide
To a sure refuge on the hastening shores
Of dread Eternity?"
Behold the appeal
Already heeded! As the gleaming bow
Paints its soft emerald on the fading storm,
Presage of calmness, thus thro' dusky clouds
A heavenly radiance sheds its infant beams,
And the dark desert smiles. Thine eye beheld
Its dawn, meek Eliot![3] with enraptur'd glance
Of gratitude intense, as mark'd the Seer
From Pisgah's hallow'd cliff, the glorious scene
Of Israel's heritage; tho' o'er his path
The sable wings of Death's dark angel wav'd

In shadowy gloom. Like that blest prototype,
Thou too didst strive to rend the tyrant chain
Of heathen bondage, urge the chrystal stream
Forth from the flinty rock, to famish'd souls
Impart the bread of Heaven ; and as he bade
The writhing victims of the scorpion gaze
On their mysterious healer, thou didst point
The eye of Satan's miserable prey
Up to the Crucified. Thou too didst give
The holy tables of th' eternal Law,
Not with the awe of Sinai's wrath announc'd,
Deep earthquakes, thund'ring voices, lightning's flame
Insufferable ; but silver'd with the tinge
Of the mild gospel's brightness. From thy brow
Darted no beam unearthly, which the throng
Dar'd not approach, no mandate stern proclaim'd
" This do, or die :" but thy redeeming scroll
In gentler dispensation, meekly trac'd
With sacred pen,[4] inspir'd the message kind,
" My children, love each other."
Not in vain,
Apostle of the Gentiles ! was thy toil,
Nor on the light breath of the erring winds
Thy supplications lost. The deep-drawn sigh

Of thy departing soul[5] rose with its flight
To the approving Throne, that God would grant
Thy churches in the wilderness to live,
When thou wert dead. Then other pious hearts
Pitied the outcasts; other guides appear'd
To lead the shepherdless. The Mayhews rose,[6]
Clad in the armour of the Prince of Peace,
To cope with the proud spirit of the world,
Thron'd on high places. The poor Indians hail'd
Their holy footsteps, and the Island vine
Planted by them, in thick'ning clusters breath'd
Salvation's fragrance.
Dying Mitark[7] blest
Their faithful ministry, when his spent breath
Welcom'd that messenger which bore his soul
Where Mercy, higher than the sinner's hope,
Prepares his mansion. Nor this Prince alone,
Bore witness to the ardour of their zeal;
Flocks sought their fold, and from the tempest's pow'r
And lion's wrath, found shelter. At their words,
Reasoning of righteousness, of temperance,
And judgment-doom, the fount of penitence
O'er rugged features pour'd a tearful tide[8]
New and profuse. Thus gush'd in later days,

In rapid course, the heart's unwonted stream,
Washing white channels down the dusky cheeks
Of Cornwall's collier throng, when Whitfield's voice
With daring eloquence, first taught the soul
To startle at her danger. Thus they toil'd,
In happy unison. But from the Sire
The Son is sever'd. His majestic form
Veil'd in dim distance, drooping seems to pass
'Neath the devouring wave.[9] With hoary locks
Swept by the winds, the lonely father roves,
Pale, in suspended Hope, while his fix'd eye
Questions th' unanswering surge. But faith uplifts
That eye, mild whisp'ring what sustain'd the heart
Of Nazianzen's sire, "Thy son hath gone,
To take possession of that fair estate
Which thou hast gain'd in Heaven."
The natives wept
O'er their kind Prophets' graves; but the wild blast
Rent not their falling mantle. Others wrapt
Its silvery folds around them, and imbib'd
Its hidden spirit. Brainerd woke in youth,[10]
To search for the neglected, and to lead
The wandering blind. His self-devoting zeal
Shrunk not at hardship, at the withering blast

Of wan Disease, at Disappointment's frown,
Nor at those deeper sorrows which depress
The mourning soul, when thro' impervious gloom
She seeks that Everlasting Friend, who seems
To have forsaken her. Around his life
Strong bonds by friendship and by love were drawn,
But rising o'er those ties, the list'ning youth
Heard 'mid the silence of his midnight prayer
The angel's salutation, "Spirit, rise!
Pure Spirit; haste to us!" and who could blame
The mortal, if that seraph melody
Prevail'd?

Nor yet did early days confine
That generous ardour. Like the rushing wind
And tongue of flame, those high, mysterious gifts
Of Pentecost, it rested on a few,
And mark'd them from the world.

Heckewelder toil'd,
Girt with his Master's patience,[11] while slow years
Stamp'd changes on his brow. Kind Advocate
Of the despis'd Lenápe, thou didst dare
Like Howard, bold philanthropist, to "take
Misery's dimensions, and the guage of scorn,
Depression and contempt, to seek the cell

Of the forsaken, and with pitying heart
Remember the forgotten."
Mid the band
Who visited the desolate, and bore
Glad tidings to the lost, one Man of God
Journey'd at closing day. Deep shadows stretch'd
Their length'ning cones to veil his vent'rous path,
And in stern majesty, those stately oaks,
Whose interwoven branches sought the clouds,
Frown'd darker still. The silence of his path
Invited lonely musing, and the truths
Of his blest mission, passing o'er his heart,
Gave joy to solitude. But a rude sound
Disturb'd his meditations, as the gale
Of Summer's sudden wrath disperses wide
The flowers, whose petals tranquilly were clos'd
Around their dewy treasures. Wild it rush'd
From a high cliff, which like some ruin'd arch
Seem'd with its mould'ring pediment to threat
Th' unwary traveller.
From that steep which seem'd
No path for human foot, fierce, heavy steps
Came boldly down. The thicket foliage parts,
And thro' the sever'd curtain stalk'd a form

Of mighty size. Not with a prouder port
Rush'd red King Philip to the battle strife,
Hurling defiance. His distorted brow
Seem'd scath'd with lightning, tho' his temples bore
The frosts of Age. His giant arm he rear'd
In threat'ning gesture, while a hollow voice
Utter'd its thunders——

"Whither goest thou?
Son of the Ocean foam!"[12]

"I go, to speak
Salvation to thy race, and bear the word
That breathes good will and peace." Indignant fire,
Flashing from the grim Chieftain's eye, announc'd
His kindled wrath——

"What peace thou bring'st I know!
Such as we found, when from thy serpent glance
We shrunk away, and all our countless tribes
Faded, like morning mist. Good-will thou bear'st?
We find it in the grave! It marshals there
Our murder'd warriors. There was once a time
Of happiness for Indians, ere thy race
Invaded their retreat. Freely they roam'd
Hunting the beaver, and the dun wild deer
In their own forests. Then thy fathers sprang

Forth from the slippery surge, and their pale brows
Smote us like pestilence. Infernal arms
They wielded, like the thunder-bolt surcharg'd
With fatal fires. In war, we were their prey,
As beasts for slaughter, and in peace their sport,
The victims of their poison. Mighty Chiefs
And fearless hunters, who like blasts had swept
The trembling mountains, dar'd th' unequal fight
And perish'd. Our degen'rate race became
Slaves to intemperance, hiding in disgrace
A wither'd name. Hence then, contagious man!
Leave us what still is ours! Leave us our gods,
Our savage virtues! Leave the blighted hopes
That cling around our hearts! Spare these rude plants,
Those only wrecks that have withstood the storm
Of your destructive friendship."
In dark shades
Vanish'd the Chief majestic, with such speed
As whirlwinds trace the desert. Calmly past
The man of God, revolving with meek thought
His holy purpose, while a pray'r besought
Strength 'gainst the potent Spirit of the Air,
Who, like a Prince, doth rule the wayward sons
Of disobedience. As the Shepherd seeks

The lost and wandering sheep, this good man sought
The scatter'd Senecas; with tender zeal,
Or admonition blent with terror, strove
To rouse the stupid, to alarm the bold,
T' illume the ignorant. A little flock,
Drawn from the wilderness, his call obey'd,
Following his footsteps in the patient course
Of Christian duty. Forty moons had shed
A varying lustre o'er their shelter'd path,
From verdant pasture to translucent stream,
Where their souls found repose.
At length, a cloud
Involv'd their sanctu'ry; its simple court
Was desolate. None enter'd there with songs
Of sacred joy, no kneeling sufferer sigh'd
In penitence: but solitary sat
Their pensive Pastor, while the Sabbath call
No more was heeded. Now and then he mark'd
Some lonely wanderer, stealing near the spot
Which prayer had hallow'd, gazing as in grief,
Then gliding slow away. Thus the sad race
Of subjugated Judah, bent the glance
Of speechless, hopeless, agonizing woe,
On that beloved city, which their step

Dar'd not approach.[13] The wond'ring Teacher sought
His erring charge, and with an anxious zeal
Painted the terrors of the day of God
To those who slight his mercy, who reject
The knowledge of salvation. Struck with awe
The recreants wept, but ling'ring doubt maintain'd
A darken'd influence.

——"Ah!" they cried, "fierce wrath
Burneth against us. Deeply have we wrong'd
Our Fathers' God. From those tremendous cliffs
Where Alleghany wounds the streaming cloud,
A Prophet hath he sent, denouncing woe
On us Apostates. Our sad chiefs have nam'd
A day of audience, when this fearful man
Bearing his message, shall denounce the ire
Of the great Spirit." The meek Teacher paus'd,
Rememb'ring how the servants, one by one,
Forsook his Master and his Lord, who stood
Abandon'd and alone.

Then he replied
In that kind tone, with which griev'd Love reproves;—
"I to this audience go, if ye permit;
I, all deserted by my cherish'd flock
Will meet that Prophet, and declare the words

Of the Chief Shepherd." The appointed time
Arriv'd, when sceptic Fear no more might halt
Between the Christian's God, and that false name
Whom Pagans worship. Church, nor council-house
Might hold the multitude,[14] so vast a throng
Came flocking to behold th' important die
Cast, that involv'd their fate. Gay Summer's pride
Had rob'd an ample vale, whose circling bound
Was crown'd by hills. There graceful foliage droop'd,
And o'er its bosom wound a limpid stream,
Like sparkling, chrystal zone. Thither they went.
Beneath the shade of an embow'ring elm
Whose pendant branches met the silent tide,
The Chieftains rang'd. Deep thought was on their brow,
As those whose minds revolv'd a nation's fate.
The people gather'd near, with anxious looks
Regarding their wise men, while the mute gaze
Of agoniz'd suspense, seem'd to inquire
"Which was the God?" as wavering Pilate's lips
Demanded, "What is Truth?"
Lone in the midst
Of this wild circle, with unruffled brow
Sat the good Missionary. Age and Toil
Had set their signet on him. Travel and Care

Trac'd channels for the tear, and furrow'd deep
Those sunken temples, where a few white hairs
Spread their disrupted shield.
An hope sublime
Beam'd from his lifted eye, which seem'd in prayer
Fix'd and expectant, that the God of Truth
Would vindicate his servant. Silence reign'd
Breathless and long, save where the trembling boughs
Sigh'd to the south-wind, or the rippling tide
Half murmur'd. Suddenly a smother'd sound
Like deep Astonishment, or moaning Fear,
Broke from the multitude. Down the rough steep
Was seen descending a tremendous form
With frantic haste. His lifted hand he wav'd
Commanding silence, and the wailing ceas'd,
As if in Death. With countenance serene
The Missionary mark'd him, and beheld
In Alleghany's Seer, the same stern Chief
Who with mysterious step had cross'd his path
In Tuscarora's forests. The same skin
Of the wild panther from his shoulders hung
In careless drapery, quivered in his hand
The same keen tomahawk, from his red eye

Darted the same malignant glance, inflam'd
With rage like frenzy. Chill'd to icy awe
The natives listen'd, while the valley rang
With his hoarse voice, "Men of the Forest! Hear!
Thus saith the Mighty Spirit. Ye *were* mine,
But have forsaken me. Once o'er this land
Your fathers reign'd, lords of the treasur'd deep,
And of the peopled forest. To their sons
They left the inheritance. But I behold
Steps of Usurpers desolate those paths,
And hear your hunting-fields resound the stroke
Of their destructive axe! Why have ye fled
From the delights of the luxuriant shore
To swamps and barren hills? crouching to hold
Ev'n this polluted pittance, at the will
Of the vile white Man! To my ears no more
Rises the shout of war from Hudson's banks,
Or revelry from Mohawk's silver tide.

There, where your Fathers, free as the wild winds,
That rock'd their mountains, dwelt, the Christian slave
Drives his deep furrow, whistling as he turns
Forth from the trembling, violated grave,
Their sacred relics. Have ye never heard

At closing day, or in the solemn watch
Of midnight, a melodious, plaintive strain
Stealing from lonely vale, or hillock side,
Like Echo's cadence? 'Twas the wailing tone
Of your departed fathers; they whose bones
These merciless invaders leave to bleach
By tempest and by blast. It calls their sons
By deeds of righteous vengeance to restore
The wand'ring spirit to its bow'rs of bliss:
For there it may not rest, if aught disturb
The mouldering body's sleep, or violate
Its sepulchre. This voice invokes the brave,
The mighty, the invincible, in vain;
For none are left. Behold! what glorious gifts
Ye owe to white men. What good-will and peace
They shed upon you! Exile and the sword!
Poisons and rifled sepulchres! and see!
They fain would fill the measure of their guilt
With the dark cheat of that accursed faith
Whose precepts justify *their* nameless crimes,
Your countless woes. Hearken, deluded race!
Hearken, for the last time! If ye persist
Thus to desert my altars, thus to choose
With mad credulity th' oppressor's God,

And follow Him, my wrath shall follow you.
My forked lightnings 'mid your blazing towns
Fiercely shall dart, and Winter's warring blast
Devour the fugitives. Intemperance
Shall bloat your frames, gaunt Famine thin your ranks,
Till the surviving wretches, plunging deep
And deeper in the wild, submit to hold
Communion with the dastard beasts that fled
Their fathers' arrows. From the blissful isle
In that pure lake, where happy spirits hold
Eternal pastime, thro' unfading fields
Hunting the gaily-branched deer, with dogs
Swifter than light, from thence the blasting curse
Shall fall on you. Ah! fear ye not the eye
Of your great ancestors—that with'ring glance
Which drinks the spirit up? By lightning's flame,
By thunder's voice, by tempest's wrath, I swear,
That in the space of sixty hasting moons,
Not one of all the Senecas, not one
Of you who hear me, one of these your babes,
Nor kindred, shall be found upon the face
Of the wide earth."
He ceas'd, and mingled sounds
Like the hoarse rush of waters and of winds,

Rose from the multitude. Distorting Fear
Dealt her deep ague; clamorous Ignorance
Moan'd in convulsions; Superstition glar'd
As if the death-groans of the threaten'd tribe
Already bursting on her wounded ear
Transfix'd her soul with agony; while Rage,
Kindled with breath of fiery Eloquence,
Made rashness mad. Headlong the boldest rush'd
From the torn circle, to demand the blood
Of the good Missionary. Calm he met
Their fatal purpose, nor essay'd to shun
Their iron grasp——
"Father! if thus thy voice
Call'st thy weak servant from his weary toil,
Thy will be done! Thy hand will gird his heart
To meet its martyrdom."
Perchance the light
Which round his temples play'd, was that which beam'd
On holy Stephen's brow, when he beheld
Entranc'd, the op'ning heavens, and Jesus Christ
Sitting at God's right hand. But the grave Chiefs
Forbade th' unrighteous deed, and with a word
Rescued the victim. Forth the Man of God
Came, as in act to speak. His sacred form

Bent for a moment in Devotion's warmth
Of gratitude to Heaven, his clasping hands
Prest on his bosom, while his mien exprest
That perfect peace, which the world's smile gives not,
Nor can her frown destroy. Near him in wrath
Stood Alleghany's prophet. It might seem
Almost, as if in solemn contrast rose,
Ebal, the mount of cursing, tow'ring dark
O'er the appall'd assembly, while the breast
Of fruitful Gerizim thro' waving shades
Sigh'd blessings on th' obedient.
That faint smile
Divinely casting intellectual light
O'er the pale features of the Man of God,
Blent with his eye's unearthly glance, convey'd
Tranquil monition that he soon should bid
Farewell to ills of Time. Then ere he spake,
Upon his foes a deep regard he cast
Of mild forgiveness; as our Saviour turn'd
And look'd on Peter. Unresisted chains
Of silence bound the circle, while a voice
Of sweetest modulation, sonorous,
Tender or plaintive, as the varying theme
Requir'd, broke forth——

" Ah ! would that I could speak
So that ye would believe, of the true God,
Whose eye is ever on us, and whose ear
Heareth our secret thoughts. His hand ye trace
In mercy on the beauteous earth ; his pow'r
Ye cannot comprehend, for He alone
Is infinite. Would that my feeble mind
Could paint his Heav'n, so that ye all might seek
That blest abode, where dwell the pure in heart ;
For there dire Winter comes not, sultry heat,
Nor withering famine, pain, nor parting tear,
Sickness, nor ghastly death. There the free soul
Shall drink of boundless, everlasting bliss
When yonder sun must fall, and this fair sky
Parch like a shrivell'd scroll. Ye too have heard
Of that dire place which Justice hath prepar'd
For vile, rebellious spirits. There are tears,
Wailings, unceasing groans, and tortures dire,
And troubled tossings like th' unresting sea,
While the far echoes of the songs of Heaven
Steal o'er the gulf impassable, and wake
Hopeless remorse. Think, O my brethren, think !
Of Him who freely gave his life, that Man
Might scape *this* sorrow, and obtain *that* bliss.

Remember ye his lot of homeless woe?
His uncomplaining, unreviling life?
The thorns that pierc'd him, the deep-wounding spear?
For ye have heard his sufferings, and have wept
In better days, that He for you should bleed.
Yes! ye have knelt to thank and bless that God
Who so had lov'd the world, that he should give
His only Son to save it. Ye have said
That the wild savage roaming on in blood,
Blindness, and vengeful passions, till dark life
Sunk in a darker grave, bereft of hope,
Was far less happy than the humble saint
Bowing in patience to the bond which curbs
His sinful spirit, and with active hand
Pouring out Love on Hatred, till it melt,
And be no more remember'd. Ye have joy'd
To hear, that he might lead his little ones
Through light and knowledge to eternal rest.
Have ye not seen him grateful for this life,
Yet undismay'd at death? His spirit lov'd
The blest assurance that its short eclipse
Should fleet before the resurrection morn;
Therefore he slept in hope. Ye soon must yield
Your bodies to the worm: Oh! then believe

What ye have once believ'd, for that was truth.
Behold, as the frail Day-beam hastes to lay
Its fainting head on Twilight's dusky lap,
So fades our life. Return, ye wand'ring flock!
That He, who is so plenteous to forgive,
May turn to you. And now, Eternal Judge!
What wait I for? Look thou upon my heart,
And see if love for those whom thou hast made,
Led me from sweet delights of home, to bear
Here in my age, when Nature seeks repose,
Journeyings and watchings in the wilderness,
Perils and dangers. Thou alone canst read
The Missionary's motive, which the world
Oft misinterprets. Lord, into thy hand
Commend I thine own cause."
Bowing he ceas'd,
But Silence listen'd: fond Expectancy
Still linger'd mute, so soothing fell the balm
On harrow'd bosoms. Thus the genial show'r
And holy dew, refresh the sterile earth
Parch'd by long drought, or by tornado stript
Of her young verdure. O'er rough features mark'd
By recent passions, stole the contrite tear,
Strange, yet unheeded. Long the Chieftains held

Their solemn conclave, ere the question high
Might be decided. 'Mid that awful pause,
Fears, apprehensions, terrors, anxious hopes,
Convuls'd the throng. The second hour had drawn
Its tardy length, when from the council came
Its hoariest Chieftain. On his head he bore
The crown of Age, and leaning on his staff
Utter'd the words of wisdom——
"That great God,
Whom Christians call Jehovah, is more just,
Mighty, beneficent, worthy of praise,
Than him your Fathers worshipp'd. So receive
The Christian's God: and in his servant view
Your guide to Heaven."
Then, the adoring tribe,
As a thick forest to some mighty wind
Pays universal rev'rence, bow'd the head
And worshipp'd God. Thus witness'd Carmel's mount
Such solemn homage, when in ancient time
Backsliding Israel saw the priests of Baal
Humbled, and awful fires confirm the claim
Of the majestic Prophet: He who stood
Lonely and fearless, to confront the wrath
Of impious Jezebel's demoniac throng,

He, who on car of flame, like glowing star
High o'er the empyrean rising, mark'd
A glorious path, shunning the gloomy gates
Of Death's dark confine.

When that hoary Chief
Had utter'd the decree, who may describe
What fierce demoniac rage possest the Seer
Of Alleghany? His red eye-ball roll'd
As if in torment, while thro' gnashing teeth
He strove with madd'ning impotence to force
The curse unutterable, and bounding high
With brandish'd Tomahawk, as if he scorn'd
The soil of such apostates, disappear'd
Mid the deep forest shadows.

CANTO FIFTH.

Joys not the Mariner
When on the midnight of his trackless course
Mid rocks and quicksands of a coast unknown
The far-seen light-house beams a star of hope
Into his soul? Upon the Mourner's tear,
When Resignation sheds her holiest dew,
Rises there not a trembling messenger
Of Joy, because the passing storm hath wav'd
Its wing in peace? When to the humble Saint
Whose pilgrimage was darkness, whose weak Faith
Scarce saw a twilight which the hand of Fear
Rob'd not in gloom, the vale of Death displays
Eternal Glory's never-setting sun——
Is there not Joy? Oh! then exult for them,
That abject race, who o'er the storms of life,
The night of sorrow, and the hopeless tomb,
Beheld Salvation's radiance. O'er the wild
Where Paganism long triumph'd, rearing high
His desolating ensign, the pure Cross

Extends its arms, and kneeling at its foot
The Indian hymns his Maker. Sweet that tone
Ascends from the lone forest, where conven'd
Beneath their chapel's dedicated dome
Oneida's natives pay their vows to God.[1]
There they adore that Name, which from the dawn
Of the Sun's brightness, to the farthest bound
Of his remote declension, shall be great
Among the Gentiles. There with raptur'd voice
Ascribe high praises for the means of grace,
And hope of glory. There, confess with shame
That as the wandering sheep forsakes the fold,
They all have stray'd; and there His aid invoke
Who the deep sighing of the contrite heart
Despises not, nor scorns the humble tear
Of Penitence. There supplicate their Lord
By his deep agony, his bloody sweat,
His cross and passion, by his precious death,
Burial and resurrection, to behold
And spare them in his mercy. There present
To the baptismal font their tender babes;
And, kneeling round a Saviour's table, pay
Homage to Him who in his boundless love
Appointed such remembrance. When the rod

Of Sickness rests upon them, holy prayers
From consecrated lips beseech of God
To strengthen by his Spirit, the decay
Of that which perisheth, and grant the soul
Remission of its sins, ere it depart
To be on earth no more. And, when the lamp
Of frail mortality is quench'd, when man,
Who like the fleeting shadow ne'er abides
In one continued stay, when he who comes
Forth as a flow'ret to the blushing morn
Ere the quick-hasting hour of eve, returns
Ashes to ashes—o'er the mould'ring wreck
Hope lifts her banner, cloudless as the light,
Bright with these characters of heavenly truth:
——The slumberer shall awake; the unseal'd eye
See its Redeemer; and although the worm
Destroy this body, yet the dust shall rise
To Immortality.

Hail, holy hearts!
Who, fill'd with pure benevolence, rejoice
That the green olive decks the rugged brows
Of the dark forest children, let that zeal
Which prompts for them your charity, unite
The useful arts of life with love divine,

Gifts for this world, with knowledge of the next.
Take lessons from Creation; from the skill
Of the Eternal, who hath bound so strict
Body with mind. Thou strong, mysterious chain!
Linking dull matter to the viewless, pure,
And subtle spirit, dost thou not instruct
Us in our bounty not to disunite
Terrestrial and divine? Those secret flames,
Which guided Gideon's darkly hostile path,
Were hid in earthen caskets: thus the soul
Hath no unmix'd ascendancy, till death,
Rending the veil of clay, bids her return
To her creative essence. Wisdom's hand
Heweth out pillars, when she rears the house
Whose dome is for the skies:[2] and thus a prop
Might e'en sublime Christianity receive
From her more earthly sisters; from the arm
Of simple agriculture, from the toil
Of patient industry, from every art
That sheds a charm on life. Behold the plan
Of Wisdom heeded; see a sacred band
In our own days bear to the darken'd wild
Those blended rays which cheer man's path below,
Yet light it to the skies.

Blest were the steps
Of these propitious heralds o'er the vales
Of wat'ry Tennessee, raptur'd their tone
Proclaiming liberty to the sad souls
Bound in the prison-house. Humbly they went,
Like Him who pour'd the gospel's pardoning voice
On publicans and sinners, mild forgave
Guilt at whose sight the accusing Pharisee
High rais'd the fatal stone, and shed that tear
Which sanctions human grief, o'er the clos'd grave
Of Bethany. Meek to their mission bow'd
These teachers like their Lord; yet not like Him,
Who had not where to lay his head, were scorn'd.
He came unto his own, bearing the seal
Of mercy, but their sacrilegious hands
Refus'd the gift, and madly crucified
The Giver; they with grateful joy were hail'd
By the sad stranger's moaning on the wild[3]
Like Rachel, weeping o'er her children lost,
And shunning consolation's cup because
Her babes were not.

"Oh! have ye come to bring
Mercy to us! and will ye teach our sons
To leave the hunter's fruitless toil, and love

The arts by which ye live? Will ye impart
To them that knowledge which their wand'ring sires
Benighted, found not? the assurance blest,
That after death the spirit shall ascend
To Him who gave it?——
One there was, who breath'd
The same kind promise to our wretched race,
Great Washington our Father. Low he sleeps,
And deep we mourn'd him! But behold, we see
One in his seat, who bends a Sire's regard
On these unhappy tribes. Ye too, blest Men,
Greet us as brethren, seeking to rebuild
Our desolation."
Thus Renatus spake,[4]
The Chief baptiz'd from Heav'n, whose eloquence
Bath'd in the fountain of celestial dews,
Henceforth is purified. His ardent heart
Long'd that his blinded tribe might view the light,
And joy'd to mark their offspring thronging come
From the dark forest. Sad the outcasts seem'd,
As if their hard and bitter lot had crush'd
The sportiveness of childhood. But when Love
Allur'd them to its shelter, gently bound
Its circlet round them, show'd their wond'ring eyes

The excellence of order, and the pow'r
Of varying knowledge, their excursive minds
Travers'd the new expanse, while their chang'd brows
Beam'd with exulting hopes. How would the heart
Of mild Benevolence rejoice to view
Those tawny children of the forest stand
Like lambs before their teachers, pleas'd to gain
That knowledge, which to their benighted souls
Seems like the glory of Creation's ray
Bursting from Chaos. Ah! methinks the bounds
Of distance fleet! and bright, prevailing rays
Reveal the scene.[5] A happy band I see,
Bending intently o'er the sacred page,
With sudden comprehension, while glad tears
Unconscious start; or cheerful passing on
From hours of study, to accustom'd sport,
From sport to useful toil. The day declines,
And gathering meekly at Devotion's call,
The holy orison ascends to Him,
The first, the last, whose unrequited love
Careth for all his works. Methinks I hear
Their vesper hymn, in solemn melody
Dying away. Almost thy fervent pray'r
Bursts on my ear, blest Kingsbury![6] thou whose zeal

Didst in the wilderness prepare the way
For Heav'n's ambassadors. Thy student's cell
Long mark'd thee, o'er this world-discarded theme
Musing like David, when the holy flame
Burnt in his heart, and from his harp-strings burst.
Like the firm Patriarch, from his peaceful home,
And fathers' sepulchres, divinely urg'd
To wander, strong in faith, tho' trembling hope
Pointed, she knew not whither, thou didst pitch
Thy lonely tent; may He whose promise cheer'd
The Father of the Faithful, guide thy steps,
And aid thy helpers, till their toil redeem
From Superstition's mazes, countless heirs
Of heaven's inheritance.

Amid the group
Of thy new gather'd family, is one,
Whose humble aspect and mild eye reveal
That in her heart the Spirit of God hath wrought
A holy work. With gentlest hand she leads
Those younger than herself, repeating oft,
"How good, how merciful is He who took
Us from our low estate."

Patient she strives
By prayers, and by instructions, to arouse

Reflection in the hearts of those she styles
Her wretched people. Modest, tender, kind,
Her words and actions; every vain desire
Is laid obedient at the feet of Christ.
And now no more the gaiety she seeks
Of proud apparel; ornaments of gold
She gladly barters for the plain attire
Of meek and lowly spirits. Catharine, hail!
Our sister in the faith![7] Can those who love
The image of their Saviour, lightly prize
His lineaments in thee?

How beautiful
Is undefil'd Religion, mild enthron'd
Upon the brow of youth. Its touch dispels
All dissonance of feature, every shade
Which darkens this dull clay, each narrow line
Of cold division, and with Truth's clear beam
Reveals the graces of the pure in heart,
Who shall see God.

And thou too, Warrior brave!
Undaunted Charles,[8] who dar'dst the opposing flood
Of the swift Coosa, 'mid the British fires,
And guiding thence th' endanger'd barks preserv'dst
The lives of many; thou who didst obtain

The meed of valour, yet hast meekly learnt
Now not to glory, save in the reproach
And cross of Christ; we bless thee as the fruits
E'en as the early harvest of the toil
Of God's own servant, who in youthful prime,
In the heart's flow'ry spring, from joys of home,
From charms of love departing, sought the work
Of an evangelist. Like the bold strain
Of him whose lips the altar's flame had cleans'd,
His ardent tone, as through the wilds he bent
His solitary way,[9] bade the rude cliffs
And trackless mountains bow their hoary heads,
And the lone vales with rev'rent awe arise
To meet their God.

Oh ye, who raptur'd trace
Historic annals through th' eclipsing cloud
Of dark uncertainty, and hoary years,
Behold what changes our portentous times
Mark on this fleeting stage! On awful wheels
Rolls the Redeemer's chariot o'er the earth,
Making the Idols tremble. Ocean bears
Upon his thousand waves, the herald train
Who rear Salvation's banner. To each clime,
Sultry or savage, hastes the mighty Scroll

Of Inspiration. Seraph-harps resound
With hallelujahs o'er the ceaseless flight
Of souls, who borne by Penitence ascend
Up to Heaven's gate.
Ye, who from earliest dawn
Of infant reason to this passing hour,
Have heard the Gospel's invitation pour'd,
Who view the rapid hand of Time unfold
High Prophecy's dread annals, while the Sun
Of truth, bright darting from each broken seal
Dispels the mist where Infidel disguise
Sought its cold covert. Oh! embrace the hope
Which cannot perish. Would ye know the worth
Of our Religion, prove it in the hour
When dire affliction, like some wrecking storm,
Appals the soul. Say! have ye seen the friend
Whom the most sacred, most endearing ties
Bound to your heart, a prey to stern disease?
And while you, watching o'er her pillow, strove
'Gainst wan Despair, and agonizing pray'd
That the brief remnant of her fragile life
Not yet might vanish, has the hand of God
Alter'd her countenance? Have ye beheld
That cherish'd form in the dim shroud of Death,

Lock'd in his damp, cold cavern? Saw ye then
The star of immortality arise
From the drear shadows of that gloomy vale
Which Nature enters shudd'ring, and pale Grief
Dews with unceasing tear?
When ye have bent
O'er her lone tomb, shrinking beneath the weight
Of blasted Hope, while the resistless tide
Of Sorrow, heighten'd by the mournful swell
Of recollected joys, o'er the void soul
Roll'd like a mighty deluge, mark'd ye not
Inscrib'd above the ebon gate of Death,
"I am the resurrection and the life,
Saith Jesus Christ?" Ah! when ye have believ'd
That the sepulchral keys should be consign'd
To that blest hand which once was deeply pierc'd
For man's offences, ye have meekly knelt
Amid the ruins of your love, and sigh'd,
Thy will be done. Still let that soften'd glow
Pervade your spirit; bid your life evince
Your orthodoxy; let your virtues be
Devotion's daughters. Toil no more to hide
Sectarian bitterness beneath the cloak
Of righteous zeal; your many-headed faith

Reduce to His simplicity, who merg'd
In Love to the Supreme and Love to man,
The prophets, and the law. Then shall ye find
The grandeur of Omnipotence absorb
The trifles of the hour; as he who stands
On Andes' crown, marking the Ocean mix
His tides eternal with the bending skies,
Notes not the obstacles, nor heeds the thorns
That marr'd his path below. Then shall ye strike
The lyre of praise to the Eternal God,
Who needeth not th' Archangel's arm, yet deigns
From the frail habitants of clay, to form
Instruments for his work: then shall ye rise
Clad in Messiah's armour to advance
His hasting sceptre, or to pay your vows
Before his throne. Oh! aid that sacred cause
Which saints espous'd, which holy martyrs seal'd
With their hearts' blood, and bending from the skies
Complacent view. Uphold it by your prayers,
Your alms, your influence, for Jehovah's smile
Shall crown the labour.
Who will coldly say,
That he is burden'd with the ceaseless claim
And tax of charity—that her demands,

Taking each shape and form of countless thought,
He cannot grant? Then let him stay his hand,
Withhold his short compassion, hoard his gold,
Hoard for his children, for his cherish'd lusts:
But bid him heed that day, when it shall rise
"To eat his flesh like fire:" yes! heed the day
Of righteous scrutiny. The work is God's;
And still shall it proceed. He needeth not
The aid of the reluctant. Countless hosts
On earth, in air, and highest Heaven rejoice
To do his will. Full many a heart has rent
The bonds close twisted with its central clasp
In Life's delightful morn, by sacred home,
Kindred, and parents' love. Yes! throngs have bid
Farewell without a tear, tho' the gay world
Might call it martyrdom, yet have they gone
To their returnless bourn, diffusing joy
O'er desolation, and within their souls
Hiding its sacred source. Full many a name
Which Fashion flaunting in her gilded car
Heeds not amid her pomp, is register'd
In the Lamb's book of life. Ah! some have borne
Their message prosperously, and some have fall'n,
Fall'n in their charity. The blooming flow'r

Has faded, and the withering matron stem
Cast its pale blossom in Salvation's path,
Strewing the steps of Sorrow. Thou hast fall'n,
Thou mild Moravian Sister![10] Thou wert deck'd
With what the giddy, unreflecting world
Might call accomplishment, but thou didst own
A pearl it could not purchase. Thou didst cleanse
Thy knowledge in the fount of Jesus Christ,
And pour it to the poor; even as the hand
Of the blest angel mov'd Siloam's pool
To heal the impotent. And thou didst die
E'en as thou liv'dst, unmurmuring, pure, serene,
And ardent in thy faith.——
Thou hast obtain'd
Eternal gain, from sublunary loss,
And tribulation; for thy robes are white
In the atoning blood. Say, shall we shed
The tear for thee, blest Sister! when thy lot
Is better far than ours?
Soft glows the turf
O'er the young Osage Orphan,[11] she whose chains
Of sad captivity were gently riven
By mild benevolence; while He who pours
Light on the blinded eye, redeem'd her heart

From Nature's slavery. Beams not her smile
From some bright cloud, with grateful ray, on those
Who o'er her transient tutelage diffus'd
Instruction's early germ, affections mild,
And hopes benign? Ye blest, who still essay
To offer incense 'mid those erring tribes,
Lift high your censers, bright with holy flame,
Be strong, and fear not. He, whose mighty voice
Counsell'd the Prophet to prepare his way
In the wild desert, and make strait his path
Over the trackless mountains, He will come
And bring the victory. Ye too, whose hands
Might gird the soldiers, ye, whom Heav'n appoints
As stewards of its bounty, will ye aid
The sacred mission? Will ye freely strew
The seeds of wealth upon this troubled soil,
And trust the God of harvest? Prest with want,
Blinded by ignorance, and in the maze
Of brutal vice and superstition chain'd,
The wretched natives stand. To you, their hands
They raise, imploring.
Tears of anguish stain
Their haggard features. Timidly they lead
Their untaught children, asking you to grant

Pity and comfort. Those neglected minds,
Long bound in dungeon gloom, yet bearing trace
Of noblest workmanship, ye might illume
With intellectual brightness, as the stone
Of precious lustre, from the rubbish drawn,
Dazzles the polisher. Ah! think how hard
His lot, whom shades envelop, where fair Hope
Unfolds no dewy petal, where the tree
Of knowledge springs not, and where Genius buds
To feel the frost and die. Amid our race,
Too oft we sigh to mark the mighty force
Of Genius misapplied, its daring search
Unsanctified, and its refulgent flame
Sparkling through dim, perverted tendencies,
As through a misty halo. Genius soars
Like the proud Eagle tow'rd the vertic Sun,
But oft her drooping crest, and pinions soil'd,
Betray the aberrations of a flight
Which Heaven directs not. When her plumage drinks
The fresh'ning dews of renovated love,
When her purg'd eye, with steadfast beam beholds
The Sun of Righteousness, when her heart feels
His healing touch, who sanctifies what Earth
Deems holy, how sublime doth she aspire

And hovering o'er the cliff of Zion's mount,
Await the call to rise and make her nest
Among the stars. Philosophy perceiv'd,
E'en thro' the dimness of the earliest days,
The emptiness of life, and weakly blam'd
This void existence. But Religion brought
The promise of a new, and o'er the storm
Rais'd her white banner. Then the day-star shone,
Enlight'ning darkness, and the realm of Death,
Guiding the mourners' step thro' thorns and gloom,
To a strong refuge in the glorious hope
Of immortality.

Oh! then impart
To your blind brother, in his heathen woe,
The surplus of your luxury; and peace
And joy shall blossom in his gloomy path,
As Eden's roses 'neath the Angels' feet.
Christians! who list'ning, love the word divine,
Who find it as a sun-beam in your path,
And like a star of glory to your souls,
Think of your brother, (for our God hath made
All of one blood, who dwell upon the earth,)
Think of your brother, in your very gates,
Wand'ring, unsatisfied, benighted, sad,

Down to his grave, where no sweet spirit tells
Of rest in Jesus, where no hallow'd voice
Sooths him to mingle dust with dust, in hope
Of a blest resurrection. Nature weeps
O'er her fall'n son, in speechless agony,
While the dark forms of horror and despair
Mock at her bitterness. Would ye desire
That peace and mercy there should wave their wings
And midnight flee away? Then lift your pray'r,
Dispense your bibles, send your holy men
To publish peace; let the poor native taste
The fruits that grow upon your tree of life,
Hold to his parch'd and thirsty lips the cup
Of your salvation, and as his warm tears
Of gratitude and penitence burst forth,
So shall your rapture swell at the last day
When ye shall hear the glorious words, "Approach!
What ye have done to one of these, the least,
The lowest in the scale of woe, was done
To me, your Judge: and where the Master dwells,
There shall the servant be."

Ye too, who share
The gentle sympathies of social life,
As equals and companions, whose soft hands

Press the first seal upon the waxen mind
Of Infancy, who reign in the mild sphere
Of sweet domestic pleasure, bearing still
The birthright of each tender courtesy
And hope refin'd, think of your humbled sex,
'Mid those degraded tribes the lowest still,
Bearers of burdens, tillers of the earth,
Cut off from every joy reciprocal
That sweetens life, and so oppress with woe
As in despairing horror to destroy
Their female offspring, lest they too should share
Their servitude and misery—oh think,
Think of these sisters! think of that blest word,
That pure religion, which has rais'd your lot
To what it is, and if warm Pity move
The tear, the wish to rescue from despair
But one sad suffering slave, if Love inspire
To follow Him who *went to seek* the lost,
Oh speak, and it is done.

And ye, dear youth,
O'er whose fair brows the light of knowledge plays
In bright intelligence, whose opening minds
Like some pure rose-bud crystalline with dew
Are shelter'd in the gentle bow'r of Love,

Remember those who heard no cradle hymn
Of peace and mercy, on whose infant hearts
No mild instruction stamp'd a holy trace,
But ignorance and vile example left
Their wandering impression. While you learn
The various arts to grace and comfort life,
While in the circle of your friends you sit
Around your teachers, while your hearts respond
"Behold how pleasant, and how good it is
Thus to be bound in unity;" oh think
Of that untutor'd race, who hear no sound
To rouse the mind from indolence, or save
Its long perverted pow'rs, nor docile bend
To that blest Education which prepares
For duties, and for trials, and for wounds
In life's uncertain warfare, for the joy
That gilds its close, and for the victor's crown:
Which from the mental garden wise removes
Those roots of bitterness that choke the growth
Of nobler plants, and by the timely change
Of sun-beam and of dew, of transient frowns
And gentleness, essays to imitate
The discipline of Heav'n. And when you hear
The rude storm beating o'er your peaceful home,

When round the social board, the cheerful fire,
A happy band you draw, will you not think
Amid your gratitude, of those who roam
O'er the cold mountains, homeless and distrest,
Meagre with famine, and but ill-conceal'd
By tatters from the blast?
Mark o'er our land,
How Childhood's bounty strives to meliorate
Their sufferings; how the bands of youth unite
In beauteous circles, bound by wreaths of Love,
O'er Generosity's rich robe to cast
Their sparkling gems like stars, and tesselate
Her golden pavement. Like the chosen race
Thronging innumerous tow'rd the promis'd land,
They urge their lingering kindred, "Haste with us,
And we will do thee good;"[12] for he who form'd
Our souls, linking their duties with their joys,
Shows, that in blessing others, is our bliss.
Let Industry, let Self-denial pour
Their limpid rills to swell the sacred tide
Of wide Benevolence, and find their gifts
Enrich themselves. Retrench some glittering toy,
Some tinsel trapping, some luxurious taste,
And lay the silent trophy at the shrine

Of that pure Charity which "vaunteth not,
Nor boasteth of her deeds." Perchance your ear
From Brainerd's cultur'd bound, from Eliot's shades,
From wild Tallony's unfrequented dales,
From Dwight (dear, hallow'd name!) may catch the tone
Of gratitude to Christians, for some boon
Which you have toil'd to aid. E'en on the shore
Of fair Ceylon, or the far Sandwich isles,
Round whose green coast the vast Pacific roars,
Mid Gambia's injured natives, or the vales
Of murmuring Senegal, some grateful child
May muse and ponder o'er that holy book
Which you have giv'n. Perchance, on Ganges' banks
Some infant, rescu'd from the whelming tide
Or from its father's knife, may kneeling pour
Praise to Jehovah. Oh! to snatch one mind
From ruin's wreck, one soul from deadly vice,
Is it not better than to flaunt in pride
Of wealth, a few short years, then fade unmourn'd,
As an unodorous flow'r? When like the gale
Thrilling the harp of Eol, rushing thoughts
Controul your spirit, moving it to give
Freely as ye receive, remember them
For whom my lay entreats. And when you muse

At parting day, or when the heavier shades
Announce soft slumber, and attune the soul
To meek Devotion, bear them on your prayers.
——Ye too, who hang over your cradled sons,
With silent rapture, Parents! who survey
The daily change of those unfolding minds,
And snowy brows, who sometimes pensive muse
On the bold tempters, and dark snares that throng
Their untried journey, view the mighty tide
Of population, ever rolling west,
And meditate, perchance, a few short years
That raise these young shoots into sapplings tall,
May plant them on our frontiers. Think once more;
The Indians are their neighbours, deeply stung
With sense of wrong, and terrible in wrath,
What shall restrain their hatchets? Who shall quell
Their midnight conflagration? Who preserve
Those polish'd temples from the glaring knife
Temper'd in blood? What helmet shield their heads
From the keen Tomahawk? Oh! make these foes
Your friends, your brethren, give them the mild arts
Social and civiliz'd, send them that Book
Which teaches to forgive, implant the faith
That turns the raging vulture to the dove,

And with these deathless bonds secure the peace
And welfare of your babes.
Oh thou, whose hand
Temperate and just, doth guide our helm of state
On its majestic course, steering so wise
'Tween Scylla and Charybdis, that their wrath
Forgets to vex the long-resounding deep,
Shunning those quicksands where Ambition wrecks,
And from the vortex where wild Rashness whirls
In fatal revolution, bearing safe
The burden of an Empire's vast concerns,
Ruler of Freedom's favour'd clime, where beam
Bright emanations on each gazing eye
From the fair dome of Knowledge, like the flame
Whose spiry column pointed Israel's path,
Son of that State, whose matron arm embrac'd
Great Washington, and mark'd with glowing pride
The scroll of glory brighten with the names
Of her illustrious offspring—thou, whose heart
Gathering the groans of our rejected tribes,
Compassionate devis'd their good,[13] and led
Thro' gushing tears their filial glance to thee,
Oh! still uphold their weakness, still extend
O'er the drear desert of their wretchedness,

The banner of thy wisdom, till their minds,
Freed from debasing fetters, twine the arts
Of civilization, with the hopes sublime
Of pure Christianity: so shall the voice
Of just posterity exalt thy fame
Above the blood-stain'd hero, and enshrine
Thine image in the consecrated dome
Of blest Philanthropy.
My Country! Rouse
From thy deep trance! Divide the long-drawn veil
Of thy lethargic slumbers, and perceive
Britannia's bright example; she who said
To Africa, "Be free." Awake, and hear
From Heaven's high arch the awful question break,
"Where is thy brother?" Wilt thou turn away,
Answering, "I know not!" with concealment vain,
Or arrogantly asking, "Why should I
Be made my brother's keeper?"
View the day
Of retribution! Think how thou wilt bear
From thy Redeemer's lips the fearful words,
"Thy brother, perishing within thy gates,
Thou saw'st. Thy brother hunger'd, was athirst,
Was naked, and thou saw'st it. He was sick,

And thou withheld'st the healing : was in prison,
To Vice and Ignorance, nor did'st thou send
To set him free." Oh ! ere that hour of doom
Whence there is no reprieve, my Country, wake
From thy dark dream !
Blot from th' accusing scroll
Those guilty traces, with repentant tears :
Teach thy red brother in the day of wrath
To stand before the Judge, and plead, "Forgive!
Forgive ! For he hath sent thine holy word,
Hath told me of a Saviour, and diffus'd
The day-beam o'er my darkness. His kind voice
Taught me to call thee Father. Oh ! forgive
Those earthly wrongs which he hath well aton'd
By pointing me to Heaven."
The time of Hope,
And of probation, speeds on rapid wing,
Swift and returnless. What thou hast to do,
Do with thy might. Haste ! lift aloud thy voice,
And publish on the borders of the pit,
The resurrection. Bid thy heralds bear
To thy own wilds, Salvation. Strike the harp
Of God's high praises mid thy deserts lone,
And let thy mountains speak them. Lo ! they rise

Wafted on every gale. From Afric's sands,
From chill Siberia, from the restless wave
Of turbid Ganges, from the spicy groves,
And from the sea-green islands. Rise! and spread
That name which must be borne from sea to sea,
And from the river to the utmost bounds
Of the wide world. Then, when the ransom'd come
With gladness unto Zion, thou shalt joy
To hear the vallies and the hills break forth
Before them into singing; thou shalt join
The raptur'd strain, exulting that the Lord
Jehovah, God Omnipotent, doth reign
O'er all the Earth.

NOTES

TO

CANTO FIRST.

Note 1.—*Line* 7.

" To where Magellan lifts his torch to light
The meeting of the waters."

The island of Terra del Fuego, having received its name of " Land of Fire," from the number of volcanoes which diversify its desolate region, may well be represented under the metaphor of Torch-bearer to the Oceans, as they rush to mingle their waves.

Note 2.—*Line* 73.

" Of brother, or of son, untimely slain
In the dread battle."

The custom which prevails among the aboriginal Americans, of adopting a captive foe in the place of some near relative, who has fallen in battle, is well known. The affection thus transferred, is said to be sincere and ardent, and extinguished only with life. They have been styled the most revengeful, the most implacable of savage nations. Yet this practice, peculiar to themselves, seems rather to prove, that the habits arising from natural affection are stronger than the suggestions of revenge. Among civilized nations, in every age, the adoption of children has prevailed; but it has been circumscribed either by the limits of affinity, the predilection of friendship, or the excitement of compassion. When was it known to be extended to mortal foes, even by Christians, who are bound to requite enmity with love? Where, among the followers of

Him, with whose death-pang was mingled a prayer for his murderers, has the shelter of paternal kindness been the portion of the enemy, whose sword had drank the blood of the lost son? or the offices of fraternal affection been extended to him who had pierced the breast of the lamented brother? Among the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, and Grecians, adoption by those who were childless, was a frequent usage. The Romans enacted laws for its regulation. The Lacedemonians required that it should be performed in the presence of their kings. The Turk, according to the appointed ceremonies of Mahomet, invests the adopted with his inner garment, or with his girdle; and the Gentoo offers sacrifices to his gods. But the native American being in this respect "without law, is a law unto himself;" he adopts the foe who would have shed his blood, without the pomp of prescribed ceremony, and with no sacrifice but that which affection exacts of vengeance. In other instances, we behold this race capable of degrees of virtue, as unexpected as they are unparalleled. The natives of Hascala, a populous province, bordering upon Mexico, shocked at the cruelties which marked the intrusion of the Spaniards, attacked them with impetuous bravery and with vast superiority of numbers. But the advantages arising from these circumstances, were entirely lost through their solicitude to save the wounded and dying. To relieve the sufferers, and remove them from further barbarity, divided the attention of the warrior even in the heat of battle; and a scene unknown among civilized nations was displayed, a sentiment of tenderness extinguishing victory. Afterwards, the Hascalans, meditating another attack, generously apprized the invaders of their hostile intentions, and knowing that a scarcity of provisions existed among them, sent to their camp a large supply of poultry and maize; "Eat plentifully," said they, "for we scorn to attack enemies enfeebled by hunger, and should blush to offer to our gods, famished and emaciated victims." Yet these sons of nature had never heard the command, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

Note 3.—*Line* 101.

"Some with blood
Of human sacrifices, sought to appease" &c.

Although the Mexicans were further advanced in refinement than any of the aborigines of America, they were the slaves of a superstition which was marked by the most barbarous sacrifices. At their first arrival near

the Lake of Tetzuco, from their ancient possessions, on the borders of the Californian Gulf, they erected on the spot which they had selected for their principal city, a temple to their tutelar god, which they consecrated by the effusion of human blood. This event, according to their traditions, and the simple annals preserved by their hieroglyphical paintings, occurred in the year 1335 of the Christian era. Following them through the variations of their government, from its original form of aristocracy, to that of elective monarchy, and ultimate despotism, combined with the feudal spirit, we see the same stern religion preserving its sway unaltered, and mingling with their civil institutions. Their political festivals were attended with the sacrifice of human beings, and in their expiatory offerings to their deities, they believed that "without shedding of blood was no remission." During the reigns of Tizoc, and his brother Ahuitzotl, a temple was erected, which surpassed in magnificence all the structures of Mexico, and at its completion in 1486, it was consecrated with the blood of more than 60,000 prisoners. Montezuma II. who was the ninth Mexican sovereign, entered into a war with some neighbouring tribes, in order to obtain victims for sacrifice at his coronation, and the cruel pageantry of that scene was in accordance with the inclinations of his subjects. The funeral rites of the Mexicans were sanguinary, particularly at the death of any distinguished personage. At the decease of an emperour, they slew a number of his principal attendants, and buried them in the same tomb; supposing, like the ancient Scythians, that he would have need of their assistance and counsel. The rites of their religion were reduced to a regular system; but their divinities were clothed in vengeance, and their priests perpetuated a worship of gloom and terrour.

Note 4.—*Line* 106.

"*Some with fruits*
Sweet flowers, and incense of their choicest herbs
Sought to propitiate Him" &c.

The mild Peruvians who, at the time of the invasion of the Spaniards, had made many attainments in the arts of civilization, had a form of religion whose features were remarkably free from harshness and barbarity. "The most singular and striking circumstance in their government," says Dr. Robertson, "was the influence of religion upon its genius and laws. The whole system of their civil policy was founded upon religion.

The Inca appeared not only as a legislator, but a messenger from Heaven. The superstitions on which he engrafted his pretensions to high authority, were of a very different character from those established among the Mexicans. By directing their veneration to that glorious luminary which by its universal and vivifying energy is the best emblem of divine beneficence, the rites and observances which they deemed acceptable to Him were innocent and humane. They offered to the Sun a part of the productions which his genial warmth had called forth from the bosom of the earth, and fostered to maturity. They sacrificed, as an oblation of gratitude, some of the animals who were indebted to his influence for nourishment. They presented to him choice specimens of those works of ingenuity, which his light had guided the hand of man in forming: but the Incas never stained his altars with human blood, nor conceived that their beneficent father, the Sun, would be delighted with such victims. Accordingly, the Peruvians, unacquainted with those barbarous rites, which extinguish sensibility, and suppress the feelings of nature at human sufferings, were formed by the spirit of the superstition they had adopted, to a national character more gentle than that of any people in America." The tribe of Chacmeheca's who succeeded the ancient Toltecan monarchy, which was situated in the neighbourhood of Mexico, also paid homage to the Sun, as their tutelar divinity, and offered to him the herbs and flowers which they found springing in the field. The Parent of warmth and vegetation appeared to their untaught minds, as the Fountain of existence and of hope; and how much more elevated was the choice of their Paganism, than that of the polished Egyptians, who, in their absurd worship of vegetables, noxious reptiles, and the lifeless formations of Nature, clearly evinced, that the "world by wisdom knew not God."

Note 5.—Line 109.

"*Some, with mystic rites,*
The ark, the orison, the paschal feast," &c.

Such a marked diversity of customs, and religious rites, is found among the aborigines of America, that they must be considered as the mingled offspring of different nations, who in various ages have become inhabitants of this western hemisphere. The Peruvians, in their ancient offerings, like a sect of the Persians, recognized the Sun as the Parent of

their joys, and the supreme object of their adoration. Some of the eastern tribes of South America preserve a tradition that their ancestors migrated from the African continent. The Toltecas, originally bordering upon Mexico, and celebrated for their superiour knowledge, which comprised some branches of agriculture, together with the art of cutting gems, and casting gold and silver into various forms, possessed some ancient paintings, which represented the passage of their ancestors through Asia, and the north-western countries of America. The Mexicans who, in the barbarity of their religious sacrifices, point to the blood-stained altars of Carthage, in the style of their architecture, the construction of pyramidal edifices, the use of hieroglyphicks, and the mode of computing time, lead us back to the institutions of ancient Egypt. This similarity has so forcibly impressed the minds of some learned writers, particularly Siguenza, and Bishop Huet, that they have designated the Mexicans as the descendants of Naphtahim, the son of Mizraim, and nephew of Ham. The Esquimaux recognizes his sires in the north of Europe, and by a variety of customs proves his affinity. The Mohawks, from the peculiarity of their language, composed entirely without labials, so that they never close their lips in speaking, and from the superiority which they assumed over the surrounding tribes, seem also to claim a distinct origin. The Abbe Clavigero supposes that the ancestors of those nations who peopled the country of Anahuac, passed from the northeastern parts of Asia to the western extremity of America. Amid the variety of customs which distinguish the different tribes, some have been observed so similar to those of ancient Israel, that they have given rise to conjecture, that some of the ten tribes, who, after the Assyrian invasion in 721, (B.C.) were long in a wandering state, might have been allured to pass, with other emigrants, the narrow strait which separates the Old from the New World. This opinion received strength from the circumstance, that among some of the natives, the name of their Supreme Being was "Tehewah," evidently resembling the Hebrew Jehovah, that the word "Hallelujah," occurred in their songs of praise, that they bear upon their shoulders to battle a consecrated Ark, which is never suffered to touch the earth, and the mysteries of whose interior they guard with the most jealous care. Traditions of the murder in Eden, of original longevity, the general deluge, the saving of the righteous pair, the bird sent from the ark, who returned with a verdant

branch, the confusion of tongues, the anger of the Great Spirit at the building of a high place, which the pride of man contemplated should reach the heavens, and many more, evidently derived from the Scriptures, are preserved among them. Some of the early settlers, who had an opportunity of observing their character before its debasement, traced in their religious offerings and festivals a similarity to the Jewish ritual. Intelligent men, who have resided among them as traders, or surveyed them as travellers and missionaries, have occasionally gathered traits of resemblance to the peculiar people; and some learned men have been inclined to credit this hypothesis, by a comparison of their language with the ancient Hebrew. "Dr. Buchanan," says a judicious writer, "supposes the ten tribes of Israel, to be now in the country of their first captivity; but this by no means precludes the possibility of individuals having migrated northward and eastward to the American continent. He speaks of the *white* and the *black* Jews of Asia: we know that there are also *white* Jews in Europe, and *black* Jews in Africa; and why, since they are the scattered, the distinguished people, may there not be *red* Jews in America?"

Note 6.—*Line* 121.

"The crystal tube
Of calm inquiry, to thy patient eye,
Meek Boudinot! reveal'd an unknown star
Upon this western cloud."

This refers to the "Star in the West," a work which attempts to prove the descent of some of our aborigines, from the dispersed Israelites; written by the late Hon. Judge Boudinot, the venerable Sire and Patron of the American Bible Society. He asserts, that if the descendants of exiled Israel could now be identified, on any spot of the globe, we should not find, after the revolution of twenty-five centuries, the traces of similarity more striking; and that, admitting the affinity of our roving tribes with the peculiar people, it would be impossible not to be surprised at perceiving so many rites and traditions unimpaired, when to the lapse of ages is added the absence of a written language, of a temple, of a regular government, even of a permanent abode, and the vice, degradation, and misery, which, since their subjugation by the Europeans, has involved them in a darkness like midnight. He is strengthened in his theory by a passage from the Apocrypha, where Esdras "in his vision beheld the ten tribes

who were carried captive by Shalmanezer, in the time of Hosea their king, taking counsel to leave the multitude, and go into a country where mankind never dwelt, that they might keep the statutes which they never kept in their own land, and remain there until the latter times."—2 Esdras, xiii. 40.

The Rev. Dr. Jarvis, in his interesting "Discourse on the Religion of the Indian Tribes," supposes them to be the descendants of Noah, who migrated to this continent, after the great dispersion of mankind. This theory, which accounts for many of the traditions preserved among them, is also adopted by Mr. Faber, so well known by his learned dissertations on the Prophecies.

Note 7.—Line 172.

"Their weak, exhausted hands they prest
On their wan lips, and in the lowly dust
Laid them despairing."

Missionaries and traders have occasionally observed among the different tribes, the custom of pressing the hand upon the lips, and laying the mouth in the dust, in cases of deep bereavement. Some have supposed it the dictate of Nature in the humiliation of suffering. Others have traced in it a resemblance to the expression of grief in ancient Israel; and have been reminded of the passages in Job, Solomon, and Jeremiah: "Mark me, and be astonished, and lay your hand on your mouth:" "Behold, I am vile! what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth:" "If thou hast done foolishly, in lifting up thyself, or if thou hast thought evil, lay thy hand upon thy mouth." "He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be, there may be hope."

Note 8.—Line 186.

"To the poor Greenlander reveal'd the dance
Of happy spirits."

The imagination of the inhabitants of Greenland traces in the Aurora Borealis, the dance of sportive souls. They suppose the place of torment for the wicked to be in the subterranean regions, where darkness and terrour reign, without hope. They believe in two Great Spirits, the good and the evil, and in various subordinate grades of ethereal beings, resembling the major and minor gods of the ancient heathens. When a friend is in the conflict of death, they array him in his best apparel, and when

the last change has marked his countenance, bewail his loss, and prepare for his interment. They deposit in his grave instruments of labour, and darts for defence, and returning to the house of mourning, the men sit silent with uncovered faces, while the females prostrate themselves on the earth. The nearest relative pronounces an eulogy on the virtues of the departed, and at every pause their grief becomes more audible. The ceremonies of mourning are continued at intervals for months, and sometimes for a year; though its bitterness diminishes after the period which they allot for the perilous journey to the eternal regions. They believe that the spirits of the departed are occasionally permitted to revisit the earth, and reveal themselves to the former objects of their attachment. Some of the first missionaries who visited this people, supposed that the idea of a Divine Being was in some degree familiar to their minds, since they so readily received the knowledge of his attributes, and the most stupid among them were struck with horror at the thought of the annihilation of the soul.

Note 9.—*Line* 208.

" Thus, the warlike Earl
Stern Seward, in his armour brac'd, erect,
Met grisly Death."

Seward, Earl of Northumberland, feeling in his last sickness, that dissolution approached, quitted his bed, and encircled himself with his armour. To the inquiries of his attendants, he answered, " It becometh not a brave man to die like a beast." Standing, and with an undaunted countenance, he met death, closing his life of intrepidity, by an act equally singular and heroic.

Note 10.—*Line* 214.

" Others toward the East
With faces turn'd, repose."

The natives of Patagonia bury their dead on the eastern shores, and with their faces turned toward the rising Sun, where they say was the country of their ancestors. Bougainville, and others, have suggested their resemblance to the roving Tartars. Like them they traverse immense plains, constantly on horseback, clothing themselves with the skins of wild beasts, which they destroy in the chase, and occasionally pillaging travellers, who cross their path, or interrupt their career.

Note 11.—*Line* 219.

" *Weed nor thorn,*
Might choke the young turf springing."

" Among some of our aborigines, the graves of departed friends are guarded with the most delicate and jealous affection. They suffer no weeds to take root upon them, and frequently visit them with lamentations. This tender and sacred sentiment is expressed in an effusion of simple eloquence, which bears the antiquity of nearly 200 years. In one of the earliest records of the settlement of Massachusetts, it is mentioned that the Indian monuments of the dead had been defaced by the whites at Passonagessit, and the grave of the Sachem's Mother plundered of some skins that had decorated it. Gathering together his people, in the first moments of his grief and indignation, he thus addressed them : " When last the glorious light of this sky was underneath the globe, when the birds grew silent, I began to settle, as my custom is, to take my repose. But ere my eyes were fast closed, I saw a vision at which my soul was troubled. As I trembled at the fearful sight, a spirit uttered its voice :— ' Behold ! my Son, whom I have cherished. See the hands that covered, and fed thee oft. Wilt thou forget to take revenge of those wild people, who have disturbed my ashes, disdaining our sacred customs ? See now ! the Sachem's grave lies, like one of the common people's, defiled by an ignoble race. Thy Mother doth complain. She implores thine aid against this thievish people, newly intruding themselves into our land. If this be suffered, can I rest quietly in my everlasting habitations ?' Then the Spirit vanished, and I, trembling, and scarce able to speak, began to get some strength, and recollect my thoughts that had fled, determining to ask your counsel and assistance."

Note 12.—*Line* 224.

" *Thus the Scythian tribes*
Wandering without a City, call'd to guard
Nor dome, nor temple, took their dauntless stand
Upon their fathers' sepulchres," &c.

Rollin, in his interesting history of the expedition of Darius against the Scythians, relates the embarrassment which he suffered in being unable to bring that roving people to a regular engagement. " Prince of the Scythians," said he, " why do you continually fly before me ?" " If I fly

before thee, Prince of Persia," he replied, "it is not because I fear thee. We, Scythians, have neither cities or lands to defend: yet come! attack the tombs of our fathers, and thou shalt find what manner of men we are." Soon after, they exemplified another singular trait of character, by sending a herald to Darius, with a present of a bird, a mouse, a frog, and five arrows. The monarch exclaimed with joy, "Now they acknowledge subjection, and by these emblems yield to me the dominion of their lands and waters, of their warriors, and even of the atmosphere they breathe." But Gobryas, one of his officers, who was better versed in the hieroglyphics of Scythia, correctly interpreted this typical message:—"Unless the Persians can ascend into the air like birds, conceal themselves in earth like mice, or beneath the waters like frogs, it is not possible for them to escape the Scythian arrows."

Note 13.—*Line* 257.

> "*Ericke steer'd*
> *From that lone isle which Nature's poising hand*
> *Cast 'tween the Continents.*"

It is generally admitted that the northern parts of America were settled by the Scandinavians, several centuries before the expedition of Columbus. Ericke Raude, so named on account of his red hair, is considered as the original discoverer of those inhospitable regions. Having past a winter on the coast of Greenland, he returned to Iceland, and persuaded many of his countrymen to accompany him, and undertake the establishment of a colony. He assured them that the country which he had found, abounded in fish, and exhibited such a verdant appearance, that he had assigned it the name of Groenland, or Greenland. Twenty-five ships, filled with Icelanders and Norwegians, attended him in consequence of these representations; but it is said that only fourteen sustained the inclemencies of the voyage. The establishment of this colony bears date, according to Torfæus, in his "Groenlandia Antiqua," in the year 982; yet it would seem to have been of earlier origin, by the bull of Pope Gregory 4th, issued in 835, and committing the conversion of the Greenlanders and Icelanders, to the first northern apostle, Ansgarius. This colony assumed the appearance of prosperity, and in 1261, voluntarily submitted to the sceptre of Norway, and was governed by a Norwegian viceroy, according to the laws of Iceland. It was considerably harassed by the

natives, who were denominated "Skrællings," and whose origin is traced to the North East regions of Tartary. Driven from their country by imperious and potent enemies, they crossed the straits of Bherring, and gradually passing to the east and north, began their hostilities against the Icelandic colony in the eleventh century. They gained great ascendancy over it about the year 1350, when it had been enfeebled by the ravages of pestilence; and in the course of two or three centuries nearly exterminated it. The small remnant of European settlers were driven from the western toward the eastern shores, and compelled to incorporate themselves with their conquerors. Some of them, however, retreated to the inlets between the mountains, and like the Welch still preserve the character of an unconquered people.

Note 14.—*Line* 279.

"Say, Darwin! Fancy's son"—

Dr. Darwin's plan of navigating southward those tremendous masses of ice, which for ages have been accumulating amid the polar regions, in order to allay the fervour of the tropics, is one of the many visionary theories of that splendid poet and eccentric philosopher.

Note 15.—*Line* 289.

"Shaming the brief dome
Which Russia's empress-queen bade the chill boor
Quench life's frail lamp to rear."

The Ice Palace, erected in the year 1740, by the Empress Anne, of Russia, was 52 feet in length, and when lighted exhibited the most splendid appearance. Yet to a reflecting mind, its brilliance must have been dimmed by the recollection, that many lives were sacrificed to its construction, by the severity of cold. The description of this singularly beautiful structure, by the poet Cowper, is in accordance with that purity and elegant simplicity, which characrerize his numbers.

"Silently, as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer, or of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd; nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfus'd, to make them one.
Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues
Illumin'd every side; a watery light

Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new ris'n, or meteor fall'n
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy, though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound,
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the pannels.
Mirror needed none,
Where all was vitreous; but in order due,
Convivial table, and commodious seat,
(What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there;
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch: a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again."

Note 16.—*Line* 315.

"*To their humble cells*
Came holy men, by pious Olaf's zeal
Wing'd on their mission."

Olaf, or Olaus, a Norwegian king, having renounced heathenism, sent a priest to Greenland, early in the tenth century for the conversion of the inhabitants. His exertions were successful, and the whole colony embraced Christianity. In the year 1122, they chose a Norwegian bishop, and a regular succession in the Episcopacy was preserved, until the year 1406, when the last of seventeen bishops was sent over. Darkness for a time overspread the religious prospects of this people; like that which enveloped ancient Israel, when the harp of prophecy was broken in the hand of Malachi, and for more than three centuries there was no divine communication. But in the year 1721, a pious clergyman of Norway, by the name of Hans Egede, whose heart had long been moved by the wretchedness of the Greenlanders, resolved, notwithstanding the obstructions that were cast in the way of his enterprize, to bear to that inhospita-

ble region the glad tidings of salvation. He was accompanied by about forty adventurers, who aided him in imparting a knowledge of those arts which advance the comfort of the present life; while, with the most condescending attention, the most faithful diligence, and under the pressure of almost unexampled hardships, he taught the precepts of a religion, whose benevolenee he exemplified. After sustaining the arduous duties of a missionary almost forty years, he closed his honourable and pious life, at the age of seventy-three, and to him, and to his son, Paul Egede, we are indebted for an ample and authentic account of modern Greenland. The Moravians also, whose zeal in diffusing the blessings of religion, cannot be too highly appreciated, extended the exertions of their Christian love to this desolate region. Perhaps it is without parallel in the annals of benevolence, that a Society so restricted in pecuniary resources, so afflicted by persecution as to have been reduced to about six hundred individuals, should display the missionary spirit in such unbroken strength and splendour. After the oppressions of the Church of Rome, when they had taken refuge on the estates of Count Zinzendorf in Lusatia, they sent, in the space of nine years, missionaries to Greenland, to South-America, to Algiers, to Guinea, to Lapland, to the West-Indian and Nicobar islands, to Ceylon, to the extremities of the Cape of Good Hope, and to the wilds of Tartary. About the year 1733, when the mission of Mr. Egede was so coldly patronized by government, and so overclouded by misfortune, that it seemed ready to expire, the Moravians having resolved to carry the gospel to Greenland, two of their venerable messengers arrived on foot at Copenhagen, entreating permission to accomplish their design. "How," said one of the ministers of the crown of Denmark, "do you hope to maintain yourselves in that desolate region?" "By the labour of our hands," they answered, "and by the blessing of God. We will build a house, and cultivate a piece of land, that we may not be burdensome to any." The nobleman, perceiving that they were not fully acquainted with the sterility of the country, replied, "There is no timber there to build with." "Then," said these devoted servants of the cross, "we will dig a cavern in the earth, and lodge there." These faithful missionaries with others who from time to time were sent to their assistance, suffered indescribably from the rigours of the climate, and the ravages of famine and pestilence. Yet nothing extinguished the flame of

their benevolence, and they expressed themselves willing to prolong their labours until death, to continue "to believe while there was nothing to be seen, to hope when nothing was to be expected." Soon after their arrival, the Small-Pox was communicated by a Greenlander who had returned from Europe, and it assumed so malignant a form, that few who were seized by it, survived beyond the third day. Destitute of the knowledge of medicine, and of the comforts which alleviate disease, the wretched natives stabbed themselves, or plunged into the sea, to put a period to their sufferings. The Moravians, in company with Mr. Egede, hastened from place to place, to impart assistance or consolation. Empty houses, and unburied corpses, bleaching on the snow, every where shocked their eyes. On one island, only one little girl, and her three brothers, survived. Their father had buried all the inhabitants, and finding himself and his youngest child smitten with the malady, lay down in a grave, with the sick infant in his arms, commanding his daughter to cover them with skins and stones, that their bodies might not be devoured by ravens and foxes. In 1753, the severity of that terrific climate was heightened to an unusual degree, and snow fell in every month of the year. In March, the cold was so intense, that even glass and stones burst. Famine was the consequence, and continued till 1757, when it surpassed all that had ever been imagined by the Europeans. "We found," said the Missionaries, "near a house that we visited, fifteen persons nearly starved to death. They lay near each other, striving to preserve warmth, for they had no fire, nor the least morsel to eat. For very faintness they did not care to lift up themselves, or to speak to us. Four of their children were already dead with hunger. At length a man brought a fish from the sea, and a girl snatched it, raw as it was, and tore it in pieces with her teeth, gorging it with violence. She looked pale as death, and was ghastly to behold. We distributed among them our small pittance, and advised them to endeavour to remove to our part of the land." Children perished in great numbers by famine, and old people were buried alive in order to save the food that they would have consumed. The Missionaries participated in these sufferings, till their strength was exhausted, and their constitutions debilitated, yet occasional success in their spiritual work, caused them to count their afflictions light. Settlements were formed at New Herrnhut, Lichtenfels, and Lichtenau; and materials for two churches were sent

them from Europe, which were erected and partially filled with worshippers. In the year 1814, more than 1100 inhabitants belonged to these three settlements, and the whole population of Greenland was estimated at 7000. Since the commencement of the mission by Mr. Egede, which has comprised a century, the number baptized is computed at about 5000.

The extension of this Note by an interesting extract from the 18th volume of the Quarterly Review, will be forgiven by minds who have felt solicitude in the extension of truth, or sympathy for the privations of its messengers. It is a forcible delineation of the feelings of a missionary and his family, during the gloom and loneliness of a Greenland winter, and is drawn from the manuscripts of Saabye, a grandson of that venerated apostle Hans Egede. "They have one bright epoch; for it is a happy time, when the ice is loosed from the rocky coast, and they can expect the arrival of the vessel which alone reaches their solitude. Often deceived by the floating Ice-berg, forming itself in mockery into the shape of their friendly visitant, at length they see the white sails, the towering masts, the blessed guest riding at anchor in the bay. By this vessel their wants are supplied. The active and pious housewife busies herself in arranging the stores of the ensuing twelvemonth. There are letters too, from friends, and from relations, and books, and newspapers; and banished as they are, they live again in Denmark, in 'their father-land.' The hour of enjoyment soon glides away; the ship sails; the Missionary and the partner of his toils remain behind, solitary and forsaken. To this season of sadness succeeds the gloom of the polar night. A few days before the 26th of November, Saabye was accustomed to climb the high rocks, from whence at noon he could just see the sun shining with a soft and pallid light; and then the sun sank, and he bade farewell to the eye of creation with heaviness and grief. Dubious twilight lingered till the beginning of December; then darkness ruled. The stream near which Saabye's house was situated, roared beneath the ice; the sea dashed and howled over the rocks, bursting in foam against his windows, and the dogs filled the air with long continued moans. About the 12th of January, the rays of the rising sun glittered on the rocks, and suddenly faded, like the high-raised hopes of man."

Note 17.—*Line* 334.

"*Madoc! wandering son*
Of that unconquer'd clime."

From researches made by British Antiquarians, it appears that traditions exist of the discovery of America, by Madoc ap Owen Guyneth, a Welch Prince, in the year 1170. It is asserted that a colony was planted by him, west of the Mississippi, and that their descendants have at various times been recognized by travellers. The fact has been recorded also, by the ancient poets of Wales, and the celebrated Mr. Southey has founded upon it one of the most interesting modern epic poems in the English language. In Howel's Letters, volume 2, page 71, it is recorded, that Madoc ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made two voyages to America, at the time specified: and the Welsh Cambria, translated into English, by H. Lloyd, contains, in its 225th page, the reasons which induced that Prince to undertake such an expedition. Some modern writers have employed their pens in this investigation, among whom are Dr. Williams, Rector of Sydenham, and the Rev. George Burder, late of Coventry, England.

Note 18.—*Line* 337.

"*The treasur'd minstrelsy*
Of Taliesin's harp."

Taliesin, who wrote in the sixth century, was one of the most celebrated of the ancient Welch bards. His poems have been highly commended by the amateurs of the old Cambrian minstrelsy. The affinity of the language of Wales to the Hebrew, has rendered its study interesting to many classical scholars; and recently, among the prizes offered in Jesus College, Oxford, England, for the best six Englynion, on a passage of Taliesin, beginning "Cymru fu, Cymru fydd." The early taste of the Welch, for poetry and music, is well known. The knowledge of the harp was considered essential to the character of a prince and a hero; and the bards received in the courts of their kings such dignity and honour, as Homer asserts were enjoyed by Demodocus and Phemius, in the first ages of Greece.

Note 19.—*Line* 376.

" Perchance in his lone cell
At Valladolid."

Columbus expired in obscurity, at Valladolid, on the 25th of May, 1506, in his 59th year, exhausted by hardships and infirmities. The discoverer of America, like the conqueror of Mexico, found the close of his days rendered wretched by the persecution of enemies, and the chilling indifference of those from whom he had expected patronage and consolation.

Note 20.—*Line* 386.

" Mark'd thy seers
Mid the dim vista of futurity
Ought like the step of Cortes ?"

It is recorded by Robertson, that an opinion prevailed almost universally among the Mexicans, that some dreadful calamity would befall their country, by means of formidable invaders who should come from regions towards the rising sun. Their superstitious credulity saw in the Spaniards the instruments of that fatal revolution which they dreaded, and this in some measure accounts for the success of Cortes, with his ill-appointed force, over the monarch of a great and populous empire.

When the spoilers, in descending from the mountains of Chalco, caught their first view of the vast plain of Mexico, interspersed with fertile and cultivated fields, enriched with a lake resembling the sea in extent, whose banks were encompassed with large towns, and whose bosom was beautified with an island, where rose the capital city, adorned with its temples and turrets, they were impressed at once with a conviction of the great wealth of the country, and with an irresistible desire to possess it. After the humiliating death of Montezuma, and the more barbarous subjugation of Guatimozin, the imperial city yielded to its conquerors, August 21, 1521, after sustaining a siege of 75 days. This event, the most memorable of any in the conquest of America, preceded the death of Cortes 25 years. The neglect of his country embittered the declining life of the victor ; and it was decreed, that the punishment of his injustice and cruelty should be inflicted, not by the vengeance of those whom he had injured, but by the ingratitude of those he had served.

Note 21.—*Line* 400.

"*Deep were thy prison sighs,*
Ahatualpa."

The annals of the crimes of man are darkened with no blacker instance of perfidy, than that of Pizarro to the unfortunate monarch of Peru. Confiding in the protestations of the Spaniard, he advanced to the distance of a league from his city, to pay him a visit of respect. Pizarro instructed a priest to proclaim some of the articles of the Popish faith, strangely intermixed with the claims of the crown of Spain upon the New World, to which Ahatualpa not immediately assenting, the desperado seized him as his prisoner, and gave the signal of assault upon his followers.

The carnage continued till the close of day, and the Peruvians, unprepared for combat, and ignorant of the mode of European warfare, left 4000 dead upon the field, without scarcely making an impression upon the phalanx of their enemies. The imprisoned Inca made liberal offers for his ransom, and his subjects, like those of Richard Coeur de Lion, would have stripped the churches of their consecrated gold, to purchase liberty for their beloved sovereign. The apartment in which he was confined was 22 feet in length and 16 in breadth, and Pizarro demanded that it should be filled with vessels of gold, as high as he could reach. The line of demarcation was drawn upon the wall—the Peruvians hastened to heap the gold to the standard which avarice had prescribed, but with abominable treachery the Inca was detained in captivity. He was brought to a mock trial, and condemned to be burnt alive. The miserable monarch was offered, at the place of doom, that alternative which is allowed the victims of the "Auto da fe," by the mercy of the Inquisition, to confess the Romish faith, and be strangled at the stake, or continue in heresy, and endure the anguish of the flame. Ahatualpa bowed to the baptismal font, and fell an immediate victim to the fury of those who, professing the "name of Christ, in works denied him." This execrable deed was perpetrated in the year 1533; and, on the 26th of June 1541, Pizarro was destroyed by conspiracy in the city of Lima. The record of his fame is stained with atrocious barbarity; and he may be characterized, as the inhabitants of Melita unjustly designated the shipwrecked apostle, as "a murderer, whom, though he had escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffered not to live."

Note 22.—*Line* 421.

" The Lusitanian bands
Came flocking."

The discovery of Brazil is usually placed in the year 1500. The honour of that event is ascribed to Perez Alvarez Cabral, a Portuguese naval commander. He originally gave it the name of Santa Cruz, but this was changed to Brazil, by King Emmanuel. The derivation of the latter name is from Brasas, a Portuguese word, signifying " glowing fire, or a red coal," which colour resembles that produced by the celebrated tree " ibiripitanga," commonly called Brazil wood, with which that country abounds.

Note 23.—*Line* 433.

" Snatch'd for themselves a cold Acadia, white
With frost, and drifted snow."

Acadia, the original name given by the French to Nova-Scotia, was their first possession in the New World. It was granted, in the year 1603, to De Mons, with somewhat indefinite boundaries, by Henry IV. of France. Settlements were made in Canada, five years after, by the same nation. Quebec, the capital, was reduced by General Wolfe in 1759, the year after his conquest of Cape Breton, or " Isle Royale." The whole of Canada was ceded to Great-Britain, by the treaty at Paris, in 1763.

Note 24.—*Line* 436.

" As Nilus 'mid the Abyssinian wastes
Unseals through fringed reeds and willows dank
His azure eyes."

The small source whence the St. Lawrence takes its rise, reminds us of the two parent springs of the Nile, whose size Rollin compares to that of a coach-wheel. They are, he remarks, thirty paces distant from each other, and are sometimes called eyes, " the same word, in Arabic, signifying both eye and fountain."

Note 25.—*Line* 454.

" Poor German exile."

The emigration from Germany to the United States, has been greater in recent times, than has generally been imagined. Only in the short

period included between July 12th, 1817, and the beginning of the year 1818, nineteen vessels arrived, bringing passengers to the number of 6000. They were of every age, from infancy to eighty years, and many of them so poor, that they were compelled to bind themselves out for a term of service, to defray the expenses of their scantily provided passage. M. von Fürstenwärther, who was officially appointed to examine the situation of his countrymen who had emigrated to the United States, reports, that "the ships made use of in this service, are commonly of the worst quality, old and unseaworthy, and the commanders ignorant, inexperienced, and brutal. I was on board of a vessel at the Helder, July 7th, 1817, which had formerly been a Russian ship of the line, which a Dutchman had bought for the sake of carrying German emigrants to Philadelphia. There were already four or five hundred souls on board, and the vessel was not to sail without her complement of passengers. I have found the misery of most of the German emigrants greater, and the condition of all more forlorn and helpless than I could have imagined. A ship arrived from Amsterdam at Baltimore, in the summer of 1817, the greater part of whose passengers had not paid their freight. Two families were bought by *free negroes* in Maryland, but the Germans resident in Baltimore were so disgusted, that they immediately rebought them, and formed an association to prevent the recurrence of any such degrading abuse."

"Laws have been passed in Philadelphia," says the North-American Review, "for the protection of German redemptioners; and by these it was established, that the extreme term of service, in ordinary cases, for adults, is four years, and two years for the shortest term. Children under four years old, are not bound, but follow their parents; males over four, are bound to serve till they are 21, and females till they are eighteen years old."—Stern realities, to those who parted from their native country with the expectation of finding in America something like Eden restored.

Note 26.—*Line* 482.

"*Still thy breast conceals*
The feudal spirit."

"In Germany the feudal institutions still subsist with great vigour. Its great princes possess all the feudal privileges."—*Robertson's Scotland.*

Note 27.—*Line* 494.

" The form of Condé gleams
As when at Jarnac, rising o'er his wounds."

The intrepid Condé approached the battle of Jarnac, which was sustained by the Huguenots with such constancy in the year 1569, with an arm debilitated and in a state of suffering. Entering the field, his leg also was broken, by the accidental rearing of the horse of his brother in law. Rising superior to pain, he exclaimed to his followers, " Nobility of France! know, that the prince of Condé, with an arm in a scarf, and a leg broken, fears not to give battle, since you attend him." After displaying prodigies of valour, he was found, exhausted with fatigue, surrounded, and taken captive. He was placed at the foot of a tree, by those who had made him their prisoner, and, while in this defenceless condition, was barbarously shot by Montesquieu, a captain in the guards of the Duke of Anjou, whose master was supposed to have instigated the infamous deed, from motives of personal animosity. The persecuted Huguenots ever cherished with tender gratitude the memory of their great benefactor. We may trace a strong expression of this affectionate sentiment, in the fact recorded by Heriot, in his " travels through the Canadas," that the name of Condé was given, by the early French settlers, to Lake Superior, as if they were anxious that his fame should find a monument in the most magnificent body of fresh and pellucid waters which the globe affords.

Note 28.—*Line* 505.

" His eye that Hero turn'd
Toward the New World."

It is well known that Admiral Coligny had contemplated a removal with the Huguenots, where, enjoying liberty of conscience, they might be enabled without dread of death to say, " after the way which ye call heresy, so worship we the God of our fathers." Permission had actually been accorded him, to conduct his adherents to the Floridas, but the design was deferred until the commencement of hostilities detained him to exhibit, on the continent of Europe, the invincible firmness and constancy of his character. He was the first victim of the diabolical massacre at Paris, on

St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. Having been previously wounded by a hired assassin, and disenabled from defending himself, he was murdered in his chamber by a party led on by his implacable enemy, the Duke of Guise.

NOTES

TO

CANTO SECOND.

Note 1.—*Line* 24.

"*— still their eyes were bent*
In the dark caverns of the earth to grope
For drossy ore."

The thirst of gold, which excited both the enterprize and the barbarity of the settlers of South-America, pervaded in some degree the colonists of Virginia. About the year 1607, a glittering earth was discovered in the channel of a small stream near Jamestown, and from that time, says Stith in his history, "there was no thought, no discourse, no hope, and no work, but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold." Capt. Smith's representations of the folly of such conduct had no effect, and they persisted in loading a vessel for England with this drossy dust. "Two vessels," says Judge Marshall, "returned thither in the spring and summer of 1608, one laden with this dust, and the other with cedar: the first remittances ever made from America by an English colony."

Note 2.—*Line* 45.

"*The Poet lur'd*
His muse to emigrate."

Among the colonists of New England, who came under the protection of the son of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, in 1623, was the Rev. William Morrell, an Episcopal Clergyman, bearing a Commission from the Ecclesiastical Court in England to exercise superintendency over such churches as might be established in the new region. He was a man of

classical taste, and described that part of the country which he explored, in an elegant Latin poem, a few specimens of which are subjoined with an attempt at translation. But he early made the discovery that the climate was uncongenial to his favourite art, and too frigid for the expansion of genius, and he returned to his native country, after an absence of one year.

" Hactenus ignotam populis ego carmine primus,
Te Nova, de veteri cui contigit Anglia nomen,
Aggredior trepidus pingui celebrare Minerva.
Fer mihi numen opem, cupienti singula plectro
Pandere veridico, quæ nuper vidimus ipsi:
Ut brevitèr vereque sonent modulamina nostra,
Temperiem cœli, vim terræ, munera ponti,
Et varios gentis mores, velamina cultus.
Anglia felici merito Nova nomine gaudens,
Sœvos nativi mores pertœsi coloni,
Indigni penitùs populi tellure feraci,
Mœsta superfusis attollit fletibus ora,
Antiquos precibus flectens ardentibus Anglos,
Numinis æterni felicem lumine gentem
Efficere: æternis quæ nunc peritura tenebris."
—" Sunt etenim populi minimi sermonis, et oris
Austeri, risusque parum, sœvique superbi;
Constricto nodis hirsuto crine sinistro,
Imparibus formis tendentes ordine villos;
Mollia magnanima peragentes otia gentes,
Arte sagittiferâ pollentes, cursibus, armis
Astutæ; recto, robusto corpore et alto,
Pellibus indutæ cervinis, frigora contra
Aspera."
—" Num sua lunari distinguunt tempora motu,
Non quot Phœbus habet cursus, sed quot sua conjux
Expletus vicibus convertat Cynthia cursus:
Noctibus enumerant sua tempora, nulla diebus,
Mosque düs Indis est inservire duobus,
Quorum mollis, amans, bona dans, inimica, repellens

Unus, amore bonum venerantur: at invidus alter,
Dizos effundens cum turbine, fulgura nimbos.
Afficiensque malis variis, morbisque nefandis,
Et violentis: hunc gelidâ formidine adorant."

Hail, unknown World! in shades so long enroll'd!
My trembling voice reveals thee to the Old,
I, of rude wit, and undistinguish'd name,
Inscribe thy record on the scroll of fame,
Myself a stranger, choose the stranger's theme,
And first for thee invoke the poet's dream:
Oh! may some heavenly Muse th' attempt inspire
And pour her spirit o'er my shrinking lyre.

Thy genial breezes bear the blush of health,
Earth spreads her gifts, and Ocean yields his wealth,
Yet 'mid thy happy lot incessant sighs
Heave thy pure breast, and tears distain thine eyes,
Thy abject race a speechless sorrow wakes,
And still thine eye its supplication makes,
For some blest beam to light their hopeless tomb,
And snatch their souls from everlasting gloom.

—Men, spare in language, and of brow austere,
Averse from laughter, and in wrath severe,
Supreme in strength the stubborn bow to wield,
And bold in courage 'mid the blood-stain'd field;
Men of proud spirit, and of fierce design,
Tho' oft in lingering indolence supine,
Swift in the race as speeds the rushing storm,
With wind-swept tresses, and majestic form,
Clad in rude skins that mark the hunter's toil,
Throng the dark wild, but shun a cultur'd soil.
Not by the smile which ardent Phœbus gives,
When to her annual goal the Earth arrives,
Not by the changes of revolving Day,
Their time they measure, or existence weigh:
But by the lamp which gentle Cynthia burns.

As round our orb her silver axle turns,
And by the march of slow majestic Night,
Whose tardy vigils mock the trembling light.
—Two Pow'rs unseen, their humbled hearts confess,
One, full of good, omnipotent to bless,
And one, in clouds who veils his awful form,
His sport the lightning, and his voice the storm:
To that, in love, their grateful vows they pour,
And this, through fear, with abject rites adore.

Another poet, also, at a still earlier period, hazarded a transportation to our western clime. This was Stephen Parmenias, a man of great learning, who was born at Buda, in Hungary, about the middle of the 16th century. For the completion of his education, he visited the most celebrated European universities, and during his residence in England, forming a friendship for Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, decided to accompany him in his expedition to America, under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth. In the summer of 1583, they arrived at Newfoundland, and took possession of it, in the name of the British crown. The Hungarian poet preserved the memory of this expedition, in an elegant Latin poem, rich with classical allusions, but on his return to Europe the same year, unfortunately perished in a violent storm, together with the admiral, and nearly a hundred of the crew. The poem alluded to, and likewise a more particular account of this interesting Hungarian, may be found in the ninth volume of the "Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

Note 3.—Line 75.

"Thrice had he beheld
His fading race scatter'd like autumn leaves."

Powhatan told Captain Smith that he was "very old, and had seen the death of all his people thrice, so that not one of the first generation was living beside himself." Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia, relates that at the first settlement of the English, the territories of Powhatan, were said to comprise 8000 square miles.

No. 4.—*Line* 31.

" The brave accomplish'd Smith."

Capt. John Smith, who accompanied the Colony, which, in 1607, planted itself at Jamestown, displayed so many uncommon talents, suited to the exigencies of those difficult times, that the early historians have been eloquent in his praise. Stith, in his History of Virginia, written in the year 1747, records in his antiquated style, the testimony of the soldiers, and fellow-adventurers of Smith. "They confess that in that age, there were many captains who were no soldiers, but that he was a soldier of the true old English stamp, who fought, not for gain or empty praise, but for his country's honour and the public good; that his wit, courage and success were worthy of eternal memory; that by the mere force of his virtue and courage, he awed the Indian kings, and made them submit and bring presents; that notwithstanding such a stern and invincible resolution, there was seldom seen a milder and more tender heart than his was; that he had nothing in him counterfeit or sly; but was open, honest, and sincere, and that they never knew a soldier before him, so free from the military vices of wine, tobacco, debts, dice, and oaths." Judge Marshall, in his biography of Washington, in describing the expedients which Capt. Smith devised, and the dangers which he encountered for the protection of the colony, remarks, that "he preserved his health unimpaired, his spirits unbroken, and his judgment unclouded, amidst the general misery and dejection." After his liberation from captivity by Powhatan, he concerted measures for the safety of the colony, and the welfare of his government, he undertook a bold expedition to explore the waters of the Chesapeake, and to make researches into the countries upon its shores. "He entered," says Marshall, "most of the large creeks, and sailed up many of the great rivers to their falls. He made accurate observations on the extensive territories through which he passed, and on the various tribes inhabiting them, with whom he alternately fought, negotiated and traded. In the various situations in which he found himself, he always displayed judgment, courage, and that presence of mind, which is so essential to the character of a commander; and he never failed

finally to inspire the savages whom he encountered, with the most exalted opinion of himself, and of his nation. When we consider that he sailed above three thousand miles in an open boat; when we contemplate the dangers, the hardships, he endured, and the fortitude, patience, and courage with which he bore them; when we reflect on the useful and important additions which he made to the stock of knowledge, respecting America, then possessed by his countrymen, we shall not hesitate to say that few voyages of discovery, undertaken at any time, reflect more honour on those engaged in them, than this does on Captain Smith."

Note 5.—*Line* 92.

"— ere Manhood's tinge had bronz'd
His blooming cheek."

Captain Smith was born at Willoughby in 1759, and at the time of his slavery in Constantinople, when most of the romantic adventures of his life had terminated, the hero had only attained the age of 23 years.

Note 6.—*Line* 171.

" Where Marseilles retreats
To rocky barrier."

Marseilles, the ancient Massilia, is situated at the foot of a rocky mountain near the sea. Its natural advantages for commerce were such, that its trade flourished even in the days of Gothic barbarism. The politeness and literature of its early inhabitants, were so conspicuous, that Livy pronounced it to have been as much polished as if it had risen in the midst of Greece; and Cicero denominated it the "Athens of the Gauls."

Note 7.—*Line* 183.

" Oft they describ'd
The cell with lingering rainbow ever bright."

The niche, in which the statue of the Virgin is placed in the "Casa Santa" of the church at Loretto, is adorned among other costly declarations, with 71 large Bohemian Topazes; near it stands an angel of cast gold, profusely enriched with gems and diamonds; and the lustre of the precious stones with which this cell is ornamented, has been compared by pilgrims to a rainbow,

eclipsing the lamps with which it is contrasted. The chamber, containing this statue, is alleged by the adherents of the Romish church, to have been carried through the air by angels in the month of May, 1291, from Galilee to Tersato, in Dalmatia. From thence it was removed in the same manner, after having reposed somewhat more than four years, and set down in a wood in Italy, about midnight in the month of December, where it remained nearly 200 years, before it was noticed by any author of that country.

Note 8.—*Line* 302.

"Almost it seem'd
That the strange fable caught from Pagan lore."

The doctrine of Purgatory, which some have derived from the Platonic fancies of Origen, the Montanism of Tertullian, pretended visions, or doubtful expressions of the later fathers, was introduced in part towards the close of the fifth century, but not positively affirmed till the year 1140, nor made an article of faith, till the council of Trent.

Note 9.—*Line* 377.

"And 'seas of flame.'"

Moscow, in its conflagration, was emphatically compared to an "Ocean of flame."

Note 10.—*Line* 441.

"There Samos spread
Her beauteous harbours o'er the violet wave,
While in perspective soft her green fields gleam'd
In semi-annual harvest."

Between Samos and Icaria, the intensely deep blue colour of the water has been noticed by voyagers; and in the 'Childe Harolde' of Lord Byron, it is denominated the "dark blue sea." Athenæus relates, that in Samos, the fig-trees, apple-trees, rose-trees, and vines, bore fruit twice in a year.

Note 11.—*Line* 446.

"Rosy Rhodes."

The etymology of Rhodes, has been sought in the Greek word "Rhodon," signifying a rose, with which flower that island

abounded. The classical traveller, Clarke, observes, "from the number of appellations it has borne at different periods, it might at last have received the name of the Polynoman Island. It has been called Ophiusa, from the number of its serpents; Telchynis; Corymbria; Trinacria; Æthræa, from its cloudless sky; Asteria, because at a distance its figure appears like that of a star; Poessa; Atabyria; Oloessa; Macaria, and Pelagia. Some are of opinion that Rhodes was first peopled by the descendants of Dodanim, the fourth son of Javan. Both the Septuagint and Samaritan translation of the Pentateuch, instead of Dodanim use Rodonim; and by this appellation the Greeks always distinguished the Rhodians."

Note 12.—*Line* 449.

"Those golden showers which testified the love
Of ardent Phœbus."

The exuberant fertility of the soil of this island gave occasion to those fables embellished by the poets, of golden showers which they pretended to have fallen upon it. They feigned also a story of the love of Phœbus for Rhodes, and asserted it to have been an uninhabitable marsh, until it was loved by him, and drawn from the waters by his powerful influence. But now, under Turkish oppression, the island no longer merits the appellation of "fortunate;" and the golden showers of fiction, are changed to the iron influence of tyranny and desolation.

Note 13.—*Line* 563.

"Vespasian's Coliseum, where the Goth,—
Stood in amazement."

The Coliseum, sometimes called the Flavian amphitheatre, was commenced by Flavius Vespasian, in the year 72, but finished by Titus, who employed upon it such of the Jews, as were brought in slavery to Rome. This vast structure was viewed with wonder by the Gothic conquerors; and the venerable Bede records a proverbial expression of the pilgrims of the north, by which in the 8th century they testified their admiration: "As long as the Coliseum stands, will Rome stand, when the Coliseum falls, Rome must fall, and with Rome, the world shall fall."

Note 14.—*Line* 578.

" — through the wreck
Of Devastation's wantonness."

Notwithstanding the Coliseum had in various instances been the subject of dilapidation, had furnished stone for the construction of the Farnese Palace, by Michael Angelo, and had even been thrown open as a common quarry, in the 14th century, for the use of the multitude, yet in the middle of the 16th century, its exterior circumference of 1612 feet still remained inviolate, and a triple elevation of fourscore arches was preserved, rising to the height of 108 feet.

Note 15.—*Line* 579.

" Where the pavilion with its purple pomp."

Persons of the highest dignity had places assigned to them in a part of the amphitheatre called the Podium, near the centre of which was the Imperial Pavilion, lined with silk, and embellished in the most splendid manner.

Note 16.—*Line* 582.

" The Cunei, dividing with strict care
Patrician from Plebeian."

The Cunei distinguished the seats appointed for the different classes of the people, so that every one might be conducted to the place allotted, by the laws of the amphitheatre, to his respective rank. The strictest attention was exercised, lest any might obtain a dignity of station to which he was not entitled; and the Cunei were under the direction of officers called Locarii, while the general care of the Coliseum was entrusted to the grand Villicus amphitheatri.

Note 17.—*Line* 590.

" Those Vomitories, whence the noisy crowd
Issu'd abrupt."

The entrances to the passages and stair-cases were styled Vomitories; and the crowd passing through them to witness favourite exhibitions was immense. Justus Lipsius asserts, that the Coliseum was capable of accommodating 87,000 spectators on benches; and Fontana added 22,000 for the galleries, stair-cases, and passages. On the ground plan, the ex-

terior surface of the ellipsis covered a superficies of 246,661 feet, (more than five and a half acres,) and consisted of eighty arches, opening into a spacious double corridor, from whence radiated eighty passages and staircases, leading either to two inner corridors, to the arena, or to the galleries.

Note 18.—*Line* 594.

" The spreading Velum's gorgeous canopy."

At the summit of the Flavian amphitheatre was a sixth story, or rather floor, appropriated to those who managed the Velum, which was an awning of various colours, occasionally stretched to protect the audience from rain, or the heat of the sun, and which, by means of cords and pullies, could be extended or withdrawn at pleasure.

Note 19.—*Line* 601.

" Fought the stern Gladiators."

The combats of Gladiators, were early exhibited at Rome, and the people became so strongly attached to these entertainments, that the emperors found it politic to indulge their barbarous taste. Julius Cæsar, during his ædileship, gratified the populace with combats between 320 pair of gladiators; and Gordian, before the imperial purple was conferred upon him, gave those shows twelve times in a year, in some of which 500 couple were engaged. Titus exhibited a show of gladiators, wild beasts, and representations of sea-fights upon the Coliseum, which lasted 100 days, and Trajan continued an exhibition of the same nature during one third of a year, in the course of which he brought out 10,000 gladiators. The master, by whom these miserable combatants were instructed in the science of defence, forced them to swear that they would fight till death, and if they displayed cowardice, they were made to expire by fire, sword, or whips, unless the voice of the emperor, or the people, gave them life.

Note 20.—*Line* 613.

" Which first upon its sacred banner bore
The name of Christ."

" The disciples were *first* called Christians at Antioch."—Acts xi. 26. Ignatius was the second bishop of this church, and, according to Eusebius, succeeded Euodius, near the close of the first century after the death of Christ. He suffered martyrdom in the amphitheatre at Rome.

during the persecution of Trajan; and was venerated, even among his foes, for his years and piety.

Note 21.—*Line* 615.

"*Full on thy right ear pour'd*
The melody of Heaven."

Ignatius was the first who introduced antiphonal singing among the churches of the East, which, according to Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, he first learnt from a vision, in which the glorified spirits of heaven appeared, singing in alternate measures, hymns of praise to the Everlasting Trinity.

Note 22.—*Line* 661.

"*Thy curb controul'd*
The tossing Danube."

Trajan, in the year 104, constructed a bridge over the Danube, which was long admired as a relic of antiquity. After his conquest of Assyria, he descended the Tigris with his fleet, and had the honour of being both the first and the last Roman general who navigated the Indian Ocean.

Note 23.—*Line* 670.

"*The arch of Titus, rich with victories*
O'er humbled Judah."

The arch of Titus is of the composite order, and represents upon its frieze his conquest of Judea, a delineation of the river Jordan, with the captives who attended his triumph, and the spoil and sacred utensils from the desolated temple.

Note 24.—*Line* 709.

"—*who early wise*
Learnt with a philosophic sway to quell
The passions' mutiny."

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, who erected the celebrated Antonine column, to the memory of Antoninus Pius, made such great and early proficiency in his studies, that at the age of twelve years he assumed the philosophical gown. With the gravity of a philosopher he blended no severity, but continued virtuous without pride, and grave without melancholy. Such was the enthusiasm of his gratitude to those who had aided

him in the pursuits of knowledge, that he kept their images of gold in his domestic chapel, and offered garlands of flowers at their tombs.

Note 25.—*Line* 728.

"*— the blest christian Emperor Constantine.*"

The splendid reign of Constantine, when the Church past from a state of suffering to one of comparative power, when she was appointed to "arise from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments," is well known to every reader of ecclesiastical history. Among the triumphs of Christianity which shed lustre on the annals of this prosperous prince, may be numbered the prohibition of the barbarous spectacles of gladiators, which was decreed by him in the East, on the first of October 325, and by Theodoric in the West, about the year 500.

Note 26.—*Line* 763.

"*— like the brand*
Of mighty Scanderberg."

The interesting scene of modern Greece contending with her oppressors, for her ancient birthright, and her long-trampled liberty, leads the mind back to the noble exploits of Scanderberg the Great, Prince of Albania. He was sent, when young, as a hostage to Amurath II. by his father, who held his territory in subjection to the Turkish government. Here he received the best education consistent with the Mahometan system, and so early distinguished himself for courage and military ability, that he received the command of a body of troops, at the age of eighteen. The death of his father in 1432, filled him with an unconquerable desire to redeem his native principality from Turkish thraldom. Attending the Mahometan army into Hungary, he entered into an alliance with the celebrated Huniades, king of that country, and soon after began to contend for the liberties of Albania. After many years of warfare with Mahomet II. the successor of Amurath, he established his dominion, and compelled his foes to propose conditions of peace. His invincible courage was acknowledged throughout Europe; and in him the spirit of the ancient heroes and conquerors of Greece seems to have revived. He died at the age of 63, and from that period Albania has been the subject of Turkish oppression. Even foes were constrained to pay homage to the valour and greatness of Scanderberg, and when they besieged Lissa, the place of his

sepulchre, they disinterred his bones, and had them set in silver, viewing them as precious relics and powerful amulets.

Note 27.—*Line* 804.

"Alba-Regalis and Olumpagh fell
Shaming the Moslem."

"During the sieges of Olumpagh, and Alba-Regalis, young Smith was the projector of stratagems, and the conductor of certain modes of attack, which manifested an unusual talent for the art of war, and rendered the most essential services to the Christian cause. The command of a horse, and the rank of first major, were conferred on him, as an acknowledgement of his high desert."—*Biography of Capt. Smith.*

Note 28.—*Line* 886.

"—while honours and rewards
Whelm him in rich profusion."

Smith, at his return from this eventful tournament, was attended by 6000 men at arms to the pavilion of the general, where he received the most flattering reception, and was presented with a noble war-horse, richly caparisoned, and a scimitar and belt of great value. The Duke of Transylvania gave him his own miniature set in gold, accompanied with the kindest expressions of regard, and issued letters patent of nobility, giving him for his arms three Turks' heads emblazoned on a shield. These were afterwards recorded in the herald's office in England, and became the permanent arms of Smith and his descendants.

Note 29.—*Line* 893.

"From heaps of slain
In dark disastrous hour the youth is drawn
Half lifeless."

This was at the unfortunate engagement of Rottenton, in 1602, when the carnage of the Christian army was very extensive. Smith was left on the field among the dead, but the pillagers perceiving that he still breathed, and supposing from the elegance of his armour, that his ransom would be ample, took great pains to restore his life. After this was effected, and no one sought his redemption, he was sold at auction with other prisoners, and purchased by a bashaw, as a present to his mistress, a lady of distinguished beauty.

Note 30.—*Line* 928.

"*Driven from the beauteous shades.*"

The partiality of Charitza exciting the jealousy of her mother, Smith was sent into Tartary, to her brother, the timor-bashaw of Nalbrits, on the Palus Mœotis.

Note 31.—*Line* 938.

"*When the tyrant's wrath*
Heap'd insolence with outrage, his bold hand
Aveng'd it in his blood."

Smith, exasperated by the personal brutalities of his master, struck him dead with a threshing bat, in his barn, about a league from his mansion. Burying the body beneath the straw, he arrayed himself in the clothes of the dead bashaw, mounted his horse, and with only a knapsack of corn for his subsistence, fled for three days with the utmost precipitation through the deserts of Circassia. Accidentally finding the main road to Muscovy, he travelled upon it 16 days, under the greatest pressure of hunger and fatigue, until he reached a garrison on the Russian frontier, where he found a safe refuge and a cordial welcome.

Note 32.—*Line* 949.

"— *he survey'd*
Europe's exhaustless stores."

After taking a range through various countries of Asia and Europe, he met at Leipsic his faithful patron, the Duke of Transylvania, who presented him with 1500 ducats to repair his decaying finances, and furnished him with letters of recommendation, setting forth his military services. He then took an extensive circuit through Germany, France and Spain. He passed also into Africa, and was allured, says his biographer, "by the rumours of war, and the native affinity of his mind for dangers, to spend some time at the court of Morocco." This must have been at the period of those competitions for the sovereignty which succeeded the death of Muley Achmet in 1603, and which were finally decided by the succession of his youngest son, Muley Sidon, who reigned until the year 1630.

Note 33.—*Line* 961.

" Fring'd with the rose-bay on its graceful stem."

The Nereum Oleander, a beautiful tree, delighting in moist situations, adorns the margin of the Mulluvia, a considerable river, which rises in Mount Atlas, and pursues its course to the Mediterranean, partly dividing Algiers from Morocco.

Note 34.—*Line* 971.

" — 'neath the simple shade
Of his umbrella, holds his Meshooar."

In the empire of Morocco, there is no code of laws, but the will of a despotic monarch disposes of wealth, liberty, opinion, or existence, without appeal. Wherever he happens to be, he grants public audience four times a week, for the distribution of justice, sitting on horseback, while a groom holds an umbrella over his head. This the Moors call holding the " Meshooar ;" though there is also a place in the city of Morocco distinctively styled " the Meshooar," because devoted to these audiences. It is surrounded by walls, and situated between the old palace and the magnificent pavilions erected by Sidi Mahomet.

Note 35.—*Line* 988.

" Yet still the deep foundations of the main
Echo'd those battle thunders."

Smith returned to his native country by the way of France, and in his passage across the channel in a French galley, was in a desperate conflict with two Spanish ships of war, which continued nearly three days, and terminated in the discomfiture of the Spaniards.

Note 36.—*Line* 994.

" A hardy pioneer to this New World,
Hewing out danger's path."

Capt. Smith was one of the original company to which James I. under the date of April 10th, 1606, granted letters patent for the colonization of America. He was appointed to a seat in the first council of what was then denominated the " South Colony," and though he met with the opposition which envy testifies to superior merit, he was afterwards elected president of that body. He embarked with his associates from England,

with Capt. Grosnold, on the 19th of December 1606, but did not arrive on the coast of Virginia, until past the middle of the succeeding spring.

Note 37.—*Line* 1006.

> " *There enthron'd*
> *Sat great Powhatan.*"

The Indian monarch at this audience was seated on a throne somewhat resembling a bedstead, clothed in a flowing robe composed of the skins of the Racoon, with a fanciful coronet of feathers upon his head. His residence was at Worowocomoco, and his sway not only extensive but imperial, in the true signification of the term; for he exercised dominion over thirty tributary kings.

Note 38.—*Line* 1024.

> " *No such kind repast*
> *In gentle friendship, heralded thy death,*
> *Poor Ugolino.*"

The death of Count Ugolino and his sons, by hunger, in the prison of Pisa, during the contest of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, at the close of the thirteenth century, furnished a subject for one of the most striking historical pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is described by Dante in his " Inferno," with great poetical energy.

> " Dreams wak'd me ere the dawn, when in their sleep
> I heard my children groan, and call for bread,
> Oh cruel! should no pity touch thy soul
> To think how much a father's heart presag'd?
> If now thou shedd'st no tears, what have thy eyes
> Been us'd to weep at? Now my boys awoke;
> The hour arriv'd, when each expected food,
> As wonted, would be brought him; but his heart
> Mistrusted, when each thought upon his dream,
> And I—oh horrible! that instant heard
> The dungeon's iron doors more firmly lock'd:
> In desperate silence on my sons I gaz'd,
> I could not weep—my breast was turn'd to stone.
> The little victims wept, and one began,

(My dear Anselmo,) 'Father! why that look!
What ails my Father?'
Ah! I could not weep,
Nor answer all that day, nor yet that night,
Till on the world another morn arose.
As faintly through our doleful prison gleam'd
The tremulous ray, so I could view again
Each face, on which my features were imprest,
Both hands I gnaw'd in agony and rage.
Sweet innocents! They thought me hunger-stung,
And rising on a sudden, all exclaim'd,
'Father! our anguish would be less severe
If thou would'st feed on us. This fleshly vest
Thou didst bestow; now take it back again.'
I check'd my inward nature, lest my groans
Should aggravate their anguish. All were mute
That bitter day, and all the morrow.
Earth!
Why didst thou not obdurate earth! dispart?
The fourth sad morning came, when at my feet
My Gaddo fell extended. 'Help,' he cried,
'Canst thou not help me, father?' and expir'd.
Thus wither'd as thou see'st me, one by one
I saw my children ere the sixth morn, die.
Then seiz'd with sudden blindness, on my knees
I grop'd among them, calling each by name
For three days after they were dead. At length
Famine and death clos'd up the scene of woe."

Note 39.—*Line* 1065.

"— *one young timid maid*
Sat near the throne."

The Princess Pocahontas, in many instances, besides the rescue of Capt. Smith, signified a firm friendship for the English colony. From famine and secret conspiracy, she was more than once the instrument of deliverance. "Oft times," says Capt. Smith, in his history of Virginia,

" in the utmost of my extremities, hath that blessed Pocahontas, the daughter of the great king of Virginia, saved my life." With the heroic magnanimity of a noble soul, she united the softness and tenderness of the feminine character. Yet notwithstanding all her acts of disinterested kindness to the English, she was treacherously decoyed by them on board one of their vessels, and carried to Jamestown. Still their sense of honour moved them to treat her with all that respect which her correct deportment and high rank deserved.

" The motive to this step," says Judge Marshall, in his Life of Washington, " was a hope, that the possession of Pocahontas would give the English an ascendancy over Powhatan, her father, who was known to dote on her. In this, however, they were disappointed. Powhatan offered first, corn, then friendship, if they would immediately restore his daughter, but refused to come to any terms until that reparation was made for what he resented as an act of treachery. During the detention of the Princess at Jamestown, she made an impression on the heart of Mr. Rolfe, a young gentleman of estimation in the colony, who also succeeded in gaining her affections. They were married with the consent of Powhatan, who by this event was entirely reconciled to the English, and ever after continued their sincere friend." After the arrival of Pocahontas in England, with her husband, a petition was addressed in her behalf to Queen Anne, by Capt. Smith, bearing the date of June 1616, in the course of which he mentions, " Being taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesy, especially from his son Nantaquas, the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit that I ever saw in an Indian, and this sister Pocahontas, the king's most dear and well-beloved daughter, whose compassionate, pitiful heart of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her. I being the first Christian that this proud king and his grim attendants ever saw, and thus enthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say that I ever felt the least occasion of want, which was in the power of these my mortal foes to prevent. After some six weeks falling under these savage courtiers, at the moment of my own execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine, and then Nantaquas so prevailed with hisfather, that I was safely conducted to Jamestown, where I found about 38 miserable, poor and sick creatures, to keep possession for all those large territories of

Virginia. Such was the weakness of this poor commonwealth, that had not the Indians fed us, we directly had starved. And this relief, most gracious Queen, was commonly brought us by the Lady Pocahontas, who, notwithstanding all the changes when inconstant fortune turned our peace into war, would not spare to dare to visit us ; and by her our jars have been often appeased, and our wants still supplied. When her father, with the utmost of his policy and power, sought to surprize me, having but eighteen with me, the dark night could not affright her from adventuring through the darksome woods, and with tearful eyes giving me the intelligence, with her best advice how to escape his fury, which had the king known he had surely slain her. She, under God, was the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion : for if in those times it had been once dissolved, Virginia might have lain unto this day, as it was at our arrival."

The age of Pocahontas, at the time of her saving the life of Capt. Smith, is usually fixed at thirteen years, though Mr. Davis, in a note to his song of the "Angel of the Wild," represents her as a child of only eleven years. As this poetical effusion happily displays the tender sensibility of that noble heroine, it is extracted as a close to this note.

THE ANGEL OF THE WILD.

"Sunt lachrymæ."—*Virg.*

Now blazes bright the wigwam-hall,
The plumed Chiefs are circled wide,
Above the crowd with lordly call
Sits Powhatan, in frowning pride.
The captive Smith, in bonds is brought,
His head reclines upon a stone,
The fatal club of Death is sought,
While tawny maids his fate bemoan.
When lo! with scream of anguish loud,
A tender child, in gorgeous vest,
Runs to the stranger through the crowd,
And kneeling, clasps him to her breast.
See, see, her arms around him twin'd,
And hear her pour the piteous wail;
As if for hopeless love she pin'd,

Her tresses loose, her dear cheek pale.
"Stay, stay the club!" exclaims the king,
And hush the white man's dire alarms."
Then rushing through the shouting ring
He strains his daughter in his arms.
Fair Spirit! nurs'd in forest wild,
Whence caught thy breast those sacred flames
That mark thee Mercy's meekest child
Beyond proud Europe's titled dames.
Scalps and war-weapons met thy gaze,
And trophies wove in blood-stain'd wreath:
Thy birth-star was the funeral blaze,
Thy lullaby the song of death.
But Pity sought thee in the wild,
Invisible, thy cradle rock'd,
Seraphic Love his offerings pil'd
And heavenly graces round thee flock'd.

Note 40.—*Line* 1137.

"*While with the diamond seal of truth he stamps*
His oathless treaty."

Clarkson, in his life of William Penn, describes the manner in which his great treaty with the Indians was confirmed, in the year 1682. "The religious principles of Penn," says his biographer, "which led him to the practice of the most scrupulous morality, did not permit him to look upon the king's patent, or legal possession according to the laws of England, as sufficient to establish his right to the country, without purchasing it by fair and open bargain of the natives, to whom it properly belonged. He had instructed commissioners who arrived in America before him, to buy it of the latter, and to make with them a treaty of eternal friendship. This, those commissioners had done, and now, by mutual agreement between him and the Indian chiefs, it was to be solemnly ratified. He proceeded, therefore, accompanied by his friends, consisting of men, women, and young persons of both sexes, to Coaquannoc, the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands. On his arrival, he found the sachems and their tribes assembling. They were seen through the woods,

as far as the eye could reach, and looked frightfully both on account of their number and their arms. The Quakers are reported to have been but a handful in comparison, and without any weapon; so that dismay and terror must have seized them, had they not confided in the righteousness of their cause. It is much to be regretted, when we have accounts of minor treaties, between William Penn and the Indians, that no historian has any particular detail of this, though so many mention it, and all concur in considering it the most glorious of any in the annals of the world. There are, however, relations in Indian speeches, and traditions in Quaker families, descended from those who were present on the occasion, from which we may learn something concerning it. It appears that though the parties were to assemble at Coaquannoc, the treaty was made a little higher up, at Shackamaxon. Upon this site, Kensington now stands, the houses of which may be considered as the suburbs of Philadelphia. There was at Shackamaxon, an elm tree of a prodigious size. To this, the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its widely-spreading branches. William Penn appeared in his usual dress. He had neither crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halberd, or any insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash round his waist, made of silk net-work, and of no larger dimensions than an officer's military sash, which, except in colour, it resembled. On his right hand was Col. Markham, his secretary and relative; on his left, his friend Pierson, followed by the train of Quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandize, which, when they came near the Sachems, were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, in his hand. One of the Sachems, who was the chief of them, then put upon his own head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This, according to scripture language, and among the primitive eastern nations, was an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the Chief who had a right to wear it, put it on, it was understood that the place was made sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn, all the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, seating themselves round their Chiefs, in the form of a half moon upon the ground. The principal Sachem then announced to William Penn, by the aid of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him. He then said, that the Great

Spirit, who made him and them, who ruled the heavens and the earth, and was acquainted with the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, therefore, came they to this treaty unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They had met them on the broad path-way of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood and love. After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the contract then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them, as well as to the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein, relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any dispute should arise between the two, it should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents beside, from the merchandize which was spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do like the inhabitants of Maryland, that is, call them only children or brothers; for parents were sometimes unkind to their children, and brothers would often differ; neither would he compare the friendship between them to a chain, which the rain might rust, or a tree fall upon and break; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, the same as if a man's body was to be divided into two parts. Taking up the parchment, he then presented it to the Sachem who wore the horn in his chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, when they were no longer living to repeat it. It is to be regretted that the speeches of the Indians, on this memorable day, have not come down to us. It is only known that they solemnly pledged themselves, according to the manner of their country,

to live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure. Thus ended this famous treaty, of which more has been said in the way of praise, than of any other ever transmitted to posterity."

To the commendation which the biographer of the Man of Peace bestows on this honourable transaction, we add the concise eulogium of Voltaire, who pronounced it to be "the only treaty which was ratified without an oath, and the only one which was never broken."

Note 41.—*Line* 1138.

"Well might he who sigh'd
A fugitive from his paternal home
Feel for the outcast."

Admiral Penn, being greatly displeased at his son's adoption of religious principles of an unpopular class, and which would preclude his preferment at court, treated him with severity, and twice indignantly sent him from the shelter of the paternal roof, but was eventually softened by his meekness and consistency of deportment, into reconciliation and the renewal of affection.

Note 42.—*Line* 1145.

"Still at the blest name
Of the beloved Miquon, starts the tear
Of Indian gratitude."

Heckewelder observes, that "never will the tribe of the Delawares forget their elder brother Miquon, as they affectionately and respectfully call him. 'The great and good Miquon came to us,' they say, 'bringing the words of peace and of good will.' When they were told the meaning of the name of Penn, they translated it into their own language by Miquon, which means a feather or quill. The Iroquois also called him Onas, which in their idiom signifies the same thing."—*Heckewelder, 1st volume.*

Note 43.—*Line* 1148.

"—faithful as the race
Of Rechab to their dying Sire's command."

The commendations bestowed on the Rechabites, in the 35th chapter of the prophet Jeremiah, for their strict obedience to the injunctions of a

departed father, might be in a degree applied to the followers of William Penn, for their inflexible adherence to his precepts with regard to our aborigines. Considered too, generally, by the other settlers, either as foes to be exterminated, or vassals to be oppressed, they received from these mild colonists the charities of brethren. Pennsylvania, rising on the basis of fair and open purchase, unpolluted by injustice, or persecution of the natives, in her institutions acknowledged their allodial right to the soil, and has ever been preserved from those desolating wars, which distressed the infancy of many of our territories, and threatened to destroy their existence.

Note 44.—*Line* 1200.

"— *wretched Chief!*
Unhappy Orellana."

Orellana was chief of a powerful tribe in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres. With ten of his followers he was seized, and treacherously conveyed on board a Spanish ship, which, with a large crew of Spaniards, and a number of English and Portuguese prisoners, set sail from the mouth of the river La Plata, in the month of November 1745.

Note 45.—*Line* 1211.

"*Incessant wrongs*
Harrow thy lofty spirit."

The Spaniards treated the Indians with great insolence and barbarity. It was common for the meanest officers in the ship to beat them most cruelly, and one of them, a very brutal fellow, ordered Orellano aloft, a service which he knew he was incapable of performing, and under pretence of disobedience beat him with such violence as to leave him bleeding on the deck, stupified with bruises and wounds. Orellana and his followers bore these outrages without complaint, but they were secretly meditating revenge on their oppressors.

Note 46.—*Line* 1229.

"*With thong distain'd.*"

Previous to their bold attempt, the Chief, and his companions in wretchedness, had secretly employed their leisure in cutting thongs from raw hides, and in fitting to each extremity of them the double headed shot

of the small quarter-deck guns. These, when swung around their heads, according to the custom of their country, were a dangerous weapon, in the use of which the natives of Buenos Ayres are trained from their infancy, and consequently very expert.

Note 47.—*Line* 1236.

"— *beneath inclos'd,*
Hundreds of pale oppressors shudd'ring cower'd."

The crew consisted of nearly 500 men, and the ship mounted 66 guns. That an Indian Chief, with only ten followers, ignorant of nautical management, unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, and unable to procure any weapon, except the knives used for their food, and the thongs already described, should be able to lay 40 Spaniards at their feet, and so to intimidate a formidable crew of more than 40 times their number, as to keep uninterrupted possession of the ship for two hours, and then that they should be attacked merely by shot fired at random through the cabin doors, and other crevices, by disciplined men who feared to approach them, is a fact without parallel in the pages of history.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THIRD.

Note 1.—*Line* 18.

" Where mourns the forest Chieftain o'er his race
Banish'd and lost, of whom not one remains
To pour their tears for him."

The following speech of Logan, a Mingo Chief, was given by the late General John S. Eustace to an intimate friend. He confirmed its authenticity by the information that it was presented him personally by Lord Dunmore, to whom it was uttered by the unfortunate chief, while he held the station of Governor of Virginia.

" My cabin, since first I had one of my own, has ever been open to any white man who wanted shelter. My spoils of hunting, since first I began to range these woods, have I ever freely imparted to appease his hunger, to clothe his nakedness. But what have I seen? What! but that at my return at night, laden with spoil, my numerous family lie bleeding on the ground, by the hand of those who had found my little hut a certain refuge from the inclement storm, who had eaten my food, who had covered themselves with my skins! What have I seen? What! but that those dear little mouths, for which I had toiled the live-long day, when I returned at eve to fill them, had not one word to thank me for all that toil!

What could I resolve upon? My blood boiled within me! My heart leaped to my mouth! Nevertheless, I bid my tomahawk be quiet,

and lie at rest for that war, because I thought the great men of your country sent them not to do it. Not long afterward, some of your men invited our tribe to cross the river, and bring their venison with them. They, unsuspicious of evil design, came as they had been invited. The white men then made them drunk, murdered them, and turned their knives even against the women.

Was not my own sister among them? Was she not scalped by the hands of that very man, whom she had taught to escape his enemies, when they were scenting out his track! What could I resolve upon? My blood now boiled thrice hotter than before! Thrice again my heart leaped to my mouth. I bade no longer my tomahawk be quiet, and lie at rest for that war. I no longer thought that the great men of your country sent them not to do it. I sprang from my cabin to avenge their blood, and fully have I done it in this war, by shedding yours from your coldest to your hottest sun. Thus revenged, I am now for peace. To peace have I advised most of my countrymen. Nay! what is more, I have offered, I still offer myself as a victim, being ready to die if their good require it. Think not that I fear death! I have no relations left to mourn for me. Logan's blood runs in no veins but these. I would nor turn on my heel to escape death. And why should I? for I have neither wife, nor child, nor sister, to howl for me when I am gone."

The following version of an "Indian Lament," which recently appeared in the public prints, unaccompanied with the author's name, expresses with simplicity and pathos, some of the feelings which characterize the speech of Logan.

"The black-bird is singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gaily as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er our mountains as beamy a light
As it ever reflected, or ever exprest,
When my skies were the bluest, my visions most blest,
The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens at the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,

For they know that their mates are expecting them back;
Each bird, and each beast, it is blest in degree,
All nature is cheerful, is happy, but me.
I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair,
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest, my woes:
I will weep for a season; by bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they fell not by hunger, or lingering decay,
The steel of the white man hath swept them away,
The snake-skin that once I so sacredly bore,
I will toss with disdain to the storm-beaten shore.
Its spell I no longer obey or invoke,
Its spirit hath left me, its magic is broke.
I will raise up my voice to the Source of the Light,
I will dream on the wings of the Angels of Night,
I will speak with the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves,
I will take a new Manitto, one who shall deign
To be kind and propitious to sorrow and pain.
Oh! then shall I banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from mine eyes,
I shall wash from my face every cloud colour'd stain,
Red! red! shall alone on my visage remain.
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow,
By night and by day will I follow the foe;
No lake shall repress me, no mountain oppose,
For blood can alone give my bosom repose.
They came to my cabin, when heaven was black,
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track,
Yet I saw by the glare of their blazing fusees,
They were people engender'd beyond the big seas:
My wife and my children! oh! spare me the tale,
But who is there left who is kin to Geehale?

Note 2.—*Line* 114.

"Say, may we place
Thy name upon that canvas, which high Fame
Blazons, but yet inscribes not?"

The celebrated Scottish novels, which have excited such uncommon degrees, both of admiration and curiosity, seem now to be almost generally referred to the pen of Sir Walter Scott. The strong resemblance between the poetical works acknowledged to be his, and the productions "by the Author of Waverly," points the inquirer, by a kind of internal evidence, to the wand of "that great Enchanter of the North." Yet to the public it seems an inexplicable modesty, which should incite an author to withhold so long his name from works so vivid in description as to annihilate the barriers of distance, and dispel the mists of time; so patriotic, that strangers from all nations are led in pilgrimage to Scotland, to do homage to her lakes, and mountains, and ruined castles, and caverns, as if some tutelary divinity resided there; so brilliant in fancy, that the lover of romance prefers them to all that had before captivated him, yet so faithful to history, that Truth offers them as a guide to the student; so replete with the knowledge of human nature, that Shakespeare seems to have revived, and reinstituted his claim to the admiration of remote posterity.

Note 3.—*Line* 225.

"—and her gift
Grasp'd as the bane of Famine."

The potatoe is styled by Mr. Donaldson, "the bread-root of Great-Britain and Ireland." Writers affirm that it was introduced into the latter island by Sir Walter Raleigh, about the year 1623; and that a vessel laden with it, and wrecked upon the coast of Lancashire, was the means of dispensing its benefits to England, as the ship of Carthage, driven upon the strand of Italy, gave a fleet to Rome.

But Sir Joseph Banks, in his communication to the Horticultural Society of London, states that the potatoe was brought to England from Virginia, by some colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, who returned as early as 1586. From thence it was soon after conveyed to Ireland,

where it was cultivated, and extensively used among the common people, before the inhabitants of England were fully sensible of its value.

Note 4.—*Line* 226.

"*The fruitful maize.*"

America has the honour both of presenting Europe with the Solanum Tuberosum, which has so sensibly diminished the ravages of famine within her bounds, and likewise of furnishing the native soil for a grain remarkable for its productiveness, and second only to wheat, in the degree of nutriment it affords to the human frame. According to Marabelli's analysis of the Zea Mays, it "contains a saccharine matter of different degrees of purity, from which alcohol, the oxalic and acetous acids, may be obtained; a vegetable amylaceous substance, a glutinous substance; muriat and nitrat of magnesia; carbonats of potash, lime, and magnesia; and iron."

Note 5.—*Line* 264.

"*The firm Diospyros.*"

The Diospyros Virginiana rises to the height of from fourteen to sixteen feet, with a wood extremely hard and brittle. It produces a plumb of about the size of a date, and its bark is useful in intermittent fevers. The bark of its root has been considered also a tonic, favourable to the treatment of dropsies.

Note 6.—*Line* 267.

"*—freely urg'd*
The cool aperient from the fragrant bark
Of Sassafras."

The bark of the Laurus Sassafras is a remedy in intermittents. "Its oil, also," says the late Professor Barton, "has been found efficacious when externally applied in cases of wens." Another plant of the same genus, the Laurus Benzoin, commonly called Spice-Wood, enters extensively into the materia medica of the natives. A decoction of its twigs is an agreeable aperient, and in our revolutionary war, when the patriotism of the people incited them to adopt the productions of their own country in the place of those foreign luxuries to which they had been accustomed, the dried and pulverized berries of the Laurus Benzoin were adopted as a substitute for allspice, as the saccharine juice of the cornstalk had been

found to supply the place of molasses, and an infusion of the leaves of the sage, to supercede the teas of China.

Note 7.—Line 269.

" Cropp'd the fair bloom with which young Spring adorns
The flow'ring Cornus."

The flowers of the Cornus Florida, or as it is usually called, Dogwood, appear in the spring, and exhibit a beautiful appearance. Their large and white involucre form a fine contrast to the forest green, and their hue becomes gradually more delicate, as if emulous of the purity of snow. Our natives use an infusion of these flowers in intermittents; and some of the tribes gave a name to the season of Spring, in allusion to the bloom of this plant. Its blossoms are succeeded by oblong drupes of a rich crimson tint, which are sometimes used as a tonic in the form of a spirituous impregnation, and likewise furnish a favourite food for various species of birds. Its wood, under the name of New-England box, is held in high estimation for its durability, and enters into the construction of many articles both for utility and ornament. But what constitutes its principal value is the discovery that its inner or cortical bark, promises to be equally valuable with the Peruvian. Indeed, it may be considered superiour, as being less nauseous to the taste and the stomach, always to be obtained in abundance, and not liable to the danger of adulteration. The merits of this substance as a medicine, have been clearly and forcibly displayed by Dr. Walker of Virginia, in an inaugural dissertation on the comparative virtues of the Cornus florida, Cornus sericea, and Cinchona officinalis of Linnæus. After detailing a number of chemical experiments, he remarks: " A summary recapitulation of these experiments shews, that the Cornus florida, sericea, and Peruvian bark, possess the same ingredients; that is, gum, mucilage, and extracts; which last contain the tannin and gallic acid, though in different proportions. The Florida has most of the gum mucilage and extracts; the Sericea the next, which appears to be an intermediate between the Florida and Cinchona; while the latter possesses most of the resin. Their virtues appear similar, and equal, in their residence. The extract and resin possess all their active powers. The extract appears to possess all their tonic powers. The resin, when perfectly separated from the extract, appears to be purely stimulant; and

probably the tonic powers of the extract are increased when combined with a portion of the resin, as in the spirituous tincture." Dr. Gregg, of Bristol in Pennsylvania, in a testimony to the merits of the Cornus florida, asserts, that during a period of 23 years, experience of its virtues had convinced him, "that it was not inferior to the Peruvian bark in curing intermittents; nor inferior as a corroborant in all cases of debility."

Note 8.—*Line* 270.

"*Anxiously they sought*
The Liriodendron."

The bark of the Liriodendron Tulipifera is considered by some as scarcely inferior to the Cinchona in the cure of fevers. It has also been classed among remedies in cases of gout and rheumatism. This fine tree produces flowers resembling the tulip, beautifully variegated with light green, yellow and orange, and standing solitary at the extremities of the branches. The leaves of this tree have a peculiarly obtuse form, and its young bark is aromatic.

Note 9.—*Line* 272.

"— *sanguine Cornus, with its snowy cup*
And sapphire drupe."

The Cornus sericea, or American Red-root cornel, is sometimes called from the colour of the epidermial covering of its young shoots, the Red-Willow. It is found in a moist soil, usually by the banks of rivers, and seldom exceeds the height of ten or twelve feet. Its white flowers appear in clusters, and are succeeded by a succulent drupe of a blue colour. The North-Carolinian Indians scrape the inner bark as a substitute for tobacco, or sometimes use it as an adjunct to that plant. It is considered in medicine equal to the pale Peruvian bark. "When we consider," says Dr. Walker, "the causes of the various forms of disease which are the endemics of our country, we cannot but receive additional inducements to regard the Corni as the most valuable vegetable which Nature, in the prolificness of her bounty, has scattered through the wide forests of North-America. For so long as the mouldering ruins of our swamps, and the uncultivated conditions of our marshes, shall afford materials for the peccant operations of an autumnal sun, we shall view with peculiar delight the virtues of these two vegetables, which inherit the two essential charac-

ters of the most valuable division of the materia medica, I mean bitterness and astringency; to the happy union of which the Corni have a claim as respectable as that which has procured for the Peruvian bark a celebrity as extensive as the bounds of rational medicine. Indeed, so striking is the similitude, so exact the result from comparative trials, that in this attempt to recommend the Cornus florida and sericea, to the attention of practising physicians, I cannot even review the forms of disease, in the particular states of which the Corni are indicated, without encroaching upon the reputation of the cinchona; for in truth it may be said, that in whatever form of disease the cinchona has been decidedly serviceable, the Corni will be found equally so. And if we make allowances for the chances and inducements to adulteration in the former, for our relationship to the latter, for its wide extent through the very soil in which are engendered the seeds of those maladies which their virtues are fitted to remove, we must acknowledge their superiority. Experiments of a diversified nature warrant this conclusion. They are like the cinchona, bitter and astringent in the mouth, tonic and febrifuge in the stomach; and their chemical analysis affords results perfectly analogous."

Note 10.—*Line* 274.

"— *woo'd thy potent spell*
Magnolia Grandiflora."

This magnificent tree throws out its large white fragrant blossoms in July. Its medicinal virtues were familiar to our natives, while they were accustomed proudly to point it out as the glory of the forest. "The bark of its root," says the late Professor Barton, "is used in Florida, in combination with the Snake-Root, as a substitute for the Peruvian bark, in the treatment of intermittent fevers."

Note 11.—*Line* 282.

"— *the pure blood*
Of Liquidambar."

The Liquidambar Styraciflua is found near the banks of rivulets, tall, and elegantly formed, with leaves of a beautiful lustre. From wounds made in the trunk of this tree, a fragrant gum exudes, which operates as a powerful tonic. The Southern natives were in the habit of drying its leaves to mingle with their tobacco for smoking.

Note 12.—*Line* 283.

"— *the pores*
Of the balsamic Populus."

"Under the head of general stimulants may be classed the resin of the Populus balsamifera, called Balsam, or Tacamahaca-tree. This is a native of North-America and Siberia. The resin is procured from the leaf-buds. This balsam is so very penetrating, that it communicates its peculiar smell and taste to the flesh of the birds which feed upon its buds."—*Collection towards a Materia Medica of the United States. By Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton.*

Note 13.—*Line* 288.

"— *which the bold Ayrshire bard*
Wish'd in his patriot vengeance to entail
On Caledonia's foes."

"Oh! thou grim mischief-making chiel
Who gar'st the notes of Discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;
Gie a' the foes of Scotland's weal,
A towmond's tooth-ache."

Burns' Works.

Note 14.—*Line* 291.

"— *the rough genius of that lofty tree*
Whose yellow armour bears in countless studs
The horrid thorn."

The botanical genus Xanthoxylum, received its name on account of the yellow colour of its wood. The species Clava Herculis, which was used by our Indians in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, is sometimes called the great prickly Yellow wood. The trunk often grows to the height of 30 or 40 feet, armed with very powerful prickles, which are thick at the base, and angular and sharp at the point. The leaves are pinnate, and a foot in length, the foot-stalks armed with strait thorns of a third of an inch. This is frequently denominated the Tooth-Ache Tree, and its bark and seed vessels have the property of a powerful stimulant, when taken

internally, and have been found useful in cases of Rheumatism. The medicinal virtues of another species of this plant, the "franaxifolium,' were also known to the natives. Lawson remarks, that they extracted from its berries the salivating power of mercury, and made use of decoctions of the plant, as strong perspiratives.

Note 15.—*Line* 295.

" A verdant barrier of fresh-gather'd leaves
Cull'd from an acrid plant."

The Indians of Demarara use the leaves of the Dracontium pertusum in the treatment of obstinate dropsies. "The body of the patient is covered with them, and a universal perspiration, or rather vesication induced, after which the subject often recovers." The leaves of this plant are remarkable for numerous elliptical perforations.

Note 16.—*Line* 298.

" Where Rhododendron like some drooping maid
Timid and beauteous hides her golden locks."

The Rhododendron Chrysanthemum, or golden flowered Rhododendron, is a beautiful shrub, and of high reputation in the treatment of Chronic Rheumatism. An infusion of its leaves is both stimulant and narootic. It has been celebrated in Russia for the cure of the same disease, and is procured in Siberia, Kamschatka, and Bherring's Island.

Note 17.—*Line* 301.

" Or lur'd her statelier sister's aid to bribe
Relentless Chronic Rheumatism."

"The inflorescence of the Rhododendron maximum is almost umbellate; the blossoms delicately coloured, having the red and white tints of an apple blossom, while the green and yellow dots on their upper segment are strikingly conspicuous." Of close affinity to the Rhododendron is the genus Kalmia, of which many species are poisonous. The Kalmia latifolia was formerly used by those miserable natives who had determined on suicide. But modern enterprize has successfully enlisted it in the service of medicine, and it is applied, in a pulverized form, internally, in fevers, or topically, for the relief of cutaneous affections.

Note 18.—*Line* 307.

" How vivid is the eye
Of bright Lobelia in her scarlet robe."

The genus Lobelia is connected by several of its species with the materia medica. Our natives were well acquainted with this fact, particularly with the virtues of the blue Lobelia, and the Lobelia inflata, both of which are lactescent. A decoction of the root of the beautiful Lobelia Cardinalis, is extensively used by the Cherokees as an anthelmintic.

Note 19.—*Line* 317.

" Thus with bold hand compelling the proud force
Of deadly Hellebore."

" In ancient Egypt, the insane were conducted to those temples, in which were collected whatever seemed calculated to please the eye, and rivet the attention. There, as they wandered from one magnificent object to another, the world and its vexations were forgotten, and amid the deep interest of the scene, the gloomy images which haunted them were banished from their minds. In Greece, on the other hand, the followers of Hippocrates relied exclusively on the specific powers of Hellebore and its adjuvants; medicines which, at this day, are rarely employed."—*Report of a committee of the Medical Society of Connecticut, respecting an Asylum for the Insane.*

Note 20.—*Line* 327.

" Where the May-Apple loads the pendant bough
With emerald clusters."

The Podophyllum peltatum, generally called the May-Apple, is a common plant throughout the United States. Its fruit is about the size of a common plumb, of green colour, and esculent. The leaves are poisonous, and the root, which is a very active medicine, resembles that of the black Hellebore.

Note 21.—*Line* 328.

" Where th' Asclepias bows
Her bright, decumbent petals."

The Asclepias decumbens, with flowers of a bright orange-colour, is a beautiful and frequent ornament of our fields. It has sometimes been called Pleurisy-Root, from its salutary influence in that disease; and also

Butterfly-weed, from the attraction which it appears to possess for this species of insect. Its root is used in a pulverized form; and the high opinion entertained of it, by the native tribes, seems to be confirmed by the testimony of some of our scientific medical practitioners.

Note 22.—*Line* 331.

" — where, embow'ring blooms
The fair Convolvulus, gleaming with tints
Of purple lustre."

Among the extensive genus Convolvolus, the panduratus is distinguished for its medicinal powers. It produces large white flowers, whose bases are deeply tinged with a fine purple. Its root is used either in powder, or decoction; and from it the southern Indians gain their "Mechameck" or wild Rhubarb. From another species of Convolvolus an extract, resembling Scammomy, is obtained.

Note 23.—*Line* 332.

" — or the Cassia shoots
Its aromatic stem, and slender leaf
With silver lin'd."

The Cassia Marilandica is referred to in this passage, which was numbered by our aborigines among their cathartics. Several of the other species of this plant hold a far more conspicuous place in the pharmacopeia of modern science than the marilandica. Such, for instance, are the Senna, an Asiatic and African plant; the Emarginata, which in Jamaica, its native soil, is used as a substitute for the Senna; the Occidentalis, which in the same island is considered a powerful ingredient in fomentations and baths for inflamed limbs; the Fistula, which forms the basis of a mild and salubrious electuary; the Italica, a native of North-Africa and the Levant; and the Alata, found both in the East and West Indies, the juice of whose leaves and buds is a remedy in cutaneous affections. To these, it may not perhaps be improper to add the Cassia Chamæcrista, which is cultivated in parts of Maryland and Virginia, to recover exhausted lands, or enrich those which are barren by nature.

Note 24.—*Line* 339.

" That sinuous root, which blind Credulity
Hail'd as a shield against the serpent's fang,
But Truth enrolls amid her precious spells
For wan Disease."

The Polygala Senega, the celebrated Snake-Root of our natives, though now discredited as an antidote to the bite of the Rattle-Snake, is exhibited with success by some of our physicians, in the treatment of several diseases. Pursh mentions two varieties of this species, " one with white flowers in a dense spike, the other with rose coloured flowers in a loose clustre, and with narrower leaves."

Note 25.—*Line* 342.

" — to its rocky home
Lur'd by a purple ensign, like the tinge
Of the pure Amethyst, detected oft
The hidden Fever-root."

The Friosteum Perfoliatum is found in rich rocky grounds through a great part of the United States. It is however a rare plant, and distinguished by the deep purple tinge of its flowers and drupes. The cortex of the root is a carthartic, and partakes also of the properties of Ipecacuanha. So extensive was the acquaintance of our natives with medicines of the latter description, that the late Dr. Benjamin S. Barton mentions, that " the Six nations make use of at least twelve or fourteen different emetics, all of which, except the sulphate of iron, are vegetables."

Note 26.—*Line* 342.

" — or dext'rous pierc'd
The Ginseng's cavern."

The Panax Quinquefolium is found in the mountainous woods of North-America, and Chinese Tartary. It is an umbelliferous plant, and its simple white flower is succeeded by a heart-shaped scarlet drupe. It is gently stimulant, and our Indians frequently prepare a tea from its leaves. Adair mentions that some of them are accustomed to use a strong decoction of this plant in their ceremonies upon religious occasions. The Asiatic Ginseng is considered superior to the American. The

Chinese and Tartars entertain so high an opinion of its virtues, as to denominate it "the plant that giveth immortality."

Note 27.—*Line* 351.

"The Iris 'lumining her damp alcove
With bright prismatic lustre, to their will
Resign'd her rainbow lamp."

The Iris Versicolor and Iris Verna are used by the Southern Indians as cathartics. The Florentina also, a native of Italy, has an acrid root, which in its fresh state is a powerful cathartic, and when dry operates as an expectorant. The root of the Palustris, or Palustris Lutea, is both an errhine and sialagogue. When fresh it is a strong cathartic, but after being dried ranks among astringents. It has been recommended as a remedy in the tooth-ache; and beside its subserviency to the materia-medica, furnishes a deep black dye, and is used in Scotland for making ink. This extensively variegated genus is well known to have received its name of Iris, from the ancient Greeks, on account of the concentric hues of the flower, exhibiting a faint resemblance to the rainbow.

Note 28.—*Line* 353.

"—that tall plant
Whose flow'r and budding leaf together spring."

The Dirca Palustris is found, as its name indicates, in a wet soil. It rises to the height of five or six feet, and flowers in April, before the expansion of its leaves. Its bark partakes of the properties of canthari-des, and some of our aborignes use as a cathartic, a decoction of the cortex of its root. Its common appellation of Leather-Wood is justi-fied by the character of its bark, which is so tough and pliant, as to be wrought into ropes and baskets for domestic accommodation.

Note 29.—*Line* 361.

"The firm Cassine endures the wrecking storm,
And changeful season, by tradition styl'd
The boon of Heaven."

The Ilex Vomitoria, or Evergreen Cassine, is a native of West Florida. An infusion of it is the standard medicine of the Southern Indians. It has been supposed that this is the same plant which is found

in Paraguay, the sale of whose leaves is to the Jesuits such an important branch of revenue. It is found also in Carolina, and among some of our tribes was held in such high esteem, that the decoction of its toasted leaves called "black drink," their women were not permitted to taste. Lawson, in recording a tradition of this plant, says "The savages of Carolina have it in veneration above all the plants they are acquainted withal, and tell you the discovery thereof was by an infirm Indian, who laboured under the burden of many rugged distempers, and could not be cured by all their Doctors; so, one day he fell asleep, and dreamt that if he took a decoction of the tree that grew at his head, he would certainly be cured: upon which he awoke, and saw the Yaupon, or Cassine-tree, which was not there when he fell a sleep. He followed the direction of his dream, and became perfectly well in a short time. Now I suppose, no man has so little sense as to believe this fable; yet it lets us see what they intend thereby, and that it has doubtless worked feats enough, to gain it such an esteem among these savages, who are too well versed in vegetables, to be brought to a continual use of any one of them, upon a mere conceit or fancy, without some apparent benefit they found thereby; especially when we are sensible, that they drink the juices of plants, to free nature of her burthens, and not out of foppery and fashion, as other nations are oftentimes found to do."

In closing these botanical notes, which probably comprize but a small number of the medicinal plants known to our natives, the words of the late Professor Barton, whose attention to this subject marked at once his perseverence and benevolence, are particularly appropriate. "Judging from the discoveries which have been made in the term of three hundred years, it may be safely conjectured, that there are no countries of the globe from which there is reason to expect greater or more valuable accessions to the Materia-Medica, than those of America. In conducting our inquiries into the properties of the medicinal vegetables of our country, much useful information may, I am persuaded, be obtained through the medium of our intercourse with the Indians. Some of the rudest tribes of our continent are acquainted with the general medical properties of many of their vegetables. We shall find that the Materia Medica of these people contains but few substances as inert as many of those which have a place in our books on this science. What treasures

of medicine may not be expected from a people, who, although destitute of the lights of science, have discovered the properties of some of the most inestimable medicines with which we are acquainted? Without mentioning the productions of South-America, let it be recollected, that it is to the rude tribes of the United States that we are indebted for our knowledge of Polygala Senega, Aristolochia Serpentaria, and Spigelia Marilandica."

Note 30.—*Line* 394.

"—*its lambent spire*
Play'd round the temples, and the hoary head
Of old Shenandoah."

Shenandoah, a venerable chief of the Oneidas, who died at the advanced age of 113, thus expressed before his departure, the deep feeling of his loneliness. "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred years have swept over its branches. It is dead at the top Those who began life with me, have run away from me. Why I am suffered thus to remain God only knows." Not inferior in pathos, was the request of Scanando, an aged chieftain of the same tribe, who had embraced christianity. "Lay me in death by the side of my minister, and my friend, that I may go up with him at the great resurrection."

Note 31.—*Line* 399.

"*Thou at whose name*
Our kindling warriors for the battle arm."

This speech was addressed to Gen. Washington in 1790, by Corn-planter, a celebrated Seneca chief.

Note 32.—*Line* 439.

"*Deep sighs he breathes*
To the Great Spirit when the sun declines,
And ere his first ray lights the trembling Morn
He renders praise."

Our natives were habituated to address their prayers to the Great Spirit. This was noticed by many of the first colonists, and Roger Williams, one of the early settlers of New England, and governor of Rhode Island, remarks, "I have heard a poor Indian lamenting the loss

of his child, call up at the break of day, his wife and family, to lamentation, and with abundance of tears cry out, 'Oh God! Thou hast taken away my child. Thou art angry with me. Oh turn thine anger from me, and spare thou the rest of my children.'" "The Indian when he worships his Creator," says the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, "does not forget to pray that he may be endowed with courage to fight, and conquer his enemies, among whom he includes savage beasts. When he has performed some heroic act, he will not forget to acknowledge it as a mark of divine favour, by making a sacrifice or publickly announcing that his success was entirely owing to the courage given him by the All-Powerful Spirit. This habitual devotion to the Great First Cause, and a strong feeling of gratitude for the favours that he confers, is one of the prominent traits that characterize the mind of the untutor'd Indian. An old Indian told me, about fifty years ago, that when he was young he still followed the custom of his fathers and ancestors, of climbing upon a high mountain to thank the Great Spirit, for his benefits bestowed, and to entreat a continuance of his favour; and that they were sure that their prayers were heard, and acceptable to the Great Spirit, though he did not himself appear to them." These declarations of their faith in the inefficacy of prayer, may be concluded by a specimen of their devotion, at once pathetic and sublime. "O Eternal! have mercy upon me, because I am passing away,—O Infinite! because I am but a speck,—O Most Mighty! because I am weak,—O Source of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave,—O Omniscient! because I am in darkness,—O All Bounteous! because I am poor,—O All Sufficient! because I am nothing."

Note 33.—*Line* 475.

"*From a tow'ring height*
They mark'd the goodly prospect."

These Chieftains view'd the city of New York, from the balcony of Congress-Hall, where a dinner was given them in 1789, when they came to treat on national affairs.

Note 34.—*Line* 530.

"*Full many a strain*
Of native eloquence, simple and wild
Has risen in our dark forests."

A bold, nervous, and figurative style characterizes the speeches, and even the more common communications of our aborigines. More liberally than other savage nations, they seem to have been endowed with the gift of Nature's eloquence. Most of their effusions have literally been poured upon the regardless winds; though the existence of a few have been preserved, principally in miscellaneous collections. The Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, has recorded a speech, which was delivered in Detroit, Dec. 9, 1801, by a Chief of the Delaware tribe, and addressed to the commanding officer of that post, then in the hands of the British. At the beginning of the revolutionary war, the Lenni Lenape having in vain endeavoured to remain neutral, generally joined the Americans; but this Chief with his party had become allies of the English. It seems that they had repented when it was too late to retract, and were compelled to continue in hostility to the Americans. At their return from an expedition, the following report was made to the British commandant in the Council-house at Detroit, before a large concourse. "Several missionaries were present," says Mr. Heckewelder, "among whom I was. The Chief was seated in front of his Indians, facing the Commandant. In his left hand he held a scalp, tied to a short stick. After a pause of some minutes he arose, and thus addressed the Governor.

"Father! (at the utterance of this word, the orator stopped, and turning round to the audience, with a face full of meaning, and a sarcastic look which I should in vain attempt to describe, went on conversing with them,) I have said *Father*, although, I do not know why I am to call *him* so, having never known any other Father than the French, and considering the English only as brothers." It may perhaps be well to mention here, that the Delawares had been steadfast friends of the French, in the war of 1756, but after the peace in 1763, having vainly hoped that their Father, the King of France, would send an army, to retake Canada, they submitted with reluctance to the British government. "But as this name," said the orator, "has been imposed upon us, I

shall make use of it, and *say* (fixing his eyes upon the Commandant,) Father! sometime ago, you put a war-hatchet into my hand, saying, 'Take this weapon, and try it on the heads of my enemies, the Long-knives, and bring me word if it is sharp and good.' Father! at the time when you gave me this weapon I had neither cause nor inclination to go to war with a people who had done me no injury. Yet in obedience to you, who *say*, that you are my Father, and call me your child, I received the hatchet: well knowing that if I did not obey, you would withhold from me the necessaries of life, without which I could not subsist; and where else should I procure them, but at the house of a parent.

"Father! You perhaps think me a fool, for risking my life at your bidding; in a cause too, where I have no prospect of gain. It is your cause, and not mine. It is your concern to fight the Long-knives; you have raised a quarrel among yourselves, and you ought *yourselves* to fight it out. *If the Indians be your children*, you should not compel them to expose themselves to danger *for your sakes*. Father! Many lives have been already lost on your account. Nations have suffered, and been weakened. Children have lost parents. Wives have lost husbands. Who can know how many more may perish, before *your* war will be at an end? Father! I have said that you may perhaps think me a fool, for thus thoughtlessly rushing on *your* enemy. Do not believe this, Father! Think not that I want sense to convince me that although you now pretend to keep up a perpetual enmity to the Long-Knives, you may before long conclude a peace with them.

"Father! You say you love your children, the Indians. This you have often *told them*: indeed it is your interest to say so, that you may have them at your service. But Father! Who of us can believe that it is possible for you to love a people of different colour from your own, better than those who have a white skin like yourselves? Father! Attend to what I am going to say. While you, Father, are setting me on your enemy, much in the same manner as a hunter sets his dog on the game, while I am in the act of rushing on that enemy of yours, with the bloody destructive weapon you gave me, I may perhaps happen to look back, to the place from whence you started me, and what shall I see? Perhaps I may see my Father shaking hands with the Long-Knives;

yes, with those very people he at this moment calls his foes. Then I may see him laugh at my folly, for having obeyed his orders; and yet, I am now risking my life at his command. Father! Keep what I have said in remembrance.

"Now Father! Here is what has been done with the hatchet you gave me (presenting the scalp). I have done with this hatchet what you ordered me to do. I have found it sharp. Nevertheless, I did not do all that I might have done. No! I did not. My heart failed within me. I felt compassion for *your enemy*. Innocence had no part in your quarrels. Therefore I distinguished, I spared. I took some live flesh, which while I was bringing to you, I espied one of your large canoes, and put it there for you. In a few days you will receive this flesh, and find that the *skin is the same colour with your own*.

"Father! I hope *you* will not destroy what *I* have spared. You, Father, have the means of preserving what with me would perish for want. The warrior is poor, his cabin is empty: but your house, Father, is ever full."

"Here," says Mr. Heckewelder, "we see boldness, frankness, dignity and humanity, happily blended, and eloquently displayed. The component parts of this discourse are put together, much according to the rules of oratory of the schools, and which were certainly unknown to the speaker. The peroration is short, truly pathetic, even sublime: and I wish I could convey to the mind of the reader a small part of the impression which this speech made on me, and on all who heard it delivered."

The following effusion is of a wholly different character. It was uttered a few years since, by a Maha Chieftain, named Big-Elk, over the grave of the Chief of the Teton tribe, who died at Portage des Sioux, on his return from our seat of government. He was interred with all the honours of war, and this speech was taken literally by the Secretary of the American Commissioners.

"Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best of men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit: all nations and people must obey. What is past, and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged or displeased then, that in visiting your Father you have lost

your Chief. A misfortune of this kind may never again befall you: perhaps it would have overtaken you at your own village. Five times have I visited this land, yet never returned without sorrow and pain. Woes do not flourish particularly in our path. They grow every where. What a misfortune that I could not have died this day, instead of the Chief who lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained by my death, would have been doubly paid for by the honours of my burial. They would have wiped off every thing like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, instead of this noble grave, and grand procession, the rolling music, and thundering cannon, with a banner waving over my head, I shall be wrapped in a robe, and raised on a slender scaffold to the whistling winds, soon to be blown to the earth, my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones scattered on the plain by wild beasts."

On the subject of the eloquence of our aborigines, Sansom, in his travels in Canada, remarks, "when Father Charlevoix, a learned Jesuit, first assisted at an Indian council, he could not believe that the Jesuit, who acted as interpreter, was not imposing upon the audience the effusions of his own brilliant imagination. Yet Charlevoix had been accustomed to the Orations of Massillon, and Bourdaloue; when those eminent orators displayed all the powers of pulpit eloquence, at the funerals of princes, upon the fertile subject of the vanity of life; but he confesses that he had never heard any thing so interesting, as the extempore discourses of an Indian chief. Even those who have had the enviable privilege of listening in the British house of Commons, to

'The popular harangue,—the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,'

that flowed spontaneous from Burke, and Sheridan, and Fox, and Pitt, during the most splendid period of British oratory, have freely acknowledged that they never heard any thing more impressive than an Indian speech, accompanied as it usually is, with all the graces of unconstrained delivery."

No. 35.—*Line* 551.

"*Oolaita.*"

This incident is borrowed from Schoolcraft's Journal. The heroine was a native of the Sioux tribe, who inhabit the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri. They are warlike and powerful, and feared by the neighbouring nations. This tribe admits of several subdivisions, among which the clan of Minowa Kantong has obtained pre-eminence. One of its principal bands resides near the head of Lake Pepin, and to this belonged the father of Oolaita. The Minowa Kantongs are by far the most civilized of the Sioux tribe. They are skilfull in the construction of canoes, and in the use of fire-arms, with which they are well provided. They are the only ones among their nation, who erect log-huts, and attend to the cultivation of vegetables. The Sioux are considered as the most warlike and independent tribe of Indians within the territory of the United States. With them, every passion is held in subservience to the enthusiasm of the warrior, and to be "invincible in arms," is the summit of ambition. Such is the excellence of their leaders, and the dauntless spirit of the people, that they have hitherto bid defiance to every hostile attack. From their pronunciation, habits and personal appearance, the opinion has been entertained that they derive their origin from the Tartars. The following description of Lake Pepin, where a part of this tribe have their territory, is from the pen of Schoolcraft. "This beautiful sheet of water is an expansion of the Mississippi river, six miles below the Sioux village of Talangamane, and one hundred below the Falls of St. Anthony. It is twenty-four miles in length, with a width of from two to four miles, and is indented with several bays, and prominent points, which serve to enhance the beauty of the prospect. On the east shore is a lofty range of lime-stone bluffs, which are much broken and crumbled, sometimes run into pyramidal peaks, and often present a character of the utmost sublimity. On the west is a high level prairie, covered with the most luxuriant growth of grass, yet nearly destitute of forest trees. This lake is beautifully circumscribed by a broad beach of clean washed gravel, which often extends from the foot of the surrounding highlands, three or four hundred yards into the lake, forming gravelly points, upon which there is a delightful walk, and scalloping out

the margin of the lake, with the most pleasing irregularity. In walking along these, the eye is attracted by the various colours of mineral gems, which are promiscuously scattered among the water-worn debris of granitic, and other rocks; and the agate, carnelian, and chalcedony are met with at every step. The size of these gems is often as large as the egg of the partridge, and their transparency and beauty of color is only excelled by the choicest oriental specimens."

Note 36.—*Line* 843.

"—*the peaceful roofs*
Of sad Muskingum."

"A whole town of christian Indians, consisting of 90 men, women and children, were butchered in cold blood at Muskingum, in 1783, notwithstanding they had been our tried friends, throughout the whole of the revolutionary war."—*Star in the West.*

Note 37.—*Line* 845.

"—*the deserted bounds*
Of the slain Creeks."

"In the autumn of 1813, a detachment of soldiers, under Gen. Coffee, laid waste the Tallushatches towns where the Creeks had assembled. Women and children were among the wounded and slain, and not one warrior escaped to bear tidings to the remainder of the tribe." *Traits of Indian Character. Analectic Magazine.*

Note 38.—*Line* 846.

"—*from the troubled grave*
Of Malaanthee."

In the summer of 1788, a party of Kentucky militia set out on an expedition against the Pickewatown. They were discovered by some young hunters, pursuing the chase, who returned and gave information to their aged chieftain, Malaanthee. He refused to believe that any injury was intended them by the whites, on account of a treaty which had been executed the preceding spring. He therefore unsuspiciously advanced to meet them, holding in one hand this treaty signed by the American Commissioners, and in the other the flag of the United States, which he had received at the same time. "I, and my people," said he, "are

friends of the thirteen fires. Faithfully have we observed the treaty made with their Chiefs; and on this flag, which they gave me as a mark of friendship, I place my own and my people's protection." A fatal blow was their answer to the hoary Chief. The white flag, stained with blood, was torn from his lifeless hand, and displayed as a trophy on the Court-house at Lexington.

This unprincipled deed is strongly contrasted with an instance of magnanimity, and inviolable friendship, recorded in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. Col. Byrd was once sent to transact some business with the Cherokee nation; and it happened that some of our disorderly people had just murdered one or two of theirs. It was proposed in the council of the Cherokees, that Col. Byrd should be put to death, in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. Among them, was a chief named Silouéé, who on some former occasion had contracted a friendly acquaintance with Col. Byrd. Every night he came to him in his tent, telling him not to be afraid, for they should not take away his life. After many days deliberation, they however determined, contrary to Silouéé's expectation, that Col. Byrd should be put to death, and some warriors despatched as executioners. Silouéé attended them, and when they entered the tent, threw himself between them and their victim, exclaiming "this man is my friend! Before you get at him, you must kill me." On this, the warriors returned, and the Council respected the principle so much, as to recede from their decision.

Note 39.—*Line* 849.

> *"Lo! Behold the men*
> *Who knew, and publish'd the pure word of peace,*
> *Yet kept it not."*

"I was astonished," says the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, "to hear in April 1787, a great Delaware Chief, after recapitulating some of the wrongs sustained through the whites, conclude in these words. 'I admit that there are good white men: but they bear no proportion to the bad. The bad must be strongest; for the bad rule. They do what they please. They enslave those who are not of their colour, though created by the same Great Spirit. They would make slaves of us, if they could, but as they have not fully done

it, they kill us. There is no faith in their words. They are not like us Indians, enemies only in war: in peace friends. They will say to an Indian, My friend! My brother! They will take him by the hand, and at the same moment destroy him. And so you, (addressing himself to the Christian Indians,) so you will also be treated by them before long. Remember this day have I warned you to beware of such friends as these. I know the Long-Knives: they are not to be trusted.' Eleven months after this speech was delivered by the prophetic Chief, 96 of the same Christian Indians, about 60 of them women and children, were murdered in the very place where these words had been spoken, by the men he had alluded to, and in the manner he had described." *Loskiel. Part* 3, *Chap.* 10.

Note 40.—*Line* 868.

"*The Chehaw villages.*"

The destruction of the Chehaw villages, was in the spring of 1818, by Gen. Jackson, when for the space of three days the country was ravaged, the houses burned, the provisions destroyed, the men slaughtered, and the women made captives.

NOTES

TO

CANTO FOURTH.

Note 1.—*Line* 33.

"*The mighty Mohawk.*"

Ever since the settlement of this country by the Europeans, the Mohawks have been noted for their fierceness, and the terror they inspired among the surrounding tribes. Their original territory was in the vicinity of Hudson's river, though they have now removed to the countries under the British jurisdiction. At the period of Capt. Smith's history, which was published in London in 1627, they are mentioned as "a great nation, and very populous." Gookin's "Historical Collections of the Indians of New-England," bearing date in 1692, contains the following testimony to the warlike and imposing character of this tribe. "These Mohawks, or Maquas, are given to rapine and spoil, and hostility with the neighbouring Indians. In truth, they were, in time of war, so great a terror to our Indians, even though ours were far more in number than they, that the appearance of four or five Mohawks in the woods would frighten them from their habitations and corn-fields, and reduce many of them to get together into forts, by which means they were brought to straits and poverty. For they were driven from their planting-fields through fear, and from their fishing and hunting places; yea, they durst not go into the woods to seek roots and nuts to sustain life. To sum up all concerning them, you may see that they are a stout and cruel people, much addicted to bloodshed and barbarity; and very prone to vex and spoil the peaceable Indians."

Note 2.—Line 33.

"*— and fierce Delaware.*"

"The Delawares, or Leni Lenape Indians," says the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, "according to the traditions handed down to them by their ancestors, resided many hundred years ago, in a very distant country, in the western part of the American continent. They afterwards emigrated, and settled on the four great rivers, Delaware, Hudson, Susquehannah, and Potomac, making the Delaware, to which they gave the name of Lenapewihittuck (the river or stream of the Lenape) the centre of their possessions. The word *Hittuck*, in the language of the Delawares, means a "rapid stream." "Sipo, or Sepu, is their word for river." The Delawares, who were formerly very fierce and powerful, have greatly decreased in numbers, but still retain their ancient courage, and are considered an intelligent and respectable tribe.

Note 3.—Line 59.

"*Thine eye beheld*
Its dawn, meek Eliot."

This excellent man, who is usually styled the Apostle of the Indians, felt his benevolence excited by their wretchedness, at a time when they were generally considered objects of contempt and of degradation. He was the minister of Roxbury, in Massachusetts, and added, in the year 1646, to his parochial duties, the office of spiritual teacher of the natives. In this he persevered both with firmness and delight, notwithstanding the features of enthusiasm, which his design assumed to a generation, not familiar, like our own, with the energies of missionary exertion. "In this work," says Gookin, a cotemporary writer, "did this good man industriously travel for many years, without external encouragement from man, or the receiving of any salary or reward. The truth is, that Mr. Eliot engaged in this laborious work of preaching to the Indians, on a very pure and sincere account." In anwer to those who questioned him with expressions of surprize respecting his undertaking, he gives as reasons, his desire of making God known to those miserable heathen, his ardent affection for them and his wish to conform to the promise which New-England had made the king in return for

her Charter, "to communicate the gospel to the natives, as one principal end of determining to plant in their country." It is remarked by another historian, that after more intimate acquaintance with the original customs and traditions of the Indians, Eliot traced such frequent resemblances to the ancient Israelites, that he could not but indulge the supposition of their affinity, and he adds, "the fatigue of his labour went on the more cheerfully, or at least the more hopefully, because of such probabilities."

Note 4.—*Line* 82.

"*With sacred pen* —"

Mather, in his Magnalia, affirms, that Eliot completed the whole translation of the Bible into the language of the Indians, entirely with *one pen*, which he consecrated to that holy office. After his acquisition of this language, which was attended with many difficulties, he composed a grammar of it, and translated such a number of treatises on Practical Piety, that a small library was soon formed for those who had never before seen their barbarous articulations arrested or arranged. Through his instrumentality some of the most promising native youths were educated at Cambridge, where they became regular graduates. For their assistance in their preparatory studies, he translated some scientific essays, and works explaining more abstruse points in Theology. But what he had most at heart was an entire Indian bible. The New Testament, which was printed in 1661, with a dedication to King Charles II, was the first edition of the Scriptures ever published in America. A Society for aiding in the propagation of the Gospel among our aborigines, was about this period incorporated in London, and some letters are preserved from the venerable Eliot, to the Hon. Robert Boyle, its Governor, who had furnished some assistance in the expense of publishing the Old Testament. In one of them the faithful and meek Apostle, thus expresses his gratitude and his christian perseverance. "Your charity hath greatly revived and refreshed us. The great work that I now travail about is the printing of the Old Testament, that they may have the whole Bible. They are importunately desirous of it. I desire to see it done before I die, and I am already so deep in years, that I cannot expect to live long. Besides, we have but one man, the

Indian printer, who is able to compare the sheets, and correct the press, with understanding. As soon as I received the sum of near £40 for the bible work, I presently set it on foot, and am now in Leviticus. I have added some part of my salary, to keep up the work, and many more things I might mention, as reasons of my urgency in this matter."

Note 5.—*Line* 87.

"*The deep-drawn sigh*
Of thy departing soul."

The venerable Eliot attained a great age, and his exertions and example were to the last consistent with ardent piety, and disinterested benevolence. Like Polycarp, he might have said, "eighty and six years have I served my Lord Jesus Christ." As his soul gently departed, his expiring lips uttered the request, "Lord! revive and prosper thy gospel among the Indians, and grant it to live when I am dead." How would his pious spirit have rejoiced, could it have looked through the mists of time, and traced the accomplishment of this fervent desire. Much had been performed by him, for the spiritual instruction of the natives, the correction of their vices; the establishment of family-prayer, and the foundation of regular societies for religious worship. The first Church ever gathered among the wanderers of the forest, was at Natick, in 1651. Connected with this, was a humble attempt, at civil government; for they were permitted to hold jurisdiction over slight offences. Mr. Eliot assisted them in appointing rulers over hundreds, fifties and tens, according to the model in the 18th of Exodus, which he explained to his approving auditors. He gave them also the following form, which may be considered as the first imitation of the ancient Theocracy of Israel.

"We are the sons of Adam, and with our forefathers have a long time been lost in our sins. But now the mercy of God beginneth to find us out. Therefore, the grace of Christ helping us, we do give ourselves and our children unto God to be his people. He shall rule all our affairs. The Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King, he will save us. The wisdom which God hath taught us in his book shall guide us. Oh! Jehovah, teach us wisdom. Send thy spirit into our hearts. Take us to be thy people, and let us take thee to be our God."

Note 6.—*Line* 92.

"*The Mayhews rose.*"

The name of Mayhew, is still embalmed with gratitude, by the remnant of aboriginal population on the island of Martha's Vineyard. The ministry of these benefactors of wretchedness commenced about the year 1648, in the person of the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, son to the governor of that island. Both father and son had acquired the language of the Indians, and upon the death of the latter in the ninth year of his missionary labours, the venerable parent assumed the falling mantle of the younger prophet, and until the advanced age of 93, continued his spiritual instructions, and benevolent deeds to a despised race. Such peculiar success attended their exertions, that 1500 natives were numbered as the fruits of their holy toil. Others of their descendants inherited the same disinterested and pious spirit, and condescended to seek in the wilderness those lost sheep who had never heard the call of the Shepherd, or the promise of a fold.

Note 7.—*Line* 98.

"*Dying Mitark.*"

One of the chief Sachems, or princes of Martha's Vineyard, by the name of Mitark, who had embraced christianity, died in the beginning of the year 1683. The day before his decease, Mr. John Mayhew, who attended him, inquired concerning his hope, and the dying chief answered, "I have hope in God, that when my soul departeth out of this body, he will send his angels to conduct it to himself, and to dwell with Jesus Christ." Then with great earnestness he exclaimed,—"Where that everlasting glory is! As for my reasons: I have had many wrongs of enemies, of whom I have sought no revenge, neither retained evil in thought, word, or deed. Therefore expect I the same from God. But I proceed no further, for He is merciful. It is now seven nights since I was taken sick, and not yet have I asked of God to live longer in this world. Here are some benefits to be enjoyed, also many troubles to be endured: yet with respect to the hope I have in God, am I willing to die. Here am I in pain, there I shall be freed from all pain, and enjoy the rest that never endeth." Pointing to his three daughters, he said

"and you my daughters, if you lose your father, mourn not for him. Rather mourn for yourselves, and for your sins. Mourn not for me, though you are unwilling to spare me, and I might be helpful to you by living longer in this world, yet to die, is far better for me."—*Magnalia Christi Americani*. Vol. ii.

Note 8.—*Line* 108.

"—*the fount of penitence*
O'er rugged features pour'd a tearful tide."

It has been urged among the objections against sending the gospel to our aborigines, that their prejudices and hardness of heart must interpose insuperable obstacles to its progress. Yet the penitence and humility with which they received the religious instructions of their earlier teachers were remakable. It was observed of the venerable Eliot, that his heart was affected, "to see what floods of tears fell from the eyes of those degenerate savages, yea, from the worst of them all, at the first addresses which he made to them." A cotemporary divine, who had witnessed their mode of worship, states, "we saw and heard them perform their duties with such grave and sober countenances, such comely reverence in their gesture, and whole carriage, and with such plenty of tears trickling down the cheeks of many of them, as did argue that they felt the holy fear of God: and it much affected our hearts."

Note 9.—*Line* 118.

"*His majestic form*
Veil'd in dim distance, drooping seems to pass
'Neath the devouring wave."

The Rev. Thomas Mayhew, Jun. the first of that benevolent family who commenced preaching to the natives, undertook a voyage to England, in 1647, on business connected with his mission. But no intelligence of the vessel in which he embarked, was ever received. This affliction was deeply deplored by his family, by the church, and by the grateful Indians whose affections he had so strongly engaged, that for many years his name was seldom mentioned even by the younger and more thoughtless of them without tears. May we not apply to this excellent and lamented man, those beautiful lines in Milton's Lycidas?

" Thus sinks the day-star in the Ocean-bed !
But then anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the eastern sky.
Thus Lycidas sank low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of *Him* who walk'd the waves."

Note 10.—*Line* 129.

"*Brainerd woke in youth.*"

The labours of this distinguished missionary to the aborigines of our country, the hardships, the self-devotion, the depths of humility, the high aspirations of piety, which his short period of twenty nine years comprised, are familiar to every mind versed in the history of man's benevolence to man. His creed was founded on what the venerable Dr. Milner styles "the primitive tastes of christianity, to believe, to suffer, and to love." Among the trophies of his victory, by which having past the gates of death, he "yet speaketh," may we not number the event, that from the perusal of his life, sprang that emulation which "baptized by prayer," dictated the choice, and sublimated the career of Henry Martyn? The closing sentences of Sargent, his animated biographer, will express the merits of that distinguished man, whose memory is embalmed in the churches. "Martyn followed the steps of Zeigenbalg in the old world, and of Brainerd in the new; and while he walks with them in white, for he is worthy, he speaks, by his example, to us who are still in our warfare and pilgrimage on earth. For surely as long as England shall be celebrated for that pure and apostolical Church, of which he was so great an ornament; as long as India shall prize that which is more precious to her than all her gems and gold, the name of the subject of this memoir, as a translator of the Scriptures and of the Liturgy, will not wholly be forgotten: and while some shall delight to gaze upon the splendid sepulchre of Xavier, and others choose rather to ponder over the granite stone which covers all that is mortal of Swartz, there will not be wanting those who will think of the humble and unfrequented grave of Henry Martyn, and be led to imitate those works of mercy which have followed him into the world of light and love."

Note 11.—*Line* 149.

" Heckewelder toil'd,
Girt with his Master's patience."

The work entitled " An account of the history, manners and customs of the Indian Nations, who once inhabited Pennsylvania, and the neighbouring states," by the Rev. John Heckewelder of Bethlehem, sufficiently proves the compassionate interest which had prompted the exertions, and directed the pen of the Author. " In what I have written," he affirms, " concerning the character, customs, manners and usages of this people, I cannot have been deceived, since it is the result of personal knowledge, what I have myself seen, heard, and witnessed while residing among and near them, for more than thirty years." Of the Lenni Lenapi, or Delaware tribe, he has collected a great number of interesting facts. These were the natives who first received the European settlers upon the island of New York, welcoming their arrival with an alacrity and reverence, which the gift of prescience would have changed into aversion and terror. Mr. Heckewelder, after describing the extent of territory and degree of prosperity which they then enjoyed, says, " On a sudden they are checked in their career, by a phenomenon they had till then never beheld; immense canoes arriving at their shores, filled with people of a different colour, language, dress and manners, from themselves. In their astonishment they call out to one another, 'Behold! the Gods are come to visit us!' They at first considered these wonderful beings, as messengers of peace, sent from the abode of the Great Spirit, and therefore employed their time in preparing and making sacrifices to that Great Being, who had so highly honoured them. Lost in amazement, fond of the enjoyment of this novel spectacle, and anxious to know the result, they were unmindful of those matters which hitherto had taken up their minds, and formed the object of their pursuits; they thought of nothing else but the wonders which now struck their eyes, and were constantly employed in endeavouring to divine this great mystery. Such is the manner in which they relate that event: the strong impression of which is not yet obliterated from their minds."

Note 12.—*Line* 184.

" Whither goest thou ?
Son of the Ocean foam !"

" The Indians at first imagined that the white men originally sprang from the sea, and invaded their country, because they had none of their own. They sometimes called them in their songs, the " white foam of the Ocean," and this name is still applied contemptuously by the aborigines of the North-West."—*Prophet of Alleghany.*

Note 13.—*Line* 244.

" On that beloved city, which their step
Dar'd not approach."

" The remnant of the Jewish nation having again rebelled, Adrian completed the destruction of what Titus had left standing in ancient Jerusalem. On the ruins of the city of David, he erected another town, to which he gave the name of Ælia Capitolinus ; he forbade the Jews to enter it upon pain of death, and caused the figure of a hog, in sculpture, to be placed upon the gate leading to Bethlehem. St. Gregory Nazianzen nevertheless relates, that the Jews were permitted to enter Ælia once a year to give vent to their sorrows; and St. Jerome adds that they were forced to purchase at an exorbitant price the right of shedding tears over the ashes of their country."—*Chateaubriand's Travels, in Greece, Palestine, Egypt and Barbary.*

Note 14.—*Line* 270.

" Church nor council-house
Might hold the multitude."

The assembly who were to hear this interesting question decided, met in a beautiful vale, about eight miles to the westward of the Seneca Lake, on the 12th of June 1802. The tribe of Senecas, or Senekas, originally belonged to that powerful confederation of Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Cayugas, which existed at the first arrival of the Europeans. They now inhabit the territory on the banks of the Gennesee river ; and the eastern shores of Lake Erie : and among their peculiar

customs which point to ancient Israel, is that of annually sacrificing a *white dog*, as if in rude imitation of the paschal lamb. The celebrated orator, Red Jacket, belongs to them; but his name in their language is far more appropriate than this vulgar appellation, being Tsckuycaathaw, or "the Man who keeps you awake."

NOTES

TO

CANTO FIFTH.

Note 1.—*Line* 23.

" Beneath their chapel's dedicated dome
Oneida's natives pay their vows to God."

The church here alluded to, is one of the Episcopal order, established in the Oneida tribe, where Mr. Eleazar Williams officiates as Catechist and Lay Reader. Interesting accounts of its prosperity, particularly of the devotion of the worshippers in their public service, the regularity of their responses, and the melody of their singing, are related by those who have visited them. This church belongs to the Diocess of the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart, and the following notice of its consecration is copied from the Christian Journal of October 1819.

" On Tuesday last, the Chapel erected for the Oneida Indians, at Oneida Castle, was consecrated by the Bishop, receiving the name of St. Peter's church. Fifty-six Indians who had previously been prepared for that purpose by their Instructer, Mr. E. Williams, received confirmation, and at the visit of Bishop Hobart last year, ninety-four were confirmed. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the exertions and pious zeal of Mr. Williams, in his successful efforts to bring into the Christian Church these infidel brethren ; for when he arrived among them, two or three years ago, more than half of the Oneidas were of that

character." Missionaries have been repeatedly employed among this tribe, and the late Rev. Mr. Kirkland, (father of the President of Harvard University, Cambridge,) who long discharged the duties of that vocation with zeal and ability, thus speaks of their religious belief, and that of the other nations with whom they where confederated. "The region of pure spirits, the Five Nations call Eskanane. According to their tradition there is a gloomy fathomless gulph, near the borders of the delightful mansions of Eskanane, over which all good and brave spirits pass with safety, under the conduct of a faithful and skilfull guide appointed for the purpose, but when those of other characters approach the gulph, the conductor who possesses a most penetrating eye, instantly discovers their spiritual features, and denies them his aid, assigning his reasons. They will however attempt to cross upon a small pole, which before they reach the middle trembles and shakes, till presently down they fall, with horrid shrieks. In this dreary gulph they suppose resides a great dog or dragon, perpetually restless and spiteful. Sometimes the guilty inhabitants of these miserable regions approach so near the happy fields of Eskanane, as to hear the songs and dances of their former companions; but this only serves to increase their torments, as they can discern no light, or discover any passage by which they can gain access to them."

The Tuscaroras have affinity with the Oneidas, and resemble them in most of their traditions and customs. Missionaries have been occasionally sent to them, and the exercises of a Sabbath, as conducted in the church under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Crane, is thus described by a literary and liberal minded English gentleman, who has travelled extensively in the United States. "On my visit to the cataract of Niagara, in 1821, I passed with great pleasure a Sunday, with the Tuscaroras in the vicinity. With their devotion during the services I was particularly impressed. Some of them who approached the church during a heavy rain, observing it to be the time of prayer, remained without, unsheltered, till prayers were finished. Their minister by the aid of an interpreter, gave them a sermon of such impressive simplicity, that the whole of it remained upon my memory. But when the tunes of Old Hundred and Plymouth burst forth in strains of perfect melody, I could scarcely restrain my feelings. Afterwards, a grey-headed chief,

leaning upon his staff, addressed our Father in Heaven. In his supplication he asked that the stranger who had come from over the great waters, might be preserved on his return to his home, and be blessed for feeling an interest in poor Indians. The deportment of these sons of the forest, and the influence of the whole scene, was so forcibly affecting, that I found it impossible to refrain from tears."

Note 2.—Line 80.

"*Wisdom's hand*
Heweth out pillars, when she rears the house
Whose arch is for the skies."

"Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars."—*Proverbs* ix, 1. This inspired metaphor of the royal teacher, may among other sources of instruction, permit an application to our present subject. If in the most sublime truths of christianity, may be traced an adaptation to our grosser frame, a recognition at once of our infirmities, and our needs; does it not become us in our erection of a spiritual temple among the heathen, to imitate the "wisdom that is from above," and to suffer its foundation to rest upon the earth, since its service is for the benefit of those who are "from the earth, earthy?" Perhaps the failure of most of our early attempts to convert the aborigines may be traced to inattention in connecting the advantages of civilization with the blessings of christianity. Their success in many instances was conspicuous, but the adjunct was wanting, which could impress on the character of a roving people, the feature of permanence. Individuals were made solemn, purified, and, we trust, gathered to the family of the redeemed; but the multitude required from christianity, a visible pledge that she was divine. Like the Jews, they "sought after a sign, yet not even the sign of the prophet Jonas" was given them, who after immersion in the deep for a time, was raised to liberty and light. The arts of civilized society, would have convinced their reasoning powers that the tree which bore good fruits was good; and to the wretched numbers who have perished for want of sustenance would have been as "life from the dead."

"We are hungry and naked," say the Chippeways in their speech to Governor Cass, "we are thirsty and needy. We hope you will relieve

us. The President of the United States is like a lofty pine upon the mountain's top. You are also a great man. The Americans are a great people. Can it be possible they will allow us to suffer?" Schoolcraft, who traces his personal observations among our natives, with the pen of a master, remarks, that "the savage mind, habituated to sloth, is not easily roused into a state of moral activity, nor at once capable of embracing and understanding the sublime truths and doctrines of the evangelical law. It is necessary that letters, arts, and religion, should go hand in hand." The younger President Edwards, whose knowledge of the customs and language of our aborigines, particularly of the Stockbridge tribe, is well known to have been extensive, points out as the only method of securing their loyalty to government, "the prosecution of the design of thoroughly instructing them in the true religion, and of educating their children to useful knowledge." The process of turning them from hunting and fishing to husbandry, must of necessity be slow; yet it seems that it would not be impossible to lead from the beauty and comforts of harvest, up to the Giver of Good, those souls which had been accustomed even through darkness and ignorance, to "see God in clouds, or hear him in the wind." Yet those roving minds require to be arrested by the certainty of present good, before they will renounce vicious gratifications for the hope of futurity. A religion which recommends itself by teaching them to guard against the famine, the storm, and the "pestilence walking in darkness," furnishes their conviction with a strong proof, that it is able to provide a shelter in the day of wrath, and a refuge when all earthly habitations are dissolved. To vanquish their doubts of the excellency of doctrines, it is necessary to ameliorate their condition, and to remove their ignorance. To the force of the first argument, the child, and the Chieftain of hoary hairs, are alike accessible: the last, must appeal chiefly to the rising generation whose intellect, unshackled by long habit, is docile to the voice of instruction. Wisely, therefore, have our recent missionaries applied themselves to the education of children: and wisely are they permitting their system to embrace agriculture, with the domestic and mechanic arts. Thus, they open a new era in the history of that divine compassion, which during the lapse of two centuries, has often awakened to toil for our aborigines, yet as often wept

that her toil has been in vain. Thus are they taking the most effectual method to arrest the fugitives in their rapid progress to the grave, by causing not only the dark forest to resound with the praises of Jehovah, but also the "wilderness and the solitary place to blossom as the rose."

Note 3.—*Line* 106.

"—they with grateful joy were hail'd
By the sad stranger's moaning on the wild."

If any claim to religious instruction can be founded on strong solicitude to receive it, the aborigines upon our borders have instituted that claim, and confirmed it by ardent gratitude for that measure of the gift which has been imparted. In this respect they exhibit a strong contrast to most of the Asiatic heathen, to whom the gospel has been sent. The reluctance of the Hindoos to listen to, or submit their children to a system which would sap the foundation of preconceived idolatry, is feelingly described by Henry Martyn. In the course of only a few pages, the following passages occur, and others of the same nature might easily be selected. "Wherever I walked, the women fled at the sight of me. The children ran away in great terror. I left books with some of the people, and went away, amid the sneers and laughter of the common soldiers. A party of boatmen I talked with, and begged them to take a tract, but could not prevail. A Mussulman who had received one of the Hindostanee tracts, and found what it was, was greatly alarmed and returned it. I am much discouraged at the rebuffs and suspicions I meet with. As I was entering a boat, I happened to touch, with my stick, a brass pot of one of the Hindoos, in which rice was boiling. So defiled are we in their sight, that the pollution past from my hand, through the stick and brass to the food. He rose and threw it all away. Walked in the evening to a poor village, where I only produced terror."

If the zeal which "counts all losses light," would reproach itself as weak to be moved by these afflictions, or selfish to be influenced by them in the choice of a theatre of action; yet minds of a more calculating class, who feel that life is short; and those who love the luxury of doing good, would be inclined to choose that station, where probabilities are greatest of performing the most in a limited time. Still the missionary in his most

eligible situation has enough of trial, enough of privation, to remind him that he is a herald of that Prince, whose "kingdom is not of this world." The tribes upon our borders to whom religious teachers have been sent, so far from testifying like the oriental heathen, strong reluctance or aversion, have entrusted their children to them with tears of gratitude, and in many instances aided in the expenses incidental to their education. The Cherokees who have probably shared the most largely in these benefits, have made the greatest progress in civilization. The culture of the earth has become an object of increased attention. Many of their females understand the use of the distaff and loom, and the agency of the needle in promoting domestic comfort. An intelligent traveller in that region, about four years since, writes "the Cherokee women almost universally dress after the manner of the whites, in gowns manufactured by themselves, from cotton which they have raised on their own little plantations. Rapidly are they coming into habits of industry. In the Choctaw nation, 2000 spinning wheels, and several hundred looms have been made and distributed."

The Cherokee council has recently promised a set of tools to those young men who would become acquainted with some mechanic art; and has also divided the territory of the tribe into districts, and appointed judges in each for the regular distribution of justice. The children, who have become members of the Schools, make respectable, and often rapid progress in the branches assigned them. The circumstance of imparting to them our language, instead of being forced to acquire theirs, furnishes our missionaries with an important facility which is denied to their eastern brethren. Time and mental labour are thus rescued for other purposes; and the pupils after obtaining the English tongue, which they have hitherto done with great ease, enjoy in our books the advantage of an unbounded store of knowledge. The delay occasioned by acquiring the Hindostanee or Sanscrit sufficiently well to converse with and preach to the natives, assumes the aspect of an obstacle, which severity of application alone can conquer. A Missionary, eminently distinguished by his translations in the Asiatic dialects, remarks "the idiom, and just collocation of the words in Hindostanee are very difficult. Every few miles, the language changes, so that a book in the dialect of one district would be unintelligible in another."

Among the facilities afforded for the instruction of our western heathen, and which seem almost to amount to a preparation for truth, may be numbered the circumstance, that their minds are not fettered by an idolatry like that of Juggernaut, at once abject, imposing, and barbarous. Their belief in the Great Spirit, and the "land of souls," is not so adverse to the "simplicity which is in Christ," as the mysteries of Vishnoo, and of Brumma. Roger Williams in his work, entitled, "A Key to the Language of the Indians of New-England," which bears date in 1643, and is now very scarce, has the following passage. "He who questions whether God made the world, the Indians will teach him. I must acknowledge that I have in my conversations with them, received many confirmations of those two great truths, that *God is*, and that he is a rewarder of them who diligently seek him. If they receive any good in hunting, fishing, or harvest, they acknowledge God in it. Yea, if they meet with but an ordinary accident, such as a fall, &c. they say God was angry, and permitted it."

This habitual sense of the agency of a Divine Being in all the affairs of life, might serve both as an example and reproof to some inhabitants of a christian land; and seems to prove that a path is already broken up, for the footseps of knowledge and piety. The latter assertion is however applied principally to those upon our frontiers, who suffer from poverty and degradation. The natives, whose territory is farther to the west, maintain comparative independence; and finding their own mode of life sufficient for their wants, are less disposed to receive a better. But "our brother within our gates," hath not rejected our benevolence, hath not put from him the word of life." Do we "adjudge him unworthy of eternal life, that we turn from him to other Gentiles?"—that we prefer invading the jurisdiction of foreign governments, to discharging the debts which our own has incurred? For the Indian hath a claim upon our *justice*, which sophistry cannot cancel. It is vain to say that their land was obtained by purchase. *What a purchase!* When whole townships were obtained for a single intoxicating draught; and provinces, like the vineyard of Naboth, wrested without payment, save the life of the owner. In many of the original purchases of land from the Indians, payment was rendered with the sword, silencing the lip that complained of injustice, and stilling the bosom that throbbed at tyranny.

Have we ever wrested from the Hindoo his rice-field?—from the Cingalese his aromatic groves?—from the South-Sea Islander his liberty? Have we introduced among them new and mortal diseases, destructive weapons before unknown, and vices more fatal to the soul, than the pestilence to the body? Heaven forbid that a christian, who holdeth in his hand the light of life, should be unwilling to cast its beam upon any land lying in darkness, or even indifferent whether any nation under heaven should continue to "sit under the shadow of death." But ought he not *first* to relume those tapers which his ancestors aided in extinguishing? *first* to guide those wanderers whom he has contributed to plunge deeper in the labyrinth of woe? Ask the man of integrity, if he ought not *first* to discharge his debts, ere he indulge in the luxury of benevolence? But *what* shall we render to those whom we have bereft of territory, of liberty, and of happiness? What *can* we offer, but the hope of Heaven! Life to them is as a sealed book, and Death an abyss of horror; but we can teach them to read from one the lesson of resignation, and to behold the darkness of the other kindle with the glories of the resurrection.

It is a remarkable fact that every nation which has established permanent colonies in America, has assumed as a first principle, the conversion of the natives; and that every one has been either forgetful of the promise, or unfortunate in its execution. Spain bore upon her blood-stained banners, the peaceful semblance of the cross. But so ill did her charitable pretensions comport with her execrable barbarities, that the miserable natives, after a full explanation of the doctrines of her church, were accustomed to say, that they "had rather endure the sufferings of hell, than to enter the abodes of heaven, if they must dwell there with Spaniards." A Prince, whom they offered a mansion in a better world, after having deprived him of every comfort in this, inquired, "Is this heaven of which you speak, the place where you Spaniards go after death?" On their replying in the affirmative, he answered in the strong language of nature, "Then let me go to another place."

France, with the ostensible design of promulgating Christianity, commenced her settlements in the New-World. Yet Champlain, who came thither under her auspices, in the year 1603, seemed to think that this design might best be promoted by a war among the savages! Ac-

cordingly he provoked sanguinary conflicts, between the aborigines and Hurons, and the powerful confederacy of Iroquois. Fields were watered with blood, yet the "peaceable fruits of righteousness sprang not." The next year, Henry IV of France, gave the Sieur de Monts, grants of land in Acadia, now Nova Scotia, and he bound himself to propagate the doctrines of the cross among the aborigines. Charlevoix asserts that his monarch would not again have received Canada, when it was restored to him by Charles First of England, (who after taking it found its expenses too greatly overbalancing its profits,) had it not been for the design of converting the natives. But how did the conduct of France comport with her professions? A few Romish priests and Jesuits, disseminated the peculiar tenets of their belief, but did they ameliorate the condition of the savage, by mingling his simple adoration of the Great Spirit, with the worship of gods innumerable? or illuminate his mental darkness by teaching him to bow down to "images made like unto corruptible things?" Yet France has not been tinged like Spain with the deepest dies of cruelty. Candour requires the acknowledgment that some of her holy men have evinced a strong interest in the religious instruction of the natives, mingled with that national urbanity which has powerfully gained the affections of many of the sons of the forest. "On the walls of the Chapel of the Ursulines at Quebec," says Sansom, "is still delineated an elegant picture, representing the Genius of France, just landed upon the shores of America, from an European vessel which is seen moored to the rocks. She is pointing to the standard of the cross, at the mast-head, and with the other hand offering to a female savage the benefits of religious instruction, which she kneels to receive." The Charter given by England to her first colonists, also recognized as an essential object, the religious instruction of the aborigines. But how did their conduct in many instances fulfil this sacred injunction? The natives of the forest were seen fading before their footsteps, like the morning mist over the mountain, as if their presence, so far from imparting spiritual life, destroyed even the principle of animal existence. The example of many of the traders, who by frequent intercourse with them gave the strongest representation of what they supposed christianity was, almost universally contradicted a religion which forbids fraud, and tyranny. Yet even then, such was their expectation of seeing some

practical influence flowing from it, that the first settlers, who witnessed the emotions of their surprize, were accustomed to hear them say, with a solemn countenance, "You know God! will you tell falsehoods, Englishman?" When the doctrines of a pure religion, have been forcibly explained to them, how often has their effect been destroyed by examples of vice and barbarity. How miserably has a system of holiness been undermined by the sins of those who professed to establish it. A zealous Missionary, once reasoning with the natives, on the importance of moral virtues, when derived from rectified principles, was interrupted by a Chief, who rising, said with great earnestness, "Hold your tongue! Go home, and teach your own people not to lie, get drunk, and cheat poor Indians: then come and preach to us, and we will believe you." "They have always been ready to retort upon us," says Gen. Lincoln, in his observations on the Indians, "where are the good effects of your religion? We, of the same tribe, have no contentions among ourselves respecting property: and no man envies the enjoyment and happiness of his neighbour! But they have very different opinions respecting us. These impressions ought to be removed: has it ever been attempted?"

Several Seneca Chiefs, who in the year 1818, were much noticed in England, where they excited great curiosity, express themselves in the following manner, in an address to some benevolent people of the Society of Friends at Leeds.

"The great injuries we have received from white men, the wickedness we saw constantly practised among them, greatly strengthened our minds against their ways, and their religion; thinking it impossible that any good could come out of a people, where so much wickedness dwelt. In this bondage have we and our fathers been held for more than two hundred years, retiring and wasting away before the white men, our means of subsistence diminishing, corrupting ourselves with their sins, hardening ourselves in our afflictions, destruction before us, and no arm to deliver."

While we urge that the just claims which our aborigines have on us for religious instruction should no longer be slighted, can it be thought of inferior importance, that those christians who have intercourse with them, should strive to exemplify the moral virtues which their faith

enjoins?—that those who preach the law, should neither make void the law, nor through the errors of their brethren "find the gospel made of none effect."

Note 4.—*Line* 123.

"*Thus Renatus spake.*"

This passage is a close paraphrase of the speech of Charles Renatus Hicks, to the messenger who first proposed to him on the part of our government, to extend the benefits of instruction to the children of his tribe. This interesting individual received the name of Renatus at his baptism, by the Rev. Mr. Gambould, the Moravian missionary; and has continued by his sincerity, zeal, and christian example, to fulfil the high hopes which the dawn of his piety excited in the breast of his spiritual father. His influence in his nation, which is considerable, is faithfully devoted to the aid of the missionaries and the promotion of their sacred cause. The following extract from a letter of this excellent chief to a friend in New-England, dated 1818, furnishes a pleasing specimen of his sentiments, and his style. "Go on, and inflame the light to greater brightness in the souls of your believers in the religion of Jesus Christ, that they may suffer the red man to come with them to the fountain-head, which burst forth in healing streams upon Mount Calvary, giving all the human family to be as one in Christ. This shall warm the cold-hearted white man to encourage the red man to come and taste the heavenly manna. Then shall the red man acknowledge that his elder brother was kind to him in distress, and gave him clothes when naked, and drink when thirsty. Then shall both enjoy His love, who is the first and the last, and liveth forevermore; and never more quarrel about our covering the Mother-Earth, though the Red Man once lorded over her deserted waste."

No. 5.—*Line* 145.

"*Methinks the bounds*
Of distance fleet! and bright, prevailing rays
Reveal the scene."

Brainerd, in the Cherokee nation, was the first institution among our aborigines, upon a plan combining christianity with civilization. There,

the experiment was first made, whether Indians would resign their children to foreign teachers, and whether those children were capable of the application, the proficiency, the subordination of those, whose infancy had passed amid higher privileges. Success has crowned an attempt which commenced amid the fears of many, and the humble hopes of a few. The children of the forest have cheerfully adopted a system of methodical study and labour, more strict than we find established among ourselves. Their progress has been almost universally rapid, and their minds are considered by their teachers of an excellent order. That learning which the child of indulgence views with aversion, and for the partial acquisition of which he fancies himself entitled to reward, they consider as recreations. Food and raiment, which he receives without thanks, they esteem as favours, exciting gratitude. Among them also, are some happy students of the "wisdom that cometh from above;" and the important influence acquired by the Missionaries over the minds of the parents, by attention to the welfare of their children, is a channel through which much good may enter.

The experiment first tried among the Cherokees has been repeated among the Choctaws and Great Osages, so that already, at a variety of stations, several hundred native children are listening to the voice of Instruction.

Whether the Indians ever *can* be civilized, still remains a question with many cautious minds. If they *ever can*, now is the time: when famine and misery have forced them to seek a refuge, and when that refuge is provided for them in the arms of humanity. But reason assures us, that the process must be slow. National character is not modified, much less renovated, in a moment. By the time that the whole of the present generation has past away, the point may be decided. Yet if in civilized countries, where education exerts its sway with fewer obstacles, the children even of virtuous parents sometimes prove faithless both to the example of the one, and the impression of the other; much ought to be expected of a roving and untutored race, to counteract the purposes of instruction, and repress the enthusiasm of hope.

Note 6.—*Line* 157.

"*Almost thy fervent pray'r*
Bursts on my ear, blest Kingsbury."

At a time when missions to the East almost monopolized the exertions of christians, the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury was revolving amid the solitude of the student's cell, the design of devoting himself to our western aborigines. With firmness worthy of his cause, he penetrated the lonely forest, and established the first permanent institution in which the children of our natives had ever been taught to blend the arts of civilized life with the hopes of an immortal existence. When the first obstacles to an institution have been surmounted, he has left it to form others in the wilderness; choosing not to "rest in his labours, but to bear the burden, and heat of the day." Only a few years have elapsed, since his solitary tent was pitched among the wilds of Chickamaugah; now, many christians have entered the same path, to water the seed in the desert, and to forget their toil amid the joy of harvest. This self-devoted band may be considered as adopting the plan which filled the discriminating mind of Eliot, the first Indian apostle, who in his early intercourse with them, declared, that in order to succeed in their conversion to christianity, it was necessary that "they should be taken off from their wild way of living, and brought into some kind of civil society."

Note 7.—*Line* 188.

"*Catharine, hail!*
Our sister in the faith."

This particular notice of an individual, when many of the native pupils have distinguished themselves by proficiency in study and cheerful acquiescence in the rules of their new institutions, may be explained by the circumstance that she was the first among that number, who embraced christianity. A short time after she became a member of the school at Brainerd, which then bore the original name of Chickamaugah, Catharine Brown, at that time about the age of 16 years, was remarked for her rapid progress in the various branches of education, and for the influence of pure religion upon her heart and deportment. A variety of

ornaments with which she was furnished by her parents, had been worn with some haughtiness, as valuable aids to a comely appearance. These were of her own accord laid aside, and offered to assist in defraying the expenses of the mission. On the minds of those of her companions who seemed less sensible than herself of the advantages extended to them, she strove to impress the magnitude of their privileges. Soon after the establishment of the school, one of the instructers writes, "Catharine takes great pains to make those little Cherokees, who are inclined to be inconsiderate, understand the privilege they enjoy in attending school here. Often has she been heard interceding for them with her Father in Heaven. Every night she reads the Scriptures, and prays with those little girls, who lodge in the same apartment: and every day she gives increasing evidence that the love of God is shed abroad in her heart." Since that period she has become more extensively known throughout the christian community, as an interesting example of the power of that holy principle which at once renovates, fortifies, and exalts our nature. She has become a faithful Instructress in a school recently established among her tribe: and her brother, a promising young man, who has also embraced our religion, is receiving in the excellent institution at Cornwall (Connecticut) an education to fit him for a missionary to his people. "Oh how great would be the blessing," he exclaims in the glowing, unrestrained language of nature, "could we see many young heathen become heralds of salvation to their dear benighted countrymen, see them hail the little flock of Christ at the Cherokee nation, and overthrow the dominion of darkness there, and make the banks of Chickamaugah tremble, and fly on the wings of heavenly love over the lofty Lookout, and visit the slumbering inhabitants there; and reach the plains of Creek-Path, and turn that path towards heaven, that it may be travelled by Cherokees also; and thus go on until Spring-Place, Taloney, Tsatuga, and all the people, acknowledge God as their Saviour."

The Lookout is a majestic mountain, whose base is washed by the Tennessee River, and the places alluded to, in this sentence, are villages of the Cherokee territory, some of them within the vicinity of the former abode of the writer.

Note 8.—*Line* 198.

"And thou too, Warrior brave!
Undaunted Charles —"

Among the first converts to christianity, from our American wilds, by the recent exertions of benevolence, was an intrepid Cherokee warrior, by the name of Charles Reece. In our last war with Great Britain he distinguished himself at the battle of the Horse-shoe, by swimming across the river in the face, and under the fire of the enemy, and bringing off the boats in triumph. As a testimony of valour, he received from government a musket, richly ornamented with silver. This bold warrior was so much affected by the religious instructions of the Rev. Mr. Cornelius, when a traveller in that country, that he sank at his feet, as if utterly deprived of strength, and desiring to become as a little child, that he might learn in humility, the words of his Saviour. The day after, he came several miles to find the missionaries at Brainerd, inquiring of them, with the deepest solemnity, "Can you tell me what God wants me to do?" and in conformity to their instructions, resigned his imperfect theory, for the knowledge and practice of a consistent religion.

Note 9.—*Line* 212.

"His ardent tone, as through the wilds he bent
His solitary way —"

The Rev. Mr. Cornelius, now of Salem (Massachusetts,) was appointed in 1817, to travel through the United States, in order to excite the benevolence of the people in favour of the mission to our aborigines, which had been patronized by government; and likewise to visit several of the tribes upon our borders, and discover with what dispositions they would meet the designs of mercy. These important offices were discharged with such a happy combination of zeal and ability, that many hearts ascribe their first deep sympathy for this miserable race, to his eloquent description of the woes "of our brother, perishing within our gates."

Note 10.—*Line* 321.

"*Thou mild Moravian Sister.*"

Mrs. Gambold, the wife of the Rev. John Gambold, aided in bearing the burdens, and performing the duties of a missionary, with distinguished zeal and ability, for a period of sixteen years. Her exertions were devoted to the Cherokees, and her residence was at Spring-place in Tennessee. She was admired in early life, for her amiable and refined manners, and for the possession of those accomplishments which are highly valued in polished society. For fourteen years she was an Instructress in the Female Seminary at Bethlehem (Pennsylvania), beloved by those who were under her care, and happy in an employment which at once gave her independence, esteem, and the consciousness of an useful life. "Yet there," she says, "my equally favourite object was to throw my humble mite into the depressed scale of our poor aborigines. Strongly did I feel for their situation; and whoever spoke or acted in their favour was my friend. My heart bled at the view of their accumulated wrongs." Moved by this tender and ardent zeal, she decided to renounce the comforts of her situation, the allurements of refined society, and to endure perils in the wilderness. With unabating firmness, with the most tender sentiments of piety, she discharged the duties, and sustained the privations of her station. To the wandering natives, she exemplified the Apostle's precept, that "God is love: and that he who dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God." With the most endearing condescension, she poured instruction into the minds of their ignorant children, waiting patiently for the harvest. "Our institution for the young," she writes in 1819, "is at present small. But how good is our Saviour! Some of those dearly beloved pupils hath he already brought into the ark of safety." The promising Cherokee youth, who received the name of Elias Boudinot, and is now pursuing his studies in the institution at Cornwall (Connecticut,) acquired the rudiments of learning and piety from this excellent woman. She exerted herself in forming a Sunday school for the blacks, who, she observes, used "formerly to profane our most holy festivals, the Lord's day, Christmas, and Easter; nor were our repeated remonstrances of any avail." A native woman, by the name of Margaret-Ann Crutchfield,

who with her husband was interested in teaching the African school, is affectionately styled by Mrs. Gambold, "the first fruits of the nation, which it had pleased our dear Lord to give us." She was a niece of Charles Renatus Hicks, and her piety, like his, proved to be both sincere and lasting. Her ardent feelings were often strongly excited by the oppressions, and spiritual darkness of her people. Having been taught to read and write by her benefactress, she thus expresses herself in a letter to a friend in New-England, bearing date in the winter of 1819. "I feel great concern for my poor nation. The white people drive some of them from their houses, and from settlements upon their own lands. One old man, who was driven out in this manner, moved to some distance, where he lives in a camp. Then this old man begged the white people, who took possession of his place, for a boat, that he and his family might go to the Arkansas. But they answered him that he might make a canoe, and get to that country, as he could. If such things are allowed, we know not what will become of us. I think our good Father, the President, is ignorant of the proceedings of the white people here. I believe that he is our friend, and wishes to do right for the Indians. There are a good many of us, who wish to remain in our own country. We have just begun to see good days, by having the gospel preached to us. My dear brother and sister Gambold, have been labouring in this country for thirteen years. It is very painful to them, after labouring so long, to see the Indians driven away. My uncle Charles R. Hicks has gone on to the President at Washington, to plead our cause. I trust our Saviour will support him, and make all end well. If he should not succeed, I know that we are gone. But one thing we know, that our dear Saviour will never forsake us." The death of this interesting convert took place in October 1820, and was attended with peaceful, even triumphant hopes. Mrs. Gambold, in her account of the scene, adds a little circumstance expressive of the reverence which the natives entertain for true piety, even before they have been led to renounce their own debasing superstition. The evening after the funeral, a large meteor was observed, emitting vivid streams of light, and attended with an explosion like thunder. "This," said one of them, with their characteristic gravity, "this is a warning to us. It signifieth that a good woman hath died."

At the institution of the recent missions among the Cherokees, the faithful Moravian labourers, forgetting that narrow division of sect which too often causes coldness and contention in the family of Christ, received the new occupants at Brainerd, with the most ardent affection. Mrs. Gambold mentions in a letter, "How great was our joy, after many years hoping and wishing with tearful eyes, for more labourers in the field of our dear Lord, which is truly large, and requires many sowers, when our beloved brother Kingsbury entered our little abode with a cheerful countenance, ready, through divine assistance, to do his utmost in cultivating the long neglected soil, and in preparing a harvest for that dear Redeemer, who shed his precious blood not only for us, but for the Indians also."

In a public notice of her death, her friendship, and even maternal kindness to the Missionaries of another persuasion is gratefully recorded. "By the variety of her useful acquirements, she commanded the respect of all who knew her; and by the amiableness of her deportment, and the disinterestedness of her services, conciliated the affections of an untutored people. But she looked above human approbation, her heart was fixed upon her Saviour, and beyond a doubt, her services in his cause will not pass unrewarded." To these remarks upon this excellent woman, may be added an extract from the London Missionary Register, conferring on the religious denomination to which she belonged, a tribute of praise, honourable both to the merit that deserves, and the liberality that bestows it. "It is but justice to the United Brethren to say, that they make the best missionaries in the world: for to a persevering, temperate zeal that never tires, they join habits of personal industry which enables them to subsist at a very small expense to their employers. The expense of their establishment at Gnadenthal, amounting to £600 per annum, is defrayed by the Missionaries themselves, with a deficiency of only £19. They have completely won the affections of the Hottentots, have prevailed on them to shake off their habits of sloth, and are rapidly bringing them to a state of civilization."

Note 11.—*Line* 336.

"*Soft glows the turf*
O'er the young Osage Orphan,—"

For a particular account of this interesting child, see a work recently published by the Rev. E. Cornelius, of Salem (Massachusetts), entitled "The little Osage Captive."

Note 12.—*Line* 494.

"*They urge their lingering kindred,* '*Haste with us,*
And we will do thee good.'—"

Numbers x, 29. This will be recognized as the invitation of the Jewish Lawgiver to his brother, when Israel was about to remove to the promised land. Its spirit seems still to be infused into the minds of those who are engaged in the formation of benevolent societies; and among the young, the sympathy arising from it, is almost irresistible. The age in which we live, has been called the age of charity; and it is peculiarly distinguished by the charities of childhood. Innumerable associations for the most disinterested purposes, of bands just entering into life, adorn our country. Apart from the aid which has thus been rendered to poverty, and to the heathen, the effect is important upon the unformed minds of the actors. For when industry or self-denial are made the basis of their charity, energies are awakened, and habits cherished, which look beyond the happiness of this life, and affect the destinies of Eternity. The great designs of the present century, in the accomplishment of which, both Infancy and Age unite, are thus beautifully illustrated by the poet Montgomery.

"In the Bible Society, all names and distinctions of sects are blended, till they are lost, like the prismatic colours, in a ray of pure and perfect light. In the Missionary work, though divided, they are not discordant; but like the same colours displayed and harmonized in the rainbow, they form an arch of glory, ascending on the one hand from earth to heaven, and on the other, descending from heaven to earth, a bow of promise, a covenant of peace, a sign that the storm is passing away, and the 'Sun of Righteousness, with healing on his wings,' breaking forth over all nations."

Note 13.—*Line* 570.

"—thou whose heart
Gathering the groans of our rejected tribes
Compassionate devis'd their good."

His excellency James Monroe, the present Chief Magistrate of the United States, has distinguished himself by a kind regard to the interests of our aborigines. He has awakened their gratitude and confidence; and they are accustomed to speak of him as a Father, who is solicitous for their welfare, and to view him as a Philanthropist, listening to "the sighing of the prisioner." The recent missions are indebted much to his patronage, for the degree of success which has given strength to their infancy. In his tour through the western states in 1819, he visited Brainerd, gave particular directions for the erection of a building, intended for the instruction of female pupils, and expressed the most friendly interest in the whole establishment. This benevolent regard to the miserable, which will long render his name respected and beloved, seems now to be pervading the higher ranks of society, promising to overcome that stern indifference which has too long been entertained towards the sons of the forest, by a nation which covered their glory. In the language of Scripture "the set time to favour them has come." No stronger proof of this assertion need be adduced, than the constitution of a Society recently organized at the seat of government, under the appellation of "The American Society for promoting the civilization and general improvement of the Indian tribes within the United States:" and which comprizes a great proportion of those illustrious characters, whose virtues dignify their opinions, and whose opinions must influence multitudes in our great community.

ERRATA.

Page	13,	*line*	236,	*for*	"Chymistry,"	*read*	Chemistry.
"	18,	"	338,	"	"Tariessin,"	"	Taliesin.
"	25,	"	503,	"	"Hugonot,"	"	Huguenot.
"	43,	"	273,	"	"strom,"	"	storm.
"	56,	"	591,	"	"swept by winds,"	"	swept by the winds.
"	76,	"	1037,	"	"Mackbeth,"	"	Macbeth.
"	86,	"	1280,	"	"twin'd,"	"	turn'd.
"	94,	"	110,	"	"Burby."	"	Burley.
"	96,	"	172,	"	"blest,"	"	blessed.
"	102,	"	299,	"	"her,"	"	it's.
"	103,	"	321,	"	"pavillion's,"	"	pavillions.
"	128,	"	890,	"	"fury,"	"	fiery.
"	156,	"	65,	"	"love,"	"	lore.
"	164,	"	232,	"	"annals,"	"	annal.
"	176,	"	522,	"	"unodorous,"	"	inodorous.
"	184,	"	16,	"	"Hascala,"	"	Tlascala.
"	184,	"	24,	"	"Hascalans,"	"	Tlascalans.
"	187,	"	30,	"	"Tehewah,"	"	Yohewah.
"	190,	"	2,	"	"deposit,"	"	deposite.
"	198,	"	26,	"	"the best six,"	"	there is one for the best six.
"	206,	"	16,	"	"pertœsi,"	"	pertæsa.
"	"	"	25,	"	"tendentes,"	"	tondentes.
"	"	"	26,	"	"magnanima,"	"	magnanimæ.
"	"	"	33,	"	"Expletus,"	"	Expletos.
"	207,	"	2,	"	"Dizos,"	"	Diros.
"	210,	"	14,	"	"1759,"	"	1559.
"	220,	"	1,	"	"Grosnold,"	"	Gosnold.
"	222,	"	32,	"	"falling,"	"	fatting.
"	233,	"	26,	"	"1623,"	"	1603.
"	235,	"	2,	"	"supercede,"	"	supersede.
"	241,	"	14,	"	"Scammony,"	"	Scammony.
"	242,	"	16,	"	"Friosteum,"	"	Triosteum.
"	252,	"	4,	"	"carnelian,"	"	carnelion.
"	263,	"	15,	"	"Capitolinus,"	"	Capitolina.
"	268,	"	27,	"	"ameliorate,"	"	meliorate.
"	273,	"	1,	"	"and,"	"	the
"	273,	"	13,	"	"ameliorate,"	"	meliorate.
"	276,	"	12,	"	"recreations,"	"	recreation.

A very few minor errata are still unnoticed.

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